



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

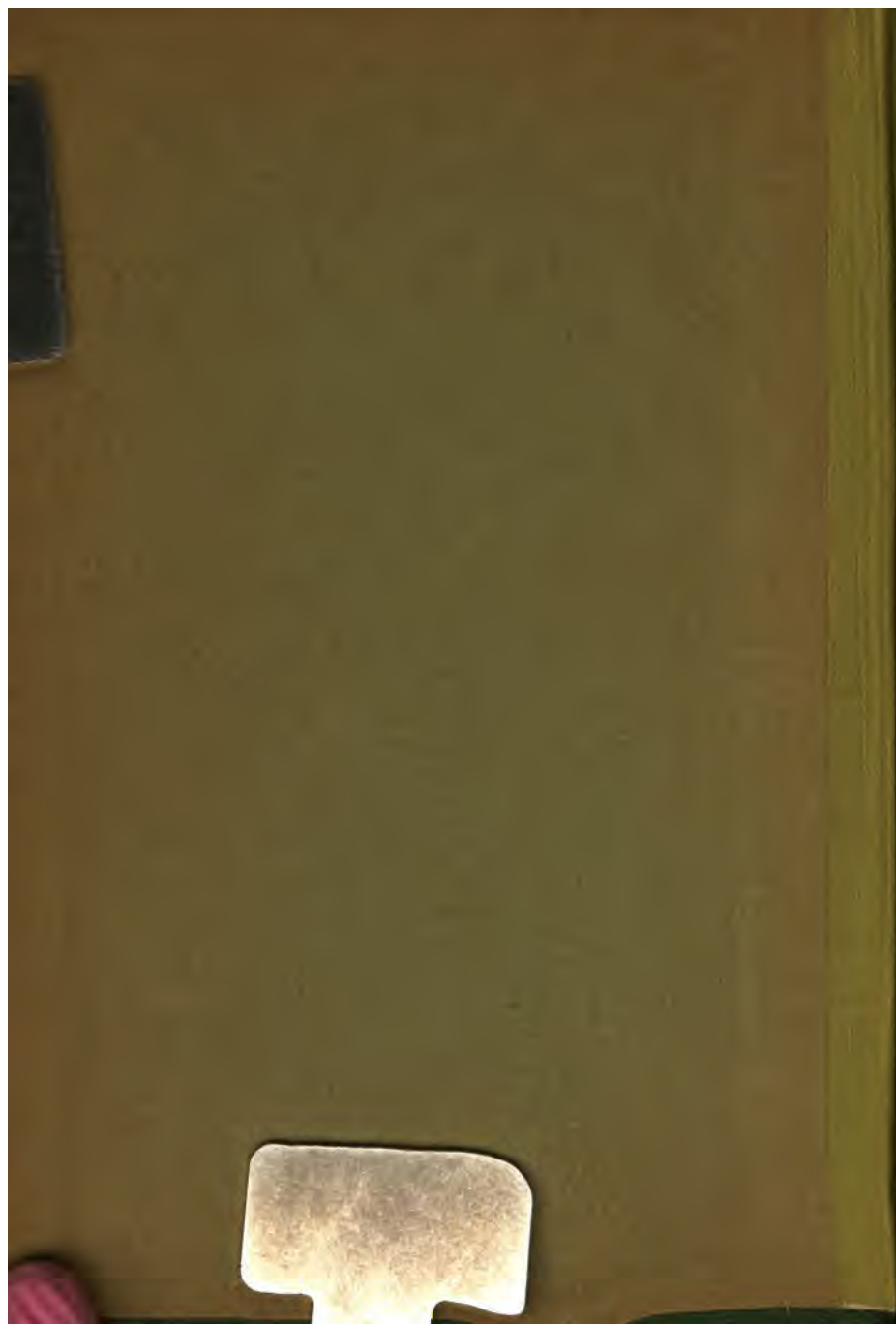
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08159070 9



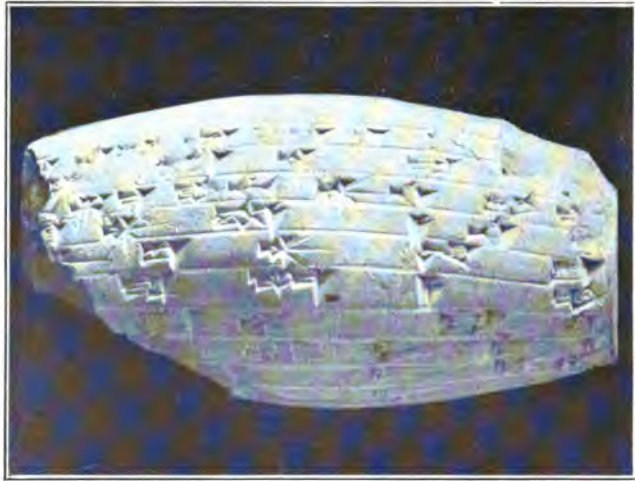
BBS
Shelter

1

1000
BF

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS





BARREL CYLINDER

Of Nabopolassar, father of Nebuchadnezzar, containing an account of his religious acts. Found in Babylon by the author. Now in Emory University.



THE AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC MISSION, ABOARD "THE CITY OF BENARES," CROSSING THE RED SEA.

From left to right: Dr. J. H. Breasted, Director; Prof. D. D. Luckenbill, the Author, W. J. Edgerton, and L. S. Bull.

Dust and Ashes of Empires

By

W. A. SHELTON, M.A., D.D.

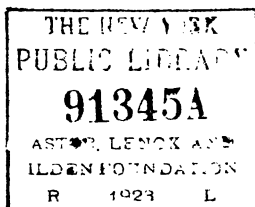
*Professor of Semitic Languages and Literature in
Emory University; Atlanta, Ga.*

Introduction by

BISHOP WARREN A. CANDLER



NASHVILLE, TENN.
DALLAS, TEX.; RICHMOND, VA.
PUBLISHING HOUSE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH
LAMAR & BARTON, AGENTS
1932



COPYRIGHT, 1923
BY
LAMAR & BARTON

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

— Co —
THE MEMORY OF
RUTH
—

Beloved daughter, youngest of the flock, born August 30, 1913, who watched and waited and prayed, during the long journey about which this book is written, and who, on the eve of its publication, February 18, 1922, passed through the fire and went home to God, to await the coming of loved ones from their last long journey; to her, who was beautiful and beloved in life and triumphant in death, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

FOREWORD

THIS unpretentious volume is a simple travel story, written for the popular mind and with no claim to be the result of profound scholarly investigation; but at the same time, it is the story of an expedition carried out in the most scientific way and under the direction of a master scholar in the archæological field. It is the travel-record of one member of "The American Scientific Mission," a name given to the expedition by the British Foreign Office after its arrival in the Near East. This narrative is an accurate description of those places which were visited and of the conditions prevailing at the time. The book deals largely in personal experiences and descriptions written on the ground or soon after the happenings. An attempt is made to bring a clear mental picture of Bible lands and historical places to that large body of people interested in this field who have not had the opportunity of traveling over the territory itself

To the other members of the expedition (Dr. Breasted, Dr. Luckenbill, Mr. Bull, and Mr. Edgerton) the author acknowledges a large debt of gratitude, for kindnesses shown, for patience under the most trying circumstances, and for the good fellowship which prevailed through weary months of hardships and privations, and which forged, out of such fires, eternal friendships.

The author is greatly indebted also to Dr. E. F. Dempsey, of Atlanta, Ga., for special favors; to Dr.

A. T. Clay, of Yale University, for friendship and suggestions; to Emory University for sending him out and providing for his work during the long absence; and to the wife, who stayed by the staff and bravely kept the flock. The writer desires especially to acknowledge everlasting obligations to that great nobleman of God, Mr. John A. Manget, of Atlanta, who so generously provided the funds for his participation in the expedition and also for the laying of the foundation for a museum of antiquity at Emory University.

It is confidently hoped that the readers of this volume will find a clearer vision of the historical and geographical setting of the Bible and also many illustrations which will make plainer the meaning of certain passages, by means of the Oriental side lights herein suggested.

The archaeologist will likewise find a setting for his investigations and will be able to make use of the survey which is woven into this story.

With due recognition of its weaknesses as well as of its merits, and hoping for it a kindly reception from the reading public, we commit it to the press.

THE AUTHOR.

EMORY UNIVERSITY, GA., March 30, 1922.

INTRODUCTION

HERE is a most interesting and informing book, in the reading of which the learned will find pleasure and the unlearned instruction.

The author, Dr. William A. Shelton, devoted much of the year 1920 in making a scientific survey of many of the monumental ruins of the Near East, beginning with Egypt and continuing through Assyria, Babylonia, Syria, and Palestine.

Through these lands the company of scholars of which Dr. Shelton was a member went, not as tourists passing along the familiar routes of sight-seeing "globe-trotters," but as earnest and qualified explorers they passed through regions where in "the dust and ashes of empires" repose things of supreme interest to mankind. They knew the places of greatest importance, and what to do when there. A serious purpose engaged them, and, in its pursuit, they were not discouraged by dangers, nor depressed by hardships, nor discouraged by difficulties.

They were fortunate in the time of their going forth, just after the world war had closed, in which British armies had won victories that opened notable ways before them and extended desirable protection over them.

In this volume Dr. Shelton has recorded much of the results of their labors, and in the most pleasing manner he has set down his own observations.

In an easy, familiar style of unaffected simplicity

he has told the story of the goings and doings of "The American Scientific Mission." His narration is not beyond the comprehension of the most unlearned reader, nor beneath the consideration of the most learned. His pages are illumined by citations of historical incidents connected with the places visited, which impart an added charm to the record of the experiences of himself and his companions. The tale he thus tells enlightens the intellect and enthralls the imagination. It reads like a romance.

Best of all, every chapter is pervaded by a profound reverence for the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures which stimulates faith in their authenticity and inspires respect for their authority. Many passages in both the Old Testament and the New Testament are illumined by what he tells of these ancient lands in which Abraham journeyed, Jacob saw visions, Moses wrote laws, David sang, and the prophets "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Wherefore, this is an edifying book; for Dr. Shelton writes out of the first-hand knowledge of an archæologist, and not out of the subjective theorizing of a rationalistic critic whose investigations have not been wider than the revolution of his swivel-chair, and whose penetration into things Oriental has not been deeper than his inkwell. He tells in plain language what he has seen and knows, and not what he might imagine "probably" was.

It is a pleasure to commend a volume of such marked excellence.

WARREN A. CANDLER.

ATLANTA, GA., April 15, 1922.

CONTENTS

	Page
FOREWORD.....	5
INTRODUCTION.....	7
CHAPTER I	
The Land of the Pharaohs	11
CHAPTER II	
The World's Most Venerable Monuments.....	18
CHAPTER III	
Where Glorious Civilizations Once Flourished	35
CHAPTER IV	
"The Pearl of Egypt".....	54
CHAPTER V	
On the Trail of Moses.....	60
CHAPTER VI	
On Southern Seas.....	71
CHAPTER VII	
Abraham's Homeland	75
CHAPTER VIII	
By the Ancient Rivers.....	84
CHAPTER IX	
Babylon the Fallen.....	100
CHAPTER X	
Bagdad: The City of the Caliphs	117
CHAPTER XI	
Up the Tigris.....	123

domestic animals, the art of writing, literature, architecture, art, ethics, and religion; so that as we sail through the straits between the Pillars of Hercules we face backward into the dim shadows of the past, shadows out of which rise all that is worth while in the present.

Passing through Italy, the home of the Cæsars, we have no intimation of that ancient glory except from the piles of ruined palaces and where the ever-belching Vesuvius has preserved for us the mighty glory of Pompeii and Herculaneum. A mere specter of the once splendid civilization, Italy stands to-day in pitiable contrast to her ancient self. Her beautiful Adriatic bears us onward toward our destination. Sailing out once more onto the Mediterranean, we at length come in sight of Alexandria, lying like a pearl over the blue-green waters of her bay. Perhaps more colors are to be seen in the waters of the Bay of Alexandria than in any other place in the world.

What strange emotions stir the heart as one first catches sight of the shore lines of Egypt! How much that name means to the world, and what stories and dreams it conjures up! The desert first comes into view, as it piles its sands down to the very water's edge west of the city, with here and there a scrub palm struggling for existence near the water's brink. We then set foot on the soil of the land of the Pharaohs, and are met by a group of motley beggars, guides, and porters, who suggest anything but Pharaoh or the remnant of the long-lost glory of the Pharaohs. The meeting of these vultures of the sea-ports is conducive neither to good temper nor good morals, and murder easily suggests itself to the mind.

But at last we are here and with a purpose to make a scientific survey of all the monuments of the Near East, beginning with Egypt. We are the American Scientific Mission, organized by Dr. J. H. Breasted, of the University of Chicago, who is our director. The other members of the party are Dr. D. D. Luckenbill, of the University of Chicago; Mr. Ludlow S. Bull, of New York City; Mr. W. F. Edgerton, of Philadelphia; and the author.

Our first task was to survey the Nile valley, which we did from Alexandria to Shellal at the First Cataract, seven miles above the important city of Assuan.

No country has been able to develop independent of a river, and this is especially true of those countries which lie over against the great deserts. And all the more true, necessarily so, in the ancient world, when the method of travel was not such as to justify men in taking the risks of long journeys away from known water courses; and so practically all travel routes followed some water course. In such a land as Egypt, a rainless country, all water came from the Nile, its one river; and, in fact, Egypt is a vast desert of hopeless sand rescued from its native condition by this wonderful river, which brings a tremendous volume of water from the highlands of Central Africa. Away up near the Congo, where it rains much, this stream has its birth and makes its way to Khartum, after which it fights through desert and granite barrier for a distance of nineteen hundred miles, until at last it comes to empty its waters into the sea. The whole length of the Nile is said to be four thousand and thirty-seven miles, and for the last nineteen hundred miles it has no intake, but a

great demand upon its supply from evaporation, percolation, and irrigation. And yet it brings enough water down to sail large vessels all the way from the mouth at Alexandria to the First Cataract at Assuan, a distance of six hundred and seventy-eight miles. Not only does this river water the land which it rescues from the desert, but also fertilizes it; for no better fertilizer can be found in the world than the silt from the river and canal beds brought down by the inundation. The natives are constantly seen taking up the silt from the canal beds and scattering it over their farms. The river begins rising about August 1, after the rainy season of July, in the territory about the headwaters. By September 1, or a little earlier, the land is almost covered with water. All the canals are full, and this continues for two or three months before it finally regains its normal volume. There are gauges, called Nilometers, along the river which have been in use from earliest times. The amount of silt brought down is so great that new territory is constantly being formed in the bay at Alexandria and at the mouth of the other arms of the river farther to the east. Perhaps during the millenniums all of the delta has been thus formed.

A few years ago British engineers undertook successfully the building of a dam at the First Cataract, above Assuan. It is the largest dam in the world, being one and a fourth miles long, built of red granite brought from the overhanging cliffs. It is from forty feet wide at the top to one hundred and fourteen feet wide at the bottom. The maximum depth is eighty-eight feet, and it forms a lake one hundred and eighty-five miles long and has reclaimed

between five hundred thousand and six hundred thousand acres of land and serves to regulate the water supply for all Egypt, inasmuch as it keeps its one hundred and eighty sluice gates closed when the Nile is low and opens them when it is high. The lake is highest when the Nile is lowest and when water is most needed.

The valley differs in width from nothing, where the sand of the desert piles in from both sides, to several miles, as at Baliano, where it is perhaps eight miles wide, and on down to the delta, with varying widths. The delta is a fan-shaped district, measuring from Alexandria to Cairo about one hundred and thirty miles, and thirty-five miles wide at its widest point. The silt soil here is very deep, and it is perhaps the most fertile in all the world. Cotton, cane, durra, beans, barley, wheat, clover, onions, vegetables in general, and many other things are raised; and besides feeding the natives, they form also a large export. The live stock consists of camels, donkeys, water buffalo, cows, a few sheep, goats, and a very few horses. The fellahin, or lowest class of natives, form about ninety-eight per cent of the population. They are a miserable lot, living in huts built of sun-dried brick, mud, reeds, or in some cases living in tombs and rarely in tents. They do the hard work and receive little for it, just as they have always done. The other two per cent of the people are those who can read and are called "effendi," wearing red fezzes to distinguish them from the common herd. These are a lazy lot, lying around the coffeeshouses all day, discussing politics and demanding self-government. The land yields immense

treasures, and the effendi are usually quite well-to-do, though they never do anything to earn what they get. The population of Egypt is given as approximately thirteen million. The British government holds a mandate over them, but allows them as much freedom of action as possible.

The principal cities of Egypt are Alexandria and Cairo. Alexandria has about four hundred thousand population and is one of the two great seaports of Egypt. It was founded in 331 B.C. by Alexander the Great and was greatly embellished by Ptolemy Philadelphus, who made it a great center of learning, erecting here a library which was said to contain as many as nine hundred thousand rolls, or volumes. He was a great patron of learning and drew many notable scholars to his capital. It was here under his patronage that the Scriptures were first translated into another language, when Alexandrian Jews translated them from the Hebrew to the Greek. The modern city has a fine museum of Greek and Roman remains, and near the center of the city stands what is known as Pompey's Pillar, a beautiful monolith, standing eighty-eight feet high, and was perhaps one of several which formed a colonnade of the famous Serapeum in the long ago. This city was the scene of many notable historical events of Greek and Roman days.

Cairo is the largest city of all the Near East, having about seven hundred thousand population. It is at the handle of the open fan, a term used to describe the shape of the delta, and it has sometimes been called the diamond stud on the handle of the fan. It is of great antiquity, being the traditional site of

the battle of the gods, Set and Horus, in the long ago of Egyptian religious tradition. Its greatest glory was during the days of the caliphs, and they embellished it with many mosques, some of which are perhaps the most beautiful in the world. It has a wonderful citadel, which lies just under the Mokattam hills and back of three mosques, the Alabaster, the Blue, and the Mosque of Sultan Hassan. The latter bears on its south wall a number of cannon balls, sticking in the wall and fired by the artillery of Napoleon Bonaparte in his siege of the city in 1798. Near here is the cemetery with the tombs of the Mamelukes and the tombs of the Caliphs, famous monuments of that age. It contains a great museum, the largest museum of antiquities in the whole world. In fact, it is a great building so full that it has enough stuff on the outside lying about to furnish another museum of antiquities greater than any other in the world. Within these halls repose the survivals of the most glorious civilization the earth has ever supported—statues great and small, sarcophagi, tomb furniture, fragments of temples, jewelry enough in quantity and quality to grace the greatest court of this century, literature in the form of stele and papyrus, working tools and war implements of the long ago, the bodies of the great kings who ruled the land, and other things too numerous to mention. I think the most impressive things one sees in this museum are the mummies of such men as Rameses II., Thothmes III., Merneptah of the Exodus, and others.

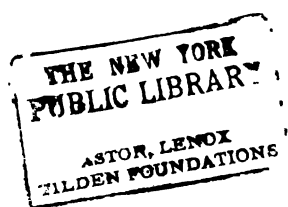
CHAPTER II

THE WORLD'S MOST VENERABLE MONUMENTS

OF all the objects of interest about Cairo the greatest are the pyramids, the grandest monuments of all the ages and of all civilizations. How wonderfully impressive they are, sitting there on the edge of the desert, great piles representing at once the greatest effort of human genius and the acme of human stupidity, and withal the evidence of the ever-present consciousness of the immortality of the human soul and an attempt to realize that great hope. There are five groups of these pyramids in this vicinity, the most northerly of which is the Abu Roash group. The farthest one south at this point is that of Dashur. The oldest is Sakkarah, and the one nearest Gizeh is Abusir. But the first interest of all travelers is to see the pyramids of Gizeh. Premier Clemenceau declined to run for president of France when first approached about the matter with the excuse that he wanted to see the pyramids of Egypt once before he died. He got his wish, and I saw him there in February.

In the Gizeh group there are three pyramids—Khufu (Cheops), Khafre (Chephren), and Menkure (Mycerinus)—and designated as first, second, and third pyramids. These pyramids stand in a row, the diagonal of each being in direct line with the others. The third, or Pyramid of Mycerinus, is by far the smallest of the group, its present perpendicular

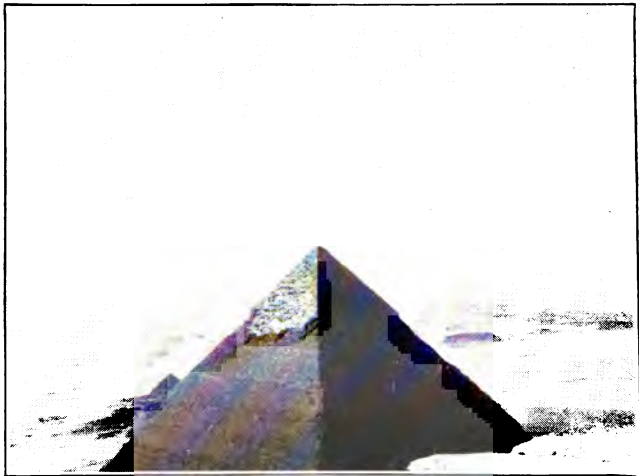
(18)





THE SPHINX AND THE GREAT PYRAMID.

This great monument is a portrait statue of Khafre, the builder of the Second Pyramid, which stands just behind the Sphinx.



FROM THE TOP OF THE GREAT PYRAMID, OVER THE SECOND PYRAMID, AND INTO THE SANDS OF THE SAHARA.

lar height being two hundred and four feet and its original height being two hundred and eighteen feet. The highest casing of this pyramid was of limestone, while the lower part of it was cased with polished red granite from Assuan. Also a most valuable contribution to the historical details of pyramid-building is the causeway of this one, which still remains in almost perfect condition, showing the method by which the stones were conveyed from the Nile valley. As in the case of all other pyramids, it has its mortuary temple on the east side and next the river. There are here, as at the others, the small piles under which members of the family were buried.

The second pyramid, or that of Khafre, stands on higher ground than the Great Pyramid and seems from the desert side to be higher; at present it is only two and one-half feet lower, its present height being four hundred and forty-seven and one-half feet. The most interesting thing about it is the fine casing that still remains at the top, the lower casing having been removed for building purposes long ago.

The Pyramid of Cheops (Khufu) stands on the very edge of the desert plateau and completely overshadows the others; in fact, everything in the ancient world pales into the commonplace beside it. It originally rose to a height of four hundred and eighty-one feet above the level of the plain; but centuries ago the top was removed to give standing room for those who climbed it, and the stone thus removed was used in building the great mosque of Sultan Hassan, in Cairo. It is now four hundred and fifty feet from base to top, and a pole thirty-one feet high is kept on top to show the original height. This

great mass covers thirteen acres of ground and is composed of approximately two million three hundred thousand stones quarried in the Mokattam Hills, directly across the Nile valley and back of Cairo. Each of these stones weighs more than two and one-half tons. They are all limestone except the larger ones in the center over and around the tomb chamber, which are of the finest red granite brought down the river from Assuan. These stones were transported across the Nile valley on rafts during the inundation, the rafts following the canals until they reached the edge of the desert at a point nearest the place where they were to be built into the great pile. From here they were dragged up a great causeway built of smooth limestones which were carved and inscribed. Up this incline plane they were conveyed to the workmen. First the plateau was leveled and subterranean passageways, vaults, and chambers were made. This preliminary preparation took, according to Herodotus, ten years, using the full quota of men. The number of men, according to the traditions during Herodotus' day, was one hundred thousand, working three months in the year—that is, during the inundation, when they could not farm—besides the great number of artisans and quarrymen used all the year round. One can imagine this great king drawing on all the resources of the known world of his day. After the plateau and the causeway were ready, it then required twenty years more to build the pyramid.

The Greek historian, Herodotus, visited the pyramid in 450 B.C. and gives this account of it:

The pyramid was built in the form of a flight of steps. After the workmen had completed the pyramid in this form, they raised the other stones used for the incrustation by means of machines made of short beams from the ground to the first tier of steps; after the stone was placed there, it was raised to the second tier by another machine, for there were as many machines as there were tiers of steps; or perhaps there was but one machine, easily moved, that was raised from one tier to another as it was required for lifting the stones. The highest part of the pyramid was thus finished first (by smoothing). The parts joining were taken next, and the lowest part next to the ground was completed last. It was recorded on the pyramid in Egyptian writing, how much was spent on radishes, onions, and the roots of garlic for distribution among the workmen; and if I rightly remember what the interpreter told me, who read the writing, the money they cost amounted to sixteen hundred talents of silver. If this were really the cost, how much more must have been spent on the iron with which they worked and on the food and clothing of the workmen.

Herodotus was always too credulous, but his account of the cost could hardly have been exaggerated; and of course he was imposed on by the guides, just as tourists are to-day.

No guide or any other native can read the hieroglyphics to-day, and no man could read them prior to one hundred years ago. We cannot yet determine how these ancients performed their work so well, for this pyramid, built in the thirtieth century before Christ, has been examined by the best engineers of the modern world; and though it is built of such enormous stones and these lifted to such a height, the completed building is found to be so exact in its detail that it does not vary on the square of the compass as much as one-one hundredth of an inch. The length of each side is seven hundred and fifty-six feet, the

perpendicular height is four hundred and eighty-one feet, the height of each sloping side is six hundred and ten feet, and the angle at which the sides arose was fifty-one degrees and fifty minutes. The cubic contents of the masonry was three million two hundred and twenty-seven thousand cubic yards. According to Herodotus, the causeway up which these gigantic stones were dragged was ten hundred and seventeen yards long, forty-eight feet high at the highest places, and sixty feet broad, and its remains can still be seen on the east side of the pyramid.

At the exact center of the great pile is the chamber in which was laid the mummy of the king, and the effort to enter this is a most trying experience. You enter from the thirteenth tier of stones from the bottom, forty-nine feet above the foundation on the perpendicular; the passageway is three feet and four inches by three feet and eleven inches, and descends for one hundred and six and one-half yards on an angle of twenty-six degrees and forty-one minutes; then up a very slippery passage for forty-one yards into a high hallway, which is itself one of the marvels of the pyramid. It is one hundred and fifty-five feet long, twenty-eight feet high, three feet four inches wide at the bottom, and a little more than six feet wide at the top. It is built of the finest Mokattam limestone and is so well laid that not even a needle point could be inserted between the joints. How they ever constructed such splendid masonry so far away from the light of day and under such straitened conditions is hard to fathom. It may be, of course, that this work was done before the top of the pyramid was put on, but even then it would be

no easy task. From this great hall you pass into a horizontal passage twenty-two feet long which expands into an anteroom of the tomb chamber itself. All this journey into the very heart of the pyramid is made over a wet, slippery pavement, through the narrow passages and to the tune of loathsome bats' wings. When this passage was made, in order to foil tomb robbers, granite portcullises were dropped in behind the returning men who had conveyed the mummy into its resting place. When the robbers came to these they could not dig through them; so they dug around them, and through these very small holes around the granite barriers one must drag his body with a feeling that he may not quite make it and be left hanging in there far from the outside world. Within the king's chamber one breathes with more freedom, especially after he finds that it has two air passages leading out to the top of the pyramid. The sides of the room on the north and on the south are seventeen feet in length, while the east and west sides are thirty-four and one-half feet each, and the height is nineteen feet. The roof is formed of enormous slabs of granite, measuring eighteen and one-half feet in length, above which five mysterious chambers have been found, the two uppermost containing the name of Khufu. It has been suggested that these were intended to strengthen the roof of the tomb chamber. This great central chamber, entirely lined with granite beautifully joined together and whose floor is one hundred and thirty-nine and one-half feet above the level of the plain, contains nothing now but the empty stone sarcophagus, much mutilated and bearing no inscriptions.

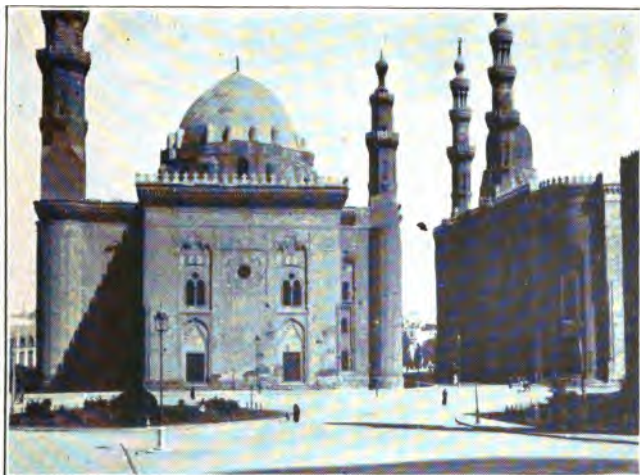
How vain are the attempts of man to fight remorseless time and try to preserve the frail human form in an effort to seize upon that most priceless of all boons, immortality! The great pile stands and probably will stand until time is no more, but the body of the vain and selfish old king who built it has long since fallen a prey to vultures, jackals, or natural decay. There are other chambers—one directly below the king's chamber, which has often been referred to as that of the queen; but her pyramid has been found at another place. This was likely the king's chamber at a time when the idea was to build a much smaller pyramid, and this was the center of that one; but as the old king lived on, he increased the pile, continuing to build as long as he lived. There is also a passage which leads downward for a distance of two hundred and ninety-three feet, ending in a horizontal corridor thirty-seven feet long. There are still more of these, about which there is much speculation and little knowledge.

From the top of this monumental pile a splendid view is to be had. To the east are the Mokattam Hills and the beautiful city of Cairo, with the eastern desert and Heliopolis beyond. At our feet is the long line of trees flanking the paved roadway, built for the visit of Napoleon III., and which leads from the foot of the pyramid to the very gates of Cairo—Cairo with its wonderful citadel and its many graceful minarets, the green Nile valley seamed with canals; to the north the ancient pyramids of Abu Roash; to the south the Sahure and Sakkarah and Dashur groups; to the west the awful Sahara with its billows of sand ever rolling inward as if to baffle any attempt



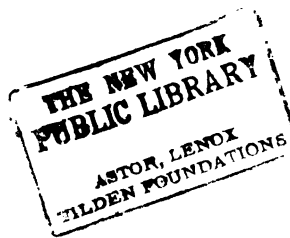
AT THE TOP OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Mr. Edgerton and the author.



THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASSAN, CAIRO.

The black spots on the wall are cannon balls fired by the artillery of Napoleon Bonaparte, in 1798, when he captured Cairo. The mosque to the right is the Alabaster Mosque, the most famous of all mosques.



to expose to the profane gaze of modern men the remains of the glorious civilizations which lie buried here.

The greatest of the pyramid temples is that of the Khafre, or the second pyramid. It is a splendid granite structure built down near the level of the Nile valley, or, if not near, much lower down than the platform on which the pyramids themselves are built. It is of the finest red granite from Assuan. The corners are carved rather than joined and it is a very fine bit of workmanship. Alongside of this, and just a little back, is the Sphinx, the most imposing of all ancient statuary. It is hewn out of the solid rock, which formed part of the plateau on which the pyramids are built and continues to form part of that plateau, but so low down as to be continually sanding up. The hill was not entirely sufficient to make the likeness, so it was reinforced by masonry, and when complete was the portrait of King Khafre, the builder of the second pyramid. Perhaps the natural likeness to a lion suggested to the workmen, as they labored far above it on the pyramid itself, the building of a portrait statue of the king. It was afterwards taken for an image of the sun god and worshiped as such, its original purpose having been forgotten. It was a huge thing, sixty-six feet high and one hundred and eighty-seven feet long. The length of the nose is five feet and seven inches, while the ear measures four and one-half feet and the breadth of the face is thirteen feet and eight inches. The head is quite modern, in that it has a hollow in it. It has suffered violence from earthquake, from the fanatical zeal of the Mameluke iconoclasts, been used for a

target, fallen a prey to British vandals (who took away to the British Museum the beard, headdress, and other things); and yet, in spite of all this, it remains the most impressive figure in all the world. Again and again it has been covered with sand, and has been excavated many times. One prince of the fifteenth century before Christ records in the temple how he uncovered it; but as often as it is laid bare, it finds itself a prey to the ever-incoming sands of the desert, and even now its base is twenty feet beneath the sand. Here it sits at the foot of the great pyramids, on the edge of the Nile valley, looking across that valley and watching its changes as it has watched them for nearly fifty centuries, over it the silent pyramids, back of it the pitiless Sahara, in front the green valley, and stretching far back into history it has watched, a gaunt specter of forgotten civilizations.

About twenty miles south of the Gizeh group of pyramids are two other groups of great interest. Abusir, the first of these, is not the oldest, but shows perhaps the highest indication of civilization to be found along the Nile or in the ancient world. These pyramids were built by the kings of the fifth dynasty (about 2800 B.C.). The main pyramid was originally about one hundred and sixty-three feet high, with sloping sides two hundred and fifty-seven feet, and was fronted by a splendid temple, lying as usual on the east side and whose ruins indicate a splendor hardly equaled in a period so ancient. A large colonnaded court, with black basalt pavement and sixteen palm columns of granite, originally supported the roof of the court. This court was joined

by a transverse room and another with five recesses, in which stood statues of the king. Storerooms, treasuries, and many other rooms are indicated in the *débris* of this temple. Perhaps the most interesting thing found here was twelve hundred feet of copper drain pipe which seems to have formed a sewer system. There was also found a copper plug which looked like the stopper to a bath tub, but some have doubted the authenticity of this. On the walls of this remarkable temple is found the earliest surviving record of seagoing ships, in which a voyage is described to the Phoenician coast, from which the king, Sahure, brought back Semitic Syrians—the earliest known representation of these people. We have here also another account of how this fleet went to Punt (Ophir) and brought back many things of interest, including fragrant gums, incense, and ointments. The king describes the land of Punt as “God’s land.” There are at least three other pyramids in this group.

The pyramid of Sakkarah, built by King Zoser probably earlier than 3000 B.C., stands out in the desert, in the midst of a necropolis containing the remains of tombs representing almost every age of Egyptian history down to and including the convent of St. Jeremiah, founded in the second half of the fifth century A.D. and destroyed by the Arabs in 960 A.D. The Step pyramid, as the Zoser monument is sometimes called, consists of six stages, the lowest of which is thirty-seven and one-half feet in height, the second thirty-six feet, the third thirty-four and one-half feet, the fourth thirty-two and one-half feet, the fifth thirty and three-fourths feet,

and the sixth twenty-nine feet, and each stage receding six and one-half feet. The perpendicular height is about two hundred feet and the whole is built of inferior limestone quarried in the neighborhood.

This is the oldest stone structure known to mankind and is supposed to have been built in stages, so that in case the king died it could be stopped at that point, but as long as he lived he could still build on. When one thinks of the great antiquity of this great pile, it becomes all the more wonderful and awe-inspiring as the mighty effort of a great man who lived far back toward the childhood of the race.

Zoser, the builder of this mighty monument, was the first of the great kings whose history we know. His capital was Memphis, and he firmly established his government and extended his supremacy, stilling the turbulent tribes beyond the First Cataract, exploiting the copper mines in Sinai, and completing the great building operations. But back of every great political leader and builder is some other man who deals in thought and the processes of intellect, producing the ideas and ideals by which the public man is guided. So it is with Zoser, for he had in his kingdom and by his side as an adviser the first great wise man of whom we know anything, and his name was Imhotep. Great in priestly wisdom and magic, speaking many proverbs, knowing medicine and, supremely, architecture, he was perhaps the one who planned all of these great buildings which bear only the name of the king. He is remembered on many monuments as the patron of scribes and the one to whom they ever poured libations before beginning

their writings. Centuries later his proverbs were still quoted, and millenniums afterwards he became the Egyptian god of medicine.

This same king must have also embellished Memphis, that most ancient known capital, which lay just a little way in the valley from the desert sands amid which stand the pyramid and other remains of that great necropolis. Near the pyramid stands the old house of Auguste Mariette, the distinguished Frenchman who did so much for Egyptian excavation and who discovered the Serapeum, the strangest of all remains. It lies only just below the level of the sands and once had a very imposing temple above it. It is a system of chambers, aggregating a length of three hundred and eighty yards, a width of ten feet, and a height of seventeen and one-half feet. Passing through these subterranean chambers one is profoundly impressed with their former magnificence and splendor.

Twenty-four of these chambers contain huge sarcophagi, each hewn from a single block of black or red granite, transported from the First Cataract, and highly polished. Each was thirteen feet long, seven feet wide, eleven feet high, and weighed at least sixty-five tons; and each of these wonderful caskets contained, not the body of a man, but the mummy of a bull, the most sacred animal of Egypt for many centuries. How strange that such a wonderful people, who showed such highly civilized ideas in other ways, should bow down to and erect such glorious temples to a common animal! Mariette, when he discovered this remarkable tomb, said:

I confess that when I penetrated for the first time, on November 12, 1851, into the Apis vaults, I was so profoundly struck with astonishment that the feeling is still fresh in my mind, although five years have elapsed since then. Owing to some change which is difficult to account for, a chamber which had been walled up in the thirtieth year of Rameses II. had escaped the notice of the plunderers of the vaults, and I was so fortunate as to find it untouched. Although thirty-seven hundred years had elapsed since it was closed, everything in the chamber seemed to be precisely in its original condition. The finger marks of the Egyptian who had inserted the last stone in the wall built to conceal the doorway were still recognizable on the lime. There were also the prints of naked feet imprinted on the sand which lay in the corner of the tomb chamber. Everything was in the original condition in this tomb, where the embalmed remains of the bull had lain undisturbed for thirty-seven centuries.

Still more interesting is the tomb of the grandee and wealthy landowner, Ti, who lived and flourished in the fifth dynasty (2800 B.C.). This tomb, which lies out in the deep sand, once stood partly above the desert, but is now completely covered. The finest of old Egyptian art, as well as the most valuable historical documents and splendid detail of social life, is exhibited in the mural reliefs on its walls. Long corridors, wonderful chambers, and fine columns, marvelously inscribed and colored, depicting episodes of everyday life just as they must have happened in the course of a day and many days, on the plantation of this wonderful man in the long ago—royal scenes and religious motives, killing sacrifices, farming, harvest scenes, fattening fowls, cooking, milking, plowing, driving cattle through water, shipbuilding, sailing ships, offices of the estate, court scenes, fishing, hunting, playing with dogs and

apes, peasant women with offerings, the noble going hunting in the marshes of the Nile, with birds' nests filled with young and disturbed by civet cats, with fish and water animals under the boat—and in all the scenes a flavor of life that is inescapable, with delicate touches of humor and some touches of humor not so delicate. It is a most interesting situation, and is especially so when the surroundings are taken into account. Here we are traveling across the deep sands of the Sahara, when we come upon this hole in the sand and go in. All around us is desolation; no life exists in the immediate vicinity, and we go in from the region of the silence of death and walk back to a time forty-seven hundred years ago and live and love and laugh with them of that day. Other tombs are about, but there are none so fascinating as this one.

The old city of Memphis is, or was, located in a grove of date palms—the oldest trees known in these regions, for the inscriptions never get back of them. It was one of the few ancient cities lying in the Nile valley within the area of inundation. Dr. Fisher, head of the University of Pennsylvania Expedition, is excavating the ruins. He goes down through two later cities and finds Memphis under water, so the excavation is very difficult. But he is uncovering the city which was the capital of Egypt before the pyramids were built and was perhaps the first capital of united Egypt.

For many millenniums there were two kingdoms—Upper Egypt and Lower Egypt. And the designation holds to this day as a means of locating geographical lines. The earliest king about whom we

know anything definitely, Menes, wore the symbol of both kingdoms—that is, the crown of united Egypt. And an earlier king shows the conquest of one kingdom by the other. This is Narmar, who on one side of a palette is seen wearing the single crown and on the other is wearing the double crown, while following behind is a procession of celebrants. This seems to indicate the time when the two lands were joined together. Perhaps it was under Menes that Memphis really became the center of government. It was called "The White Walls," and the capital was moved here in order to set up the government nearer the boundary between the old kingdom of Upper Egypt and that of Lower Egypt. It was perhaps Lower Egypt that conquered Upper Egypt, and so the tribes of Upper Egypt would be the ones to rebel, and the presence of the king here would pacify them. From this time to the latest history of Egypt Memphis continued to have some connection with the government. The center was often moved, and much of the time was elsewhere. But a long line of kings lavished wealth to embellish this ancient seat of royalty.

There is a tradition that Menes, the first historical king of Egypt, built the White Walls. This was somewhere near 3400, and from then until Christian times it continued. Even as late as the twelfth century A.D. the Caliph Abdallatif describes the ruins as they stood in his day as "a profusion of wonders that bewilder the mind and baffle description." Most of these ruins were removed in later times to build the mosques of Cairo. There has been found in the ruins a great alabaster sphynx twenty-six feet long, four-

teen feet high, and weighing eighty tons. It has not yet been identified. It was discovered in 1912. It is in a perfect state of preservation and is the largest sphynx known to have been transported.

Amid the date palm trees lie two colossi, portrait statues of Rameses II. One of them is made of granite and is thirty-two and one-half feet high. It was found in 1888. The other one, which is of fine grained limestone and forty-two feet high, was found in 1820. It is of the finest workmanship and is perhaps the best portrait of Rameses, worked out with the greatest skill and detail. These two statues stood at the gateway of the great temple.

About five miles south of Sakkarah, through an almost unbroken line of ruined pyramids, lie the imposing pyramids of Dashur, the first of which is almost as large as that of Cheops. Built of stone, three hundred and twenty-five feet high and seven hundred and nine feet wide, it is said to have been built by Snefru about 3000 B.C. Farther down there are a number of brick pyramids, one of which is that of Sesostri III., of the twelfth dynasty. There are a number of other pyramids scattered over Egypt, colossal attempts to defeat the tooth of time and defy decay and annihilation and so realize immortality. In all of this it was necessary for these kings to be exceedingly selfish and to assume a nature that was more exalted and divine than that of ordinary man; and so social distinction was developed and fostered until the very thing that led them on and the method by which they tried to realize their ideal became the cause of their downfall and the decay of their mighty empires. And empires of every age have had to learn

that no nation is stronger than the social condition of its people.

One cannot but admire the fierce craving for immortality that revealed itself in such tremendous industry and such splendid achievements—even in so undeveloped an age as that. Perhaps no less a motive than that of a desire for immortality could have produced such a result. But how futile was the effort, for long, long ago their bodies were desecrated and mostly disappeared. It is indeed pitiable to look upon a small fragment of the mummy of the great Unus, or Onis, who built in these sands a splendid pile to preserve his body; and yet all that remains reposes alongside of another mummy in the museum in Cairo, not important enough to have a case for itself. But all of this exhibits a high state of civilization and even of thought, at least in comparison with the age in which they lived, a civilization which challenges our highest admiration and which teaches a lesson that a later one might do well to read.

CHAPTER III

WHERE GLORIOUS CIVILIZATIONS ONCE FLOURISHED

AS one travels up the Nile by boat or train, he is deeply impressed by the sight of the remains of ancient civilizations everywhere—pyramids, great walls, mounds, slightly columns and stately temples, standing in splendid ruin, speaking of bygone ages, of a people that conquered the world and loved art and architecture and literature and gilded cities, but who forgot something that left a leak in the dikes, finally broke the dam, completely dissipated all the accumulated and developed products of human intellect, and so lost to the world the high place of achievement attained by that civilization.

One hundred and eighty-eight miles above Cairo lies the little village of Deir Mawas; and from here to the village of Beni Amran, or the ancient Amarna, are to be found the remains of the most unique civilization known to history. In 1375 B.C., in the city of Thebes, Amenophis IV. ascended the throne of the Pharaohs and inherited the palaces, temples, and gods of his fathers. The chief god was Amon, and the priests of that cult were all-powerful and formed a hierarchy that was dominant in State and society. From this orthodox and powerful hierarchy, intrenched in State and in the emotions of the people, this new monarch dared to rebel with a revolution unparalleled in its suddenness and completeness. There remains to us no intimation as to the steps

that led up to this remarkable change. With a zeal akin to fanaticism, characterized by a mad fury that chiseled out the name of Amon from every temple and palace that could be reached (not exempting the name of his own father, nor indeed his own name, for he changed that from Amenophis to Ikhnaton), he abandoned the capital of his ancestors, moved down here, and built a sacred city, in which he developed the fine arts to a marvelous degree. Literature reached its highest form in the ancient world, and ethics approached almost to the heights of the Christian conception. His theology was a pure monotheism, and his god was a personality. True, he worshiped the sun; but that sun became a living one that reached down and gave life to the king and to all things on earth. His hymn to Aton has been compared to the one hundred and fourth Psalm. God rules the world in love and solitude. He demands justice and righteousness in the hearts of men.

"Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of the heaven,
O living Aton, Beginning of life!
When thou risest in the eastern horizon of heaven,
Thou fillest every land with thy beauty;
For thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high over the earth;
Thy rays encompass the lands, even all thou hast made.
Thou art Re, and thou hast carried them all away captive;
Thou bindest them by thy love.
Though thou art afar, thy rays are on earth;
Though thou art on high, thy footprints are the day."¹

The poem is long and wonderfully beautiful, showing a very high state of mind for that period. Some

¹Translation by Dr. J. H. Breasted, "A History of Egypt."

of the finest sculptures are found in the ruins of this city, while the wall decorations are unsurpassed anywhere. Under this ethical dreamer and idealist the land at home prospered, but the empire suffered much. He had no heart for foreign conquest, nor indeed for war, and he allowed the Asiatic possessions, bought at a dear price by his fathers, to fall away from Egypt. This brought many protests from the foreign governors, who found themselves abandoned by the central government and an easy prey to revolution and conquest.

These protests, written in the Babylonian writing, were received by Amenophis, who laid them up in his archives along with those of his father, forming a large body of diplomatic correspondence between Amenophis III. and IV. and the kings of Asia, the governors of foreign provinces, and others. This correspondence he filed away in a house provided for the purpose. In 1888 an old woman was digging away the walls of this sun-baked brick house, using the bricks to fertilize her cabbages, when she discovered some strange characters on some of them; and having found out that such curious things would sell, she promptly offered them to tourists. An archæologist came along, bought them, and loaded them on a camel in somewhat the fashion a boy takes a bag of corn to mill, the result being that when they reached Cairo many of them were broken and some of them had gone to dust. Those that survived were promptly pronounced spurious by the Frenchman who was then director of the museum at Cairo. They were then sold to dealers, who disposed of them to tourists from all over the world. Two of them found

their way into the British Museum, where their real worth was discovered. Then a search far and wide was instituted, and many of them have been recovered. They were the famous Tel-el-Amarna letters, which have opened to us almost millenniums of history, correcting many things in history and authenticating some of the questioned parts of the Scriptures. From these letters the Hittites, known only through the Bible, became historical, and since their discovery the citadel of this people and much of their civilization have been recovered. Among them are letters from the governor of Jerusalem and from governors of almost all of the Palestinian and Syrian cities. The city was not occupied for more than fifty years, and yet it has left most glorious remains. As soon as Ikhnaton was dead the old Amon hierarchy prevailed, Thebes once more became the capital, and this city was entirely abandoned and never occupied again. The great king's name was ever afterwards referred to as "That One" or "That Criminal."

One of the larger cities of Egypt is Assuit, two hundred and forty-seven miles above Cairo, where the valley reaches a maximum width of twelve and a half miles. The present population is about forty thousand. This was the birthplace of Plotinus, one of the greatest of the Neoplatonic philosophers (205 A.D.). The inhabitants are now and have always been trouble makers.

Thirty-nine miles north of Luxor is the city of Baliano, lying in a most fertile section of the Nile valley, where the cultivable land is about six miles in width. There are large sugar refineries. West of

the city and on the edge of the desert is the oldest known city in the world, Abydos, whose main attraction is not the two fine temples, one of Seti I. and the other of Rameses II., but its necropolis; for Abydos was first the seat of the worship of the dog-headed god, who was given the title of "The first of the inhabitants of the Western Kingdom," the Western Kingdom being the kingdom of the dead. But the cult of Osiris, which originated in the Delta, soon gained a foothold in Abydos, and here at an early date he became the supreme god of the dead and the final judge of all. Osiris himself was believed to have been buried here, and every one wanted to be buried near him; so that when this was not possible corpses were often sent to be laid near the tomb of the god for a little while before being placed permanently elsewhere.

In the white stone temple of Seti I., which is wonderfully preserved, is a very important inscription giving a list of kings from Menes to Seti I., a very useful list in determining the chronology of Egypt. But long, long before these kings were born a people lived in this valley and used this place for a burial ground. The whole desert around this ancient city is filled with the graves of a people who lived and died and were forgotten before the times when the first Egyptians came to this most ancient city. Here in these graves are the bodies of these prehistoric peoples, preserved by the climate and dry sands. Here they lie surrounded by jars, which were once filled with wheat and perhaps other provisions for the long journey, and also flint weapons and instruments of that period of the long ago. One is impressed by the

enormous amount of human bones, grinning skulls sticking out of the *débris*, and the great mounds of broken pottery. As we walked over the sands of this ancient place, we were conscious of a feeling of awe in the presence of a civilization so much older than recorded history. We spent our time here with a feeling of security, which was born of our ignorance of the situation; for when we returned to the town, we were surrounded by part of the Egyptian army and some of the officials, for most of the white men who had gone to the place never came away. However, we convinced them that we were Americans, and were not molested again.

The world's greatest show ground is the city of Luxor, called Thebes by the Greeks. The city to-day has something like twelve to fourteen thousand inhabitants, many of whom are in dire straits owing to the fact that no tourists have gone there since the beginning of the war, and these have always been their main source of supplies. In fact, the business of extracting a living from tourists is as old as the days of Herodotus and perhaps older; and when there are no tourists, there is a famine. The city lies in the midst of a fertile plain, stretching for two or three miles on each side of the river. The Nile is of unusual beauty at this point. One crosses the river on a small ferryboat, either rowed or sailed by natives. Donkeys are also taken across for use, and after a ride of half an hour you are at the hills, which form a ridge or rugged plateau, beating back the desert and making a broader valley for cultivation. This fact, together with the near approach of the

Red Sea at this point, may account for the selection of this site for the powerful capital of the greatest dynasties of this great country. Here our party really began operations, examining the remains of ancient Egypt with care and scientific interest.

By climbing to the top of these hills one gets the finest view of the remains of ancient history; for, looking across a field of sugar cane containing five hundred acres, one can see the city of Luxor and the temple within its bounds which bears its name. The city is remembered in Scripture as No Amon and came into prominence and power about 2100 B.C. during what is known as the Middle Kingdom, but was much more ancient in its origin. About the end of the fifteenth century Amenophis III. built the present temple on the site of a much older sandstone structure, parts of which still remain. This was followed by many additions, especially by Rameses II. in the thirteenth century before Christ and then by Alexander the Great, who remodeled a temple for himself, and it was probably embellished by the Ptolemies. The temple of Amenophis was two hundred and eight yards long and sixty yards broad, erected over against a temple by Thutmose III. a hundred years earlier in its construction. Glorious as was this temple, it fades into insignificance beside that of Karnak, which lies about one mile to the northeast, at the end of an avenue of ram sphinxes sculptured from limestone or sandstone. They are stately figures of magnificent workmanship and dedicated to the worship of the sun.

The king's statue was between the knees, and a great bronze disc representing the sun was between

the horns of each. At the end of this avenue is the great temple area of Karnak covering several hundred acres of land and representing many gods in the magnificent remains of many temples. These were nearly two thousand years in building—from the early days of the Middle Kingdom, about the close of the third millennium, to the days of the Ptolemies, just before the dawning of the Christian Era. There were few kings of the land who did not have a part in the extension or embellishment of one or more of the buildings of this great temple group—one colonnaded hall after another, pylon after pylon, obelisk after obelisk, each monarch trying to outdo his predecessors. The first pylon (great gateway) is three hundred and seventy feet wide, with walls forty-nine feet thick and one hundred and forty-two and a half feet high.

The great court built by the Pharaohs of the tenth and ninth centuries before Christ is two hundred and seventy-six feet deep and three hundred and thirty-eight feet wide and is the finest example of Egyptian architecture of that period. But when you examine the great hypostyle hall of Rameses II. everything else seems uninteresting. This is perhaps the finest building erected in ancient times. Its very size is impressive. It is three hundred and thirty-eight feet broad, with a depth of one hundred and seventy feet, and has an area of six thousand square yards. The giant roof, part of which is still in place, was supported by one hundred and thirty-four columns, which were arranged in sixteen rows. The two central rows are eighty feet high and almost thirty-four feet in circumference. The other rows are about

twenty-seven feet in circumference and less than fifty feet high. The difference between the height of the central row and the side rows made windows possible, and these were covered with stone lattice-work. The columns represent papyrus with calyx capitals for the central rows and bud capitals for the side rows. These are all covered with inscriptions and reliefs most wonderfully colored and well preserved. Many reliefs of historical value are found on these walls, that of Sethos I. describing his campaigns in Palestine and those of Shishak. (See Kings xiv. 25, 26; 2 Chronicles xii. 2-4, 9.) But the whole scene beggars description and staggers the imagination with amazement at the accomplishments of a civilization which must have succeeded by a stupendous expenditure of life and labor.

As you stand on the heights of the hills looking across the valley, you turn to look on your right hand and there lies the pavement of the palace of that great king, Amenophis III., who reigned from 1411 to 1375 B.C. The palace area covers many acres of ground, in front of which is a large embankment a mile long and a thousand feet wide, which formed the private lake of the palace and was probably built for his queen, Ti, whom he had married from a somewhat humble station, but whom he most devotedly loved, for he signs her name to all State documents. When he married her, he sent out royal scarabs in honor of the occasion, on which he names her as "the daughter of nobody, but the wife of a king whose southern boundary is above the Second Cataract, and whose northern boundary is beyond the Euphrates." He, moreover, provided

for her father and mother in a most extravagant way. The costly furniture of their palace was placed in their tomb and has been preserved to us. The two mummies, with the tomb furniture and gilded coffins, are in the museum at Cairo, the most magnificent reminders of household luxury remaining to us from that glorious civilization. If such splendid furniture formed the gift of a man to his wife's relations, what must have been the character of his own household adornment?

The remains of this palace are on your extreme right, while on the extreme left arise the ruins of the temple of Sethos I. at Kurna—a beautiful hall, five hundred and eighteen feet by one hundred and fifty-four feet, with splendid reliefs and inscriptions. This hall was enlarged and embellished by Rameses II. and was surrounded by many colonnaded halls and chambers, courts and chapels. Behind this is the oldest necropolis in the Theban group, that of Drah Abu'l Negga, dating back to the eleventh dynasty (about 2300 B.C.). Next to this is a cemetery of the Saitic period (about 650 B.C.), and from here the whole hillside is one vast necropolis containing the tombs of nobles, queens, princes, high court officials, and other notables of the glorious period of the empire.

The most pretentious of these is known as Der el Bahri, the magnificent mortuary temple of the greatest queen of the ancient world, Hatshepsut. She was the legal heir to the throne, but had an ambitious and capable half-brother, Thutmose III., who used every means in his power to secure the throne. He first married Hatshepsut, his half-sister, and then

became a priest of the popular god Amon; and when the great feast took place, during the procession of priests a voice out of the holy of holies, professing to be the voice of the god, proclaimed that the young prince was a son of the gods and chosen by them to be king. In spite of all of these political schemes, he disappears for several years, and she reigns in splendor and great power. Under her great building operations went on; there were also expeditions to Punt (Biblical Ophir), from which she brought trees of every variety, shrubs, and animals, along with gold and silver in abundance. She developed the land and the state of society at home, and all of this she duly had carved on her tomb and temple walls here at our feet.

Such a temple! It was constructed in terraces and with beautiful colonnades and inner chambers, all wonderfully adorned with colorful inscriptions and reliefs. The magnificent gardens which she formed largely from transplanted shrubs and trees brought from afar have left their traces to this day. These are the first known transplanted trees. The temple occupies a place directly under the mountain and was no doubt intended to lead to her tomb in the heart of the mountain; but that tomb has never been found, and it is not unlikely that she was simply disposed of by her brother-husband, who now suddenly comes to the front, assumes command of the army, and marches off to conquest and the quieting of the dependencies, a duty which was necessarily neglected by the queen.

The temple was much marred by the fury of her husband, who cut out her name from every inscrip-

tion where he could reach one, and still further mutilated by the fanatical zeal of Amenophis IV., who also cut out the Amon element from all names; yet it remains a fine structure, a monument to a great woman whose fame cannot be entirely destroyed. In front of it is a costly causeway which led straight out to the level of the Nile and was lined on both sides by ram sphinxes and trees, the stumps of which still remain. A very interesting thing here is a room devoted to a description of the land of Punt. Here is the Egyptian fleet arriving in the harbor of that city and the Prince of Punt coming with presents to meet the representative of the great queen. Beehive huts built upon piles out in the water, also the character of the animals and trees brought from there, give us very conclusive evidence as to the geographical location of the land where King Solomon found gold. Moreover, the queen tells us that she sent a statue of herself and of her god to be set up in the land of Punt. When that country is cleared of dangerous inhabitants and the archæologist can get in to make excavations, there is little doubt that Punt will be definitely located; and it is not at all unlikely that some remains of the work of Solomon's miners will be found.

Next beside Der el Bahri is a still older temple, more than five centuries older and almost leveled to the ground, though much of the foundation remains to show what a splendid temple it was.

Lying a little way to the south of this is the great Rameseum, which was the mortuary temple for the ever-present Rameses II. The great pylon in front was originally two hundred and twenty feet broad,

but is now a crumbling mass of ruins. Finely executed statues and large courts, magnificent gateways and massive walls bespeak a building of unusual size and importance. On the walls are the stories of the exploits of the king, which of course were told by the king or inspired by him and perhaps contain exaggerations. The most important of these are the inscriptions telling of his Syrian campaigns and especially of the battle of Kadesh, where he goes into detail as to the military tactics; and as this story is repeated on these walls, so from the two inscriptions we have a complete story of the campaign and the record of the treaty of peace, the earliest recorded treaty of peace ending a war.

In the midst of these ruins lies the most colossal sculpture ever executed. It is a portrait statue of Rameses II. carved out of a single block of red granite transported from Assuan and weighs approximately one thousand tons. It stood here in this temple, which was intended to perpetuate the memory of the king's great deeds, and itself intended to preserve the king's likeness; the whole being a monument to the vanity of the vainest monarch of whom history makes any record. To-day it lies on its face, broken and grotesquely marred. It was undoubtedly a very fine piece of workmanship, for even in its present condition it impresses you with the artistic skill with which it was done. It is indeed colossal. The length of one ear is three and a half feet. The surface of the face from ear to ear is over six feet. The surface of the breast from shoulder to shoulder is twenty-three and a half feet, while the circumference of the arm at the elbow is seventeen

and a half feet, and the length of the index finger is three and a half feet. The length of the nail of the middle finger is seven and a half inches, the breadth of the foot across the toes is four and a half feet, and the total height is fifty-seven feet. But remorseless and invincible time was more powerful than this great statue. The Rameseum is almost surrounded by the ruins of other mortuary temples which have mostly disappeared.

On the right of this, as you stand on the top of the hills facing east, is the Ptolemaic temple of Der el Medineh, a splendid temple, back of which are the tombs of the queens, while one mile south lies the temple of Medinet Habu, the main hall of which was built by Rameses III. (about 1200 B.C.). This temple was built on the plan of the Rameseum, but not so pretentious, though it is a very great building, with fine wall scenes and more or less important inscriptions. This also is surrounded by other temples, the most important of which is one by Thutmose III. and Hatshepsut from the beginning of the fifteenth century before Christ. Some distance in front of this is the area of the mortuary temple of Amenophis III., of which only a few stones and the fragments of a stela remain, and these are scattered out over the cultivated ground. But in front of this area stand two great statues known since Greek days as the Memnon statues, one of which used to have the reputation of being a singer. It was said to emit at daybreak a peculiar musical note, perhaps due to the rapid expansion and contraction in a desert climate. Since an earthquake shook down part of this

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**



LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR TO
THE HILLS OF THE KINGS' TOMBS,
THREE MILES AWAY.



THE GREAT MEMNON STATUES.

At Thebes or Luxor. The hills of the kings' tombs in the background.

one, though later the stones were replaced by Septimus Severus, he has refused to sing.

These immense statues are carved out of a conglomerate sandstone found in the vicinity of Edfu which is hard to work. They are sixty-four feet high, exclusive of the crown, which has vanished, and with it must have been sixty-nine feet. The legs from the sole of the foot to the knees measure nineteen and one-half feet, and each foot is ten and one-half feet long. The breadth of the shoulders is twenty feet, while the middle finger on one hand is four and one-half feet long, and the arm, from the tip of the finger to the elbow, is fifteen and one-half feet.

The emperor Hadrian and his empress visited them in 130 A.D. and spent many days with them. Sitting out here on the plain, visible for many miles, with mountain and desert for background, with a foreground of marvelously fertile fields teeming with life and activity, they are among the most striking monuments of the Nile valley. Here they sit, all that went with them having passed away, the silent sentinels of the centuries watching the ever-changing fortunes of the passing civilizations, keeping guard over the valley, reminding the men who pass that way of high civilizations reaching back into the dim mysteries of the past, and still looking toward the unborn centuries with grim determination to resist every inroad time attempts to make and realize the immortality to which their creator aspired. What a valley of wonders it is as we look down from the Libyan Hills, our imagination sweeps back the curtain of the past, and we live over again the life that was! The multitudes come and go. Palaces rise

and temples loom gray against the hills. Kings and princes, peasants and soldiers march once more over this historic soil. One could almost wish to live in that far-away past.

But if the valley in front is wonderful, it is still more so when we turn about and discover that back of us, where we thought of only the desert, is a deep gorge, or hidden valley; and we descend through dangerous and devious ways with a feeling that no one ever came this way before, until we come at last to catch our breath at the bottom and are suddenly confronted with openings in the mountain side, as if some Alpine kobold had been constrained by magic key-flower to open to us some mysterious treasure cave. But, as boldly as the Alpine shepherd lad of the story book, we enter one after another of these, until we almost wonder if there is room for another in the space allotted by these secretive hills to the ancient kings for their royal tombs. Here is the greatest royal cemetery on earth, the burial ground of the mightiest dynasties of the greatest of ancient lands.

There are sixty-eight of these royal tombs that have been opened, and there are probably many more in the secret recesses of the heart of these hills. The structure of the tombs is about the same in each. Let us enter one: Tomb No. 35 it is called. We enter an outer door and descend through a corridor which leads downward for a long distance, until we come to a large, square shaft thirty feet each way, with a door at the bottom leading out of one corner and designed to foil the tomb robbers. Crossing this shaft by means of a bridge, and passing through the

second corridor (each of these having been wonderfully inscribed and colored and with niches here and there which once contained statues of the gods), the third corridor leads us still downward and then into a great antechamber splendidly decorated, from which we enter the final tomb chamber.

From the time we entered the first corridor everything was adorned with inscriptions and scenes from the life of the king. Magnificent columns hewn out of the solid virgin rock, highly decorated, supported the ceiling, which itself was a fine representation of the heavens in the night, a sky-blue background with yellow stars and occasionally the moon. Here on these walls the king is praised and the chief exploits of his reign are chronicled. The texts, designed to help him in the after-world, are selected from two books, "The Book of Him Who Is in the Underworld" and "The Book of the Gates." The first book contains twelve chapters, and there are twelve regions of the night corresponding to the twelve hours of the night. The king is never referred to as dead, but as "triumphant." It is a marvelous journey, and at last we are at the end, far down under the mountain; and here in the last chamber, in a stone sarcophagus, lies sleeping the mummy of Amenophis II., just as he was buried thirty-three hundred years ago. He was one of the great kings of Egypt. He conquered all of Western Asia and brought back at one time the bodies of six kings hanging from the prow of his ship. He hung five of them from the walls of his palace here at Thebes and the sixth on the walls of his palace far up the Nile to warn other rebellious kings what would hap-

pen to them. Here he lies, this great king of the long ago; and to show how the past and present meet, there is over his head to-day an electric light.

It is one of the mysteries, what kind of light they used in that day. It is unthinkable that they could have executed such splendid detail work so far from the light of day without any artificial light, or that they would have taken such pains to portray all of these deeds of glory unless it was for some eye to see. There is not the slightest evidence that torches were used, and always when they were used anywhere they left unmistakable and indelible signs. Almost every mummy from these royal tombs is in the museum at Cairo.

In an antechamber of the tomb of Amenophis II. lie the mummies of three persons—a man, a woman, and a little girl, as a family group; but who they were and why they were in this tomb cannot be ascertained. They may be royal mummies, or they may be slaves—no one knows. Several royal mummies were found in this grave, where they had been placed for safe-keeping in the long ago. No one is supposed to have been buried in the valley except kings, even the queens being buried on the other side of the hill.

Here in the heart of the hills reposed these mighty kings of old—Thutmose, Amenophis, Seti, and Rameses: names that once startled the world. After the toil and stress of life, after the flame and fury of ambition, after the wild plaudits of a vacillating world, after all the pomp and glory, victories and riches, thrones and crowns, palaces and temples, marching armies and waving banners, the shouting and the homage done, here they lie, companions to

jackals and foxes, their grand tombs the habitation of owls and bats, in a valley of silence over which the kite and the eagle soar, unmindful that here sleeps the dust of once illustrious men who lived and loved and fought and died in the long, long ago and were forgotten by a world whose easiest task is to forget. So let them lie until they are judged by One who never forgets.

CHAPTER IV

"THE PEARL OF EGYPT"

FROM Luxor to Assuan requires a journey of one hundred and thirty-two miles. The river travel is too slow, and the trains of the Egyptian State railways often leave the valley and plunge into the desert; and wherever you travel by train in that land you are in a cloud of dust, so that your eyes are full, your clothes are covered with the yellow stuff—you breathe it, eat it, and sleep in it. The climate in winter furnishes hot days and bitterly cold nights, and Egypt knows no method of making fires except for cooking purposes. But the dust and discomfort do not dull the keen edge of your interest in the kaleidoscopic pictures which sweep before your vision as you look out upon the majestic ruins of that great civilization which once flourished in this valley.

It is a continuation of that long line of glorious temples and palaces which we observed below Thebes. One striking fact is the predominance of temples over palaces, both in quantity and quality. Those men of old were much more concerned about the houses of their gods than they were for the houses in which they themselves lived. Many of the present day could emulate that virtue with profit.

As we travel along, the way bends out to the east from the river. We come upon a wondrous ruin, different from almost anything else in Egypt. A

great brick wall, thirty-seven feet in width and of great height, incloses a space six hundred and twenty yards one way and five hundred and ninety the other. At one time an outer wall four times as wide encircled it. This was the famous city of El Kab, which figured in the history of Egypt from very early times down to the Ptolemaic period, and is especially known as the seat of the Nobles who recovered the land from the Hyksos and restored the national government and thus founded the empire in 1580 B.C. The wall stands in a state of almost perfect preservation. The splendid ruins of Edfu and Kom Ombo and many others hold the interest of the observer along the Nile. Not the least interesting is the mode of life one sees in the valley. Irrigation is carried on just as it has been for thousands of years. The principal method in use is the *shaduf*, by which the water is lifted from the river with a bucket on a pole with a weight at the other end, much like an old-fashioned sweep. This bucket is caught by a man higher up and poured into his bucket, which in turn is lifted by the same process into another, which in the same way is emptied into the ditch. There are usually three men working the same relay, all of whom are usually entirely naked. Camels are seen carrying loads of sugar cane or hay, and sometimes a long caravan is to be observed coming in from the desert, perhaps from some distant oasis, while everywhere women with huge burdens on their heads, but walking with an erectness that is astounding and an endurance that is unbelievable, are drudging out their weary existence. Children seem happy at play in the fields unhampered by

clothes and unmindful of sun or cold. The fields of Egypt always seem unusually green because contrasted with the desert. Once we came upon a group of women carrying a dead woman and marching straight into the desert sands.

The First Cataract is reached seven miles above the city of Assuan and is the location of the great dam, just back of which is the beautiful island of Philæ, called from earliest times "The Pearl of Egypt." Our work here was done by boat, for the waters of the great lake cover now most of the island and much of the temples. The granite cliffs above the lake exhibit many inscriptions of historical value. From this granite ridge and its quarries, which yield many kinds of stone, but chiefly red and black granite of the finest grain and taking the highest polish, went the materials for the making of statues and columns and the embellishment of temples and palaces of every king known to Egypt and many of those of foreign nations, far over into Asia and high up into Syria. Kings of many dynasties, covering a period of two and a half millenniums, left their names and records carved here. The great quarries have as many inscriptions, and more remains. One great obelisk lies in its own quarry, shaped and partially inscribed, but not cut from the mountain side. It is ninety-two feet long and ten and one-half feet in breadth. A massive causeway over which the statues and blocks were conveyed to the Nile in ancient times is still in use for the same purpose. Many sarcophagi, royal statues, and other remains are to be seen in these quarries; and everywhere the names of well-known kings are cut in the rock. A

great wall, built to protect quarrymen and sailors from the desert tribes, runs from the cataract almost to Assuan.

The city of Assuan is the highest point in Egypt proper; and from here on you are in the Sudan, with a different government and people who are quite unlike those down the river. The language takes on another of its many dialects, and the Ethiopian is principally in evidence. I heard a group of Sudanese repairing the road and singing as they worked, performing the task to the tune of their song. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine that I was back in Georgia listening to a gang of negro laborers laying rails or rolling logs, for their song was the same, and the American negro must have brought it with him from his African jungle.

We used a sailboat to work the island of Elephantine and the cliffs beyond. The breaking through of the river left the cliffs of the high plateau which forms the level of the desert, and in these cliffs are the tombs of the ancient nobles who ruled Egypt and had their homes on the island. These tombs go back to the thirtieth century before Christ, and some very important historical inscriptions are to be found on them.

The rock is almost the color of the rainbow and lent itself to wonderful embellishment in tomb-making. A splendid view is had from the top of the rocks, with the desert behind, the river valley winding down through the sands, with here and there a temple ruin, the city below, the green islands with the huge granite hills beyond, and just a glimpse of the great dam to the south. No one seems to be

sure why the island is called Elephantine, but it is supposed to have been either an ivory trading point or else the place where the early Egyptians first saw elephants; but the name has been attached to it for nearly five thousand years. The Egyptians called it Yebu, which was their name for elephant. Huge remains, mostly of brick houses with granite or marble columns, mark the ruins of this important city of the long ago. On the east side is a Nilometer, or well, which measures the rise and fall of the Nile. This was restored during the nineteenth century after lying idle for a thousand years, but is of very ancient build. The figures are in Greek and demotic, and here the observer could measure the river and make his reports to the king downstream. It was in use for thousands of years.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the island is the remains of an old Jewish temple, which was standing during the time of the second temple at Jerusalem. Jewish mercenaries erected the temple to Jehovah and wrote to Jerusalem and to Northern Israel as well for aid. They kept copies of their letters; and these copies have been found here, dating back to perhaps 500 B.C., and are known as the Elephantine Papyri. On the mainland just across from the south end of the island was the old city of Syene, where the Latin poet Juvenal was once stationed as Roman prefect, perhaps to remove his biting tongue or rather his satirical pen from the city of Rome. Here in ancient times was a well which gave no shadow at noontime during the summer solstice and so was directly under the tropic, and from this well the great scholars of Alexandria worked

out the system by which the world's bulk is estimated even to this day. Also near here on the granite cliffs is an inscription telling of a seven years' famine during the reign of Zoser (perhaps 3000 B.C.).

One of the most important animals in Egypt is the four-footed donkey. Here for ages untold he has served every master alike and perhaps with the same reluctance. He exhibits the same characteristics to-day there and everywhere as those depicted on the walls of the most ancient tombs. On one of the oldest tombs is the picture of one which is unwilling to travel under a heavy load and is being pulled by the ear by one driver, his leg being pulled by another, while a third beats him from behind, but with indifferent success. This picture is hard on evolutionists. Whether the present race of donkeys are direct descendants of those which served the great pyramid builders or not is hard to determine, but they seem to have the same general ambitions. I used to ride one the color of ancient cream, and his driver was a tall, slender youth possessing the same aspirations as the donkey. After a hard day in the desert, in which I had been hard put to make the boy understand my Arabic, he came up by my side when we were nearing the journey's end and said in very good English: "Mister, you know what this donkey's name is?" I said: "No. What is it?" He squared his shoulders and recited: "George Washington, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." These poor fellows, half fed and wholly unlearned, know nothing of the real values among the historical remains to which they guide travelers.

CHAPTER V

ON THE TRAIL OF MOSES

THE whole land of Egypt contains not more than ten thousand square miles of territory, and this stretched out for more than two thousand miles through the desert, the constant prey to every grasping government that has come this way, with a down-trodden people, only two per cent of whom can read their own names and many of whom live in the desert itself, ever fighting sand from the desert, disease from the valley, and men from everywhere. Nevertheless, this little land has profoundly influenced the world and furnishes almost every foundation upon which civilizations are built. Its delta spreads out like a fan, and it is encompassed everywhere by sand or salt water. Geologists tell us that at an early period of mankind the Sahara was inhabited and covered with forests and seamed with streams, but some mighty upheaval cut off its rain supply and made it into a desert. Then the Nile broke through from the highlands of Central Africa and cut a channel through the sea of sand like a great Gulf Stream and made the land of Egypt. A crevice was formed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, and this sanded up until a narrow isthmus connected Asia with Africa. Through this narrow neck the first kings of Egypt attempted to find a waterway by cutting canals, and early in the third millennium before Christ there was a water route from the Gulf of Suez to the

(60)

Great Sea; so that when De Lesseps, in 1859, began the construction of a waterway across this isthmus he was only following an age-old precedent.

The Isthmus of Suez is one hundred miles wide at the widest place and much of this is water, Lake Menzaleh alone containing about one thousand square miles. There are also Lakes Balah and Timsah and the Bitter Lakes, so that not much dry territory had to be negotiated in digging the canal. This little strip of land has played a very important part in the history of the world, for across it the nations have marched coming and going—Egyptian kings to the conquest of Asia and the Asiatic kings to the conquest of Egypt; and much of the world's civilization has crossed this narrow strip.

Just to the west of the Isthmus of Suez lay the land of Goshen, where all Asiatic Bedouin tribes came for pasturage when they turned to Egypt. It is probable that Abraham came here, and to this land came Jacob with his family of seventy souls. Here they labored and lived and grew into a great nation, until "a Pharaoh arose which knew not Joseph," and they bended their backs to tasks which still remain to tell the story.

The ancient Nome of Gesem, or Goshen, lies between three cities at the present day, forming a triangle, with Zagazik at one point, Abu Hammid at another, and Belbeis at the other. This is a very small tract of land, but extremely fertile, and is watered by what was known as the Tanic arm of the Nile, but which now only appears as a canal. On the east side of it runs the Wady Tumilat, which was the natural pathway of the tribes that came from

and went to Asia. Near the western border was the old capital of Egypt, Bubastis. On the desert, but near the Wady Tumilat and some miles from the actual land of Goshen, are two of the cities built by the Hebrews, Pithom and Raamses (Ex. i. 11). I left the train at Abu Souer and was determined to find these cities. I walked seven miles through the desert sand and found only meager remains; but I felt that I was on holy ground, for over this very territory came those first pilgrims of freedom seeking a land where they could work out their own destinies after their own ideals and under the providence of their own religious beliefs.

A great deal of excavation has gone on in the land of Goshen, and yet no adequate results have been obtained. A much later Jewish temple has been excavated, called Tel Yehudiyeh, or Mound of the Jew, where Onias, the high priest of Jerusalem, expelled by the Syrian party in 170 B.C., with the aid of Ptolemy Philometer erected a temple to Jehovah, as nearly like that at Jerusalem as possible. (See Josephus, "Antiquities," book 13, chapter 3.) Much remains to be found out about the Jews in Egypt, but evidence of their presence has been found in many places; and large numbers have been there at all times during the ascendancy of Egypt among the nations of the world. From the time of the Hyksos, who were themselves related to the Jews, they were in the Delta and at Elephantine, seven hundred miles farther north. They were in Memphis and Hophra and at Tahpanhes (Jer. xliii. 7, 8). They were mentioned at Karnak and other places (1 Kings xiv. 25), and now Dr. Reisner, of the Harvard ex-

pedition, is rediscovering the records of Queen Candace in Nubia.

The Exodus probably occurred late in the thirteenth century before Christ, if indeed it did not occur just at the end of that remarkable century and under the reign of either Menepthah or Seti II. They marched along this Wady Tumilat and turned down toward the sea because the Egyptians had provided a "wall" of frontier forts stretching from the gulf to the Great Sea, and so these fugitives must of necessity go southward until they passed below these guards. They did not cross that body of water which we now know as the Red Sea, for that would have placed them in Arabia; but rather over the Gulf of Suez, which must have been known in that day as the Red Sea or a part of it. One account of the crossing says that an east wind blew all night and made the sea go back, so that the children of Egypt went over (Ex. xxi.). The north end of the Gulf of Suez is so shallow that it can be waded with the exception of that part which has been dug out as a channel for the canal. From this point northward is the isthmus, with its lakes and marshes, through which the canal runs. This strip of land was ever the despair of the Egyptian kings and was the one point to be guarded. It is now patrolled by the largest of all the British military garrisons. The canal is one hundred miles long, thirty-six feet deep, two hundred and sixty to four hundred and forty-five feet broad at the surface, and one hundred and forty-seven feet at the bottom. Our ship was allowed to go only at a snail's pace, and so we were some twenty-two hours passing through.

Leaving Port Said, a city which sprang up with the building of the canal and which has a population of fifty-five thousand, we pass quickly into Lake Menzaleh, with thousands of herons, flamingoes, and pelicans wading about. Seven thousand fishing boats ply their trade in these waters regularly. We pass through only one ridge, and that is only fifty-two feet above sea level, and in this De Lesseps found the bones of many animals, prehistoric and otherwise. Near here is the traditional spot where Miriam was smitten with leprosy because she murmured at Moses for marrying a Cushite woman. The desert of the Sinaitic peninsula is on one side of us, and the waters of the several lakes are on the other side; and as we look out to the western sunset, we think of the Hebrews and how much the Exodus meant to the world and to us. And as we pass into the Gulf of Suez, we have Egypt proper on our right, and we are saying farewell to the land of the Pharaohs. What a wonderful land it is, and how much it has meant to the world! From the Nile came the first recorded history, first stone masonry, first farming implements, first use of columns in buildings, and first use of metal for which they crossed the Red Sea in the first ships to sail salt water. The first navy of the world sailed out from Egypt perhaps through a canal such as we have just passed. Egypt was first in almost everything; and yet she, with all her ancient grandeur, failed to mix with the foundations of her greatness those very qualities which endure and preserve the life of a nation. She was the master of the preservation of

material things, but she could not preserve her own life. She forgot God and died.

The Isthmus of Suez was a narrow neck of land not more than seventy miles wide at its narrowest place, entirely barren, but the most important neck of land in ancient history. It is sand on one side of the canal and water on the other, but this big ditch is the connecting link between the East and the West by way of the important Near East. Across it came the ancient kings of Egypt, daring to go out and discover that the sky reached farther than the borders of their own land, to find new fields of conquest both in the realm of thought and of might, to bring new ideas for their already great civilization, to convey to the outer world the secrets of that wonderful civilization, and to widen the areas of the world's mental horizon. So across this strip came the armies of Asia to conquer and be conquered, to learn, to teach, and to mix their civilization with this hoary culture of the Nile valley. Across this very strip in the long ago came Abraham and Jacob and Joseph and the patriarchs. This narrow strip—ever the despair of the Egyptian engineers, where many a Pharaoh came to grief with his heavy-wheeled chariots and across which flowed the Asiatic Bedouin into this granary of the world, seeking pasture for his flocks and herds amid the corn lands of the Delta—was at last the home of the Hebrews and the rendezvous of Asiatic political offenders, such as Jeremiah, Jeroboam, and others; and back across here went the children of Israel in search of freedom and the land of promise and across it came Mary and Joseph and the infant Jesus.

The canal enters the Gulf of Suez at Port Taufik, which is two miles out in the gulf, where the water is deep enough to harbor seagoing ships. A great stone pier is built from the city of Suez to Taufik, and here at the end of the pier is a fine statue erected to Lieutenant Waghorn, a German in the British service, who was, above all other men, responsible for the building of the Suez Canal. He labored for many years trying to convince the British government that a canal across this strip was feasible and that a direct water route from England to India by way of Egypt could be made. At first his ideas were scouted because some scientist had proved or thought he had proved that the Mediterranean Sea is several feet higher than the Red Sea, and so it would never work. He finally convinced De Lesseps that it could be done; but he died in London in poverty in 1850, nine years before De Lesseps undertook to carry out the fulfillment of his dream. From the canal entrance round the eastern side of the gulf, a distance of about six miles, is a group of springs which are more or less brackish, and the sweetest one is pointed out as the one sweetened by Moses (Ex. xv. 23). They are known as the Springs of Moses.

On the west side of the gulf as you sail southward is a range of rugged mountains broken here and there by a wady running out toward the Nile, while on the east side rises a still more rugged range which increases in ruggedness as you proceed, until it terminates in the Sinaitic group composed of Mount Serbal, Mount Catherine, and Mount Musa (Moses). The entire Sinaitic Peninsula contains no more than

9,655 square miles. The length from north to south is about forty miles—a very small territory, extremely desolate and forbidding, and yet it has played an important part in the history of civilization.

Looking straight out to the east, north of Serbal, there appears what seems to be a great gash in the mountain range which leads out from a cove-like bay. This is the Wady Maghara, the oldest mining district known to humanity. From it came the earliest metal used by mankind, so far as we now know. The records show mining operations here as early as the thirty-fourth century before the Christian era. Earlier kings than Menes may have carried on mining operations, and thirty-eight succeeding Pharaohs left inscriptions on the high cliffs of that wady, recording their operations there, both as to the mining itself and their battles with the Bedouin, who were ever encroaching on this early Egyptian mining preserve. The first sea to be crossed with ships was here in connection with these Egyptian mines. So the attention of the little world of that day was directed to this barren land, and the ever-enlarging world likewise has kept a surpassing interest in this little patch of desert mountains. That interest became paramount when the region became the school-house of the people of God, where he himself taught them the ways of life and laid the foundation for the world's governments. No true civilization since has existed that was not made after the pattern given in the mount. The imagination runs rife when you gaze upon those mighty piles, builded by God himself, which stand here as the eternal monuments of his unchanging law.

Mount Serbal is the largest and lowest of these peaks. It rises to a height of 6,759 feet. It is very large, having almost two peaks and perhaps did have two very distinct peaks in the long ago. It is also the farthest north of the three. Jebel (Mount) Musa is 7,519 feet high, and on her slopes, 5,014 feet up, is the monastery of St. Catherine, which is said to have been founded about 530 A.D. on the site of a Justinian fort. Near this monastery are some wells, one of which is pointed out as the one from which Moses watered the flocks of Jethro's daughters. There is also a chapel called the Chapel of the Burning Bush. But the most important thing about the monastery is its wonderful library, which has not yet been fully examined, but which with the superficial work in it has yielded startling returns. Here Professor Tischendorf discovered the famous *Codex Sinaiticus*, dating from about 400 A.D. It is in Greek and is the oldest known manuscript except the *Vaticanus* at Rome.

Jebel Catherine was named from a legend relating how a patrician lady by the name of Catherine during the persecution of Maximus fled from Alexandria to this mountain for refuge and was captured and suffered martyrdom in Alexandria, but whose body was later found on this mountain's summit, carried thither by angels. The mountain is frightfully precipitous and seems to be impossible of ascent, though some have succeeded in reaching the summit. It must have been an active volcano, as all the others were, only to a later date. It rises to the majestic height of 8,551 feet and is the highest peak on the

peninsula, covered for the greater part of the year with snow.

Tradition tells us that on one of these heights Moses met God face to face and from his hands received the law. No human spectacle equals that of an active volcano. Those who have stood on the slopes of Vesuvius and watched it belch forth clouds and sometimes flames of fire and hurtling stones can never forget the awful impression. But perhaps no spectacle has ever presented such a gloriously awful vision as met the astonished gaze of the Hebrew hosts on that day when God came down and the divine presence was displayed on this mountain top. And as you pass along, the mind turns back again to that day when the declaration of the independence of the human soul was signed and God and man joined together in an eternal purpose.

As we sailed under the shadow of the majestically impressive mountain, a group of passengers, mostly missionaries bound for India, gathered on the deck. A giddy young lady heard them talking about the mountains and pointing out the peaks, and she asked the chief officer: "Captain, what happened over there?" "Miss," said the officer, "that is where the Sermon on the Mount was preached."

The temptation was compelling to remain on the deck as long as one vestige of the high peaks remain in view. I watched on until the sunset, and it was a glorious sunset, such as comes only in such a climate and under such conditions. Standing on the deck, I watched the red rays of the setting sun bathe the peaks of this old mountain in gold until this, too,

shaded into copper, and then the night closed over this great pile that looked down in awful splendor and majesty upon the encampments of Israel as it had watched the ships and armies of the Pharaohs for millenniums before.

CHAPTER VI

ON SOUTHERN SEAS

AFTER a day's sailing we enter the Red Sea itself and find the most beautiful water yet; but this might have been partly accounted for by the perfect weather conditions which prevailed. The nights were warm, though it was February, but conditions aboard were ideal. Why the Red Sea is called red no one seems to know; but I rather suspect that at one time in its history it was covered with fish spawn, such as colors all the Arabian Sea at the proper season of the year. The Red Sea is itself quite a historic body of water. The earliest tale of a returned sailor was of this sea. The earliest shipyard (*ca.* 3000 B.C.) was on its shores. Fleets of the Pharaohs sailed down the same roadways upon which we traveled seeking the treasures of Punt and the ships of Solomon seeking gold from Ophir.

Our ship leaves the sea for the Gulf of Aden, with the Abyssinian shores on our right and the city of Aden on our left. We round the point and merge upon the Indian Ocean, the bleak shores of the great continent of sand known as Arabia on our left. This land has never figured much in our civilization, perhaps for the reason that it is a riverless land and all ancient civilization has followed water courses. It is thirteen hundred miles long and six hundred miles wide on the average. The lower half of it has never been explored. It is an ocean of sand, desolate and

waste. Its southern coast is famed in poetry as a land of spices, the land of Hadramut, but in reality is a region not to be desired.

On Sunday, February 29, 1920, we reached the city of Bombay and found it crowded to the limit with people who could find no place to stay. We had cabled from Egypt for rooms at the great Taj Mahal Hotel, but found that others had cabled earlier. We at last found a hotel at which we could get a cot each in a room with fifty cots, for which we paid about \$5 a day. Bombay is a great Eastern city, but it is Eastern; and an officer informed us that one can never hurry the East—a bit of information that we found to be very true. Bombay begins the day at 10 A.M. and then takes its time.

There are indeed many beauty spots about the city, and you are ever looking out to the mountains in the distance. Many inhabitants go to the hills for the summer months; and I should think that there would be ample need for it, for we found it oppressively hot on the first day of March. A visit to the British governor of the Bombay Presidency and to the House of Silence was about the extent of our sightseeing, and there are few things more interesting than this House of Silence. It is the central place of the Parsee sect, who dispose of their dead here. It is a large house surrounded by green trees and many attractive features, but marred by the presence of many vultures which await the next funeral occasion. The Parsees believe that the body is evil and both the ground and fire are sacred. They must therefore dispose of their dead, and the sooner the better for the good of the soul. As they can

neither desecrate the ground by burying nor the fire by burning, they expose the body on a wide grating immediately after death, when the waiting vultures at once dispose of the flesh and the bones fall through the grating. It is a hideous custom, but the best these people know.

We sailed from Bombay on a British transport, crossing the Arabian Sea, frequently in sight of the Indian coast; and with perfect weather conditions, it proved to be a veritable dream voyage. The sea during the day was as placid as a mountain lake, and fish of every description lay along the surface of the water—hammer-headed sharks, small-ringed sea snakes, and lazy turtles lying as if asleep on the surface, with now and then a flock of fishing birds skimming along the water in search of their daily food. At night the phosphorescent display was gorgeous beyond description, rolling off from the wake of the ship in great waves, out of which would leap schools of flying fish covered with the glow like tiny fairies of the deep.

On our right appeared the Persian coast, desolate and forbidding, the territory in which Alexander the Great lost so many men on his return from India. On the left there arose the awful wilds of Eastern Arabia, mountain piles that seemed to have no termination; and somewhere near the foot of this mountain range is the city of Muskat, where diplomats who have been kept there too long have gone mad. The whole coast is horribly forbidding. Between this coast of Arabia and that of Persia, where the two come very close together, there is a line of bowlders projecting out of the water every few hundred

yards or so, it seems, showing that at some distant time the two continents were connected by a strip of land. Our ship passes through this gateway, and we land in the Persian Gulf, with a heavy sea on.

When we awoke one fine morning we found that the ship had anchored during the night and that we were in the mouth of the Shatt El Arab, the river that is formed by the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates' eighty-seven miles upstream. With the coming of the morning we got over the sand bar, for which we had stopped, and proceeded up the river. How strange it seemed! This indeed was the land of Mesopotamia, but not ancient Babylonia, for the land upon which we were looking has been formed within a very few years. During recorded history the two rivers have emptied into the Persian Gulf at different places. We pass through the low-lying lands, with the desert ever pressing upon the river whose banks are fringed with date palm groves and with small villages here and there and an occasional large house, the property of some powerful sheik, and finally pass the city of Mohammerah, where the Anglo-Persian Oil Company have their tanks and from which the Persian and Mesopotamian oil is shipped to the other side of the world. That afternoon we tied up at the piers of the city of Basrah, our starting point for a survey of Babylonia and Assyria, those ancient countries which vied with Egypt in their influence on the world of long ago and indirectly on the world of this and all other days.

CHAPTER VII

ABRAHAM'S HOMELAND

THE city of Basrah is a huge military camp built around a dirty native village. There are canals cutting through the town and much standing water, some of which is covered with green scum. There are about sixty thousand inhabitants of the miserable place and a large British army that varies in size from day to day. The native quarters of the city are miserable in the extreme, and the condition is probably about what it has been for generations of Turkish rule.

On our arrival we were met by the British authorities, and quarters arranged for us. Dr. Breasted was entertained by the commanding officer, General Napean, while the remainder of the party had rooms at the most miserable hotel we had yet experienced; but it was the best they could do, and we adjusted ourselves as best we could to conditions. The water was the main difficulty, and we were soon to learn that water would be the most serious problem as long as we remained in Western Asia. More than ninety per cent of the British soldiers in this country are Indians, and, in fact, the whole government of Mesopotamia is but the projection of the Indian government. Post offices, railways, and almost everything else are Indian. Our luggage was hauled by bullock carts driven by Indians, and they were quite picturesque.

Most of the military transportation along these rivers is by these bullock carts. We soon found the post office and succeeded in doing some business with it. Then came the banks, and strange banks they are. We went to the Imperial Ottoman Bank, where four of us tried to get money. I had American travelers' checks in terms of American dollars, while the others had letters of credit in terms of English pounds. Our arrival created quite a problem, and consternation reigned among the officials. An Eastern bank is something quite different from our American institution. A bank is usually located on some back street hard to find and in an old Turkish dwelling house. Here you are introduced to the manager, who, when he desires to communicate with some other department of the bank, calls at the top of his voice for a servant. Usually the call is for "Hamid"; and after being called several times and being waited for, Hamid appears and is sent off with the message. You are sent for later, and from one part of the bank to another you go, each department laboriously copying by hand the information necessary from your document of credit. There are no typewriters. Often the clerk stops and orders coffee. After a little more than two hours, three of us have our money, but it is found that the fourth man is so unfortunate as to have a mistake in his papers, and so he must wait and have his money sent him the next day. Think of an American bank taking two or three hours to cash a check and serving coffee in the meantime! But this is the East, slow and inefficient.

The wireless station here is one of the largest in

the world, and the military camp is an important one. It is the gateway to the land of Mesopotamia and Persia. But the place is low and fearfully muddy in wet weather and is dreaded by the British officers. The camp is scattered until it is almost ten miles long, and we found great difficulty in collecting our caravan outfit, which was furnished us by the British government. Everything was scarce and high-priced. The things we had to buy in the native bazaars were out of all reason. Common sardines are in the neighborhood of forty cents a box and tomatoes nearly a dollar a can, with everything else in proportion. The money market was also against us here, for we were forced to use Indian rupees, which were higher than any other money when bought with American dollars.

There are many date palm trees and some bananas growing along the canals, while the gardens were green and beautiful and generally very fertile.

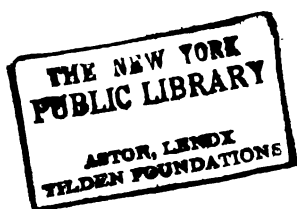
Rev. John Van Ess, an American missionary, lives here and is one of the most popular men in Mesopotamia. He has a great school and has done much for the British military by making for them a grammar of the Mesopotamian dialect of the Arabic language. The Y. M. C. A. is also doing good work.

Here and in all Moslem countries the women do the heavy work. They carry hods for building, also unload ships and load them again. I have seen women unloading a ship carrying lumber on their heads in larger quantities than I could lift. The ship's captain told us that he always used women when loading or unloading ships, and that each woman wears her capital around her neck, arms, and

ankles. He said that one lot of women were unloading for him, when he noticed that one of them wore gold ornaments while all the others wore silver. When he asked her how that was, she replied that she was a widow, had no husband to support, and could therefore wear the more costly ornaments. Truly the lot of an Arab woman leaves much to be desired.

We at last had our military baskets all complete and our kit bags filled with bedding, etc., and were ready for the journey north. We found a Turkish cook, but at the last moment discovered that he was technically a prisoner of war and therefore could not travel; so another was brought us, a boy who himself looked very much like a Turk, but who informed us that he was a Mosul Arab. We learned afterwards that this makes much difference; in fact, few Mosul Arabs can speak the dialect of the southern tribes. He wished to go with us; for he had heard that we were going to Mosul, and he had been away from home for ten years and had not heard from his family in all of that time. His name was Ali Mustapha, and we were to find after weary months that we had made no mistake in securing this faithful servant. But more of him later on in this story.

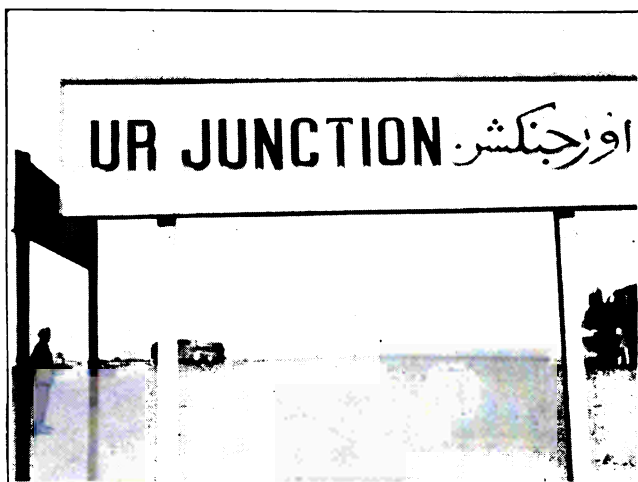
Our method of travel from Basrah was by the Bagdad Railway, and the British military had furnished us with a luggage van, which was attached to the train. These trains are quite different from anything known in the Western Hemisphere. They are rather of the European type, and the coaches are only about one-third the size of the ordinary American coach and have side aisles for the use of the





THE MOUND OF UR.

Home of Abraham. Here are the remains of the temple tower, which was standing perhaps a thousand years earlier than Abraham. In the foreground Dr. Breasted, Dr. Luckenbill, and Mr. Edgerton.



UR OF THE CHALDEES.

The station on the Bagdad Railway. The Arabic on the signboard spells the same as the English.

train officials, with compartments on one side—first-, second-, and third-class. The first-class fare is twice that of second-class, and the latter is double that of third-class. Sometimes, as on the continent of Europe and also in England, there are no aisles, and the train officials either walk along a runningboard on the outside or approach the compartments only at stations. The engines are small, very small, the wheels are high, and the whole gives one much the impression of spiders. Each compartment can be made into a sleeper, only one must furnish his own bedding. In fact, we were soon to learn that the presence of bedding is as necessary to a traveler as the clothes he wears on his back. When you are entertained as a guest, a bare room is shown you, and it is expected, of course, that you have all the needed furniture with you. When you enter such a room, you unpack a kit bag, from which you extract a folding bed, chair, washstand (which can also be made into a bathtub), water buckets, blankets, pillows, and everything else necessary for your comfort.

We left Basrah on the night of March 16, and at daylight the next morning we were in sight of our first Babylonian mound, looming up out of the desert on our left. This is the farthest south of any known remains, and this one has never been examined. The reason there are none south of this point is because everything from here to the Persian Gulf was once under the waters of that gulf, and this land has all been made since historic times by the silt from the two rivers.

We were at Ur Junction in time for breakfast and found a small city of tents on the desert. We side-

tracked our van and made our home in it while we surveyed the mounds in that vicinity.

Four miles out on the desert to the west stands the great buried city of Ur, lying in the midst of the desert sands fifteen miles west of the Euphrates, though that river once washed its walls. During the early morning before reaching Ur Junction we had seen here and there flocks of sheep, some of them very large flocks, with small herds of cattle being driven by the Bedouin farther into the desert in search of whatever vegetation they might find. But here around the mound of Ur, that great city of hoary antiquity, there is not to be seen any form of life except an occasional wild animal. The ancient city is in a state of great ruin; but its temple tower (called now a ziggurat) stands yet some seventy feet high and exhibits splendid walls built of square brick well burned and measuring about fourteen inches in two directions and from one and one-half to two inches thick and laid in bitumen obtained from Hit. This city, which is still doing business in the bitumen trade, is situated about five hundred miles farther up the river. In Genesis xi. 3 it is stated that when the earliest peoples arrived in the plain of Shinar (Babylonia) they had brick for stone and slime (bitumen) for mortar. Strangely enough, the people of that country use this same method in building to-day. Many of the bricks are inscribed with the name of the builder or one of the restorers. The well-known name of Nabonidus is often found and also Ur-Engur, the builder of the Ziggurat (about 2400 B.C.) and of Dungi.

Some distance from the temple tower are the palace remains, which have been very well excavated, revealing a high and luxurious state of civilization in that early day. There are many earthenware vessels, broken pottery is abundant, and large successive drains are found, while the mound itself is covered with shells and copper ore or fragments of copper, together with indications of smelting. The shells are everywhere, and it has not been determined whether they are river bed shells or salt-water shells; but the desert is strewn thickly with them, and their antiquity is evidenced by the fact that these ancient bricks contain them. There are literally streams of these little shells on the mound, and this is true of Eridu as well. There was also a large and imposing city wall, with evidences of villages surrounding this great city.

Eridu lies fifteen miles to the southwest, across a dreary desert, represents one of the very early cities of this plain, and by its own records it was a seaport on the Persian Gulf, when it was a living city, though it is now two hundred miles from the shores of the Persian Gulf.

Between Ur and Eridu is a trackless desert, on which the perplexing mirages lift the mound, as you approach it, high above the surface of the plain and fringe the dream rivers with stately palms which change into small desert shrubs as you approach and the rivers disappear.

The remains are of vast importance and exhibit many strange peculiarities. There is much burned and overburned pottery, some of it melted into strange masses. There are, again, evidences of

copper smelters and strange earthenware scythes which some believe to have been actually used in cutting grain, while others think they were used only for symbolic purposes. There are several of these curious articles now in the museum at Emory University.

The temple tower is about the same height as that of Ur and has many inscribed bricks. Also many flints have been found here.

These two mounds, Ur and Eridu, are the remains of once powerful empires that ruled all of this land and dominated a vast civilization with teeming millions. What a busy place the plain must have been, with marching armies, hurrying husbandmen, complaining camels, slow donkeys, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, caravans trading with distant cities, wonderful processions expressing the religion of that day, the pomp and glory of power illustrated in the magnificence of the court life, the grandeur of the palaces, and the riches of the treasures! But how strangely silent it all is now! These mighty cities are the habitations of wild beasts, and that great civilization which once flourished here is but a memory; while the Hebrew youth who was born, reared, and trained in this valley, who experienced his youthful romances and lived his life here, but was too insignificant to be mentioned in the kingly records, lives to-day, more than he lived then, in the hearts of men as Abraham the Faithful. Even the ancient rivers move out of their beds and flow elsewhere, the desolate desert succeeds the fertile valley, and silence reigns; but the character of a good man enlarges with the passing millenniums.

From Ur we move to Naziriyeh, ten miles to the east and the end of that branch of the railway. The journey is made in the night, and we are met by a British officer and entertained for the night. What fine fellows these Britishers on the outposts of civilization are! We are under much obligation to them for kindnesses shown.

The next morning we awoke to look from our windows out on the ancient Euphrates for the first time. There are many beautiful gardens and trees along the river banks, and as long as you keep close to the river you feel that the city is beautiful. That morning we also heard the muezzin for the first time. He climbs to the high parapet of the still taller minaret of the mosque, and from this high position calls to prayer. His voice, trained from childhood, is wonderfully rich and with great carrying power. As daylight breaks, his fine voice sweeps over the city, calling the faithful to a remembrance that Allah is God, that Mohammed is his prophet, and that all the faithful should acknowledge him in prayer.

CHAPTER VIII

BY THE ANCIENT RIVERS

THERE is a curious river which runs out of the Tigris and into the Euphrates, known as the Shat el Hai, and up this river we went from Naziriyeh in British army Fords, with Indian drivers. The whole country in here is cut up with irrigation ditches, both ancient and modern. A native never cleans out an old ditch; but when one fills up (as they readily do), he digs another; so we passed many ditches lying alongside each other, with rude bridges constructed for the military to pass over. After a hard day over these miserable ditches, and having run off of one of the bridges, we finally arrived at the city of Shatra, a small town which the British captured in the attempt to relieve Kut el Amara. They also walled it and made great gateways. Captain Barclay, the political officer in charge, was only twenty-two years old; but he was a king in his realm, having the power of life and death over his subjects; and when he walked through the town, as he did to guide his guests, all the population would stand to do him honor.

We were entertained in the evening at the house of a powerful sheik, whose name is Sa'id Hassan, a great merchant and landowner. The scene in his house was bewilderingly Oriental. The old sheik himself met us at the outer door of the courtyard and saluted us by placing his hand upon his heart

and saying, "Ahlan Wahsalen," which, being freely interpreted, means, "My people are as your people." He then conducted us into a large chamber covered with rich rugs, the walls also being hung with them. He was quite modern in that a table graced the center of the room and a kerosene lamp like a chandelier hung above it. Of course these were brought from the West. There were also invited guests, from among his own friends or rather his own family, who acted as waiters or a reception committee. A servant only brings things in; he never delivers them to a guest, but this must be done by the host or some honored member of his family. These invited guests were a great study to us, especially as this was our first experience in a native house. One of them, a middle-aged man, wore a wonderful garment in white and brown stripes, each stripe being about eight inches wide and the garment coming down to his feet and folded around him in loose folds. He wore on the outside of this a tunic of camel's hair, and he sat in stolid silence during the whole evening, never speaking, but with a look of judicial wisdom that would have done justice to a member of the supreme court. The host was a most picturesque figure: round and fat, with a most jovial face covered with gray whiskers, his head covered with the usual "tablecloth" and camel's hobble. His countenance was as guileless and smiling as that of a pure woman. Arab coffee was passed, and we partook. It is boiled down until it is like oil, you are given a teaspoonful at a time, the operation is three times repeated, and all drink from the same cup. While the conversation goes on, spectators stand around and

listen; and when at last after many coffees you take your leave, either the host or trusted members of his family take lights and guide you home again. One is constantly reminded of some Biblical story.

On the morning of March 20 we started once more up the Shat el Hai, this time by boat. The British officer, Captain Crawford, had sent down his launch for us; but the engine refused to function, so we took another type of boat, one that is more familiar to this river and which might be termed a two-cylinder. That is, a line was fastened to the stern and went up over the mast and out to the banks, where two natives furnished the propelling power. Thus we traveled until we reached a point on the river nearest the mound representing the buried city of Lagash. Here we were met by Arab horses and some native soldiers who were to act as our guards for the day and, in fact, for several days. We sent our "boys," the second of whom we had secured from Naziriyeh and whose name was Abbas, up the river to the village of Suewj to pitch the tents and prepare for the evening meal. Our Arab steeds proved to be miserable realities when compared to the picture-book ideals. An Arab steed is nearly impossible. It is a very good breed of pony; but the country is rough, and as the Arabs take very poor care of the feet of their horses, they are far from being sure of foot. One of our party had to mount for the first time in his life, and the day was hard for him. We rode off like mad, as the natives ride, for twelve or fifteen miles across the plains to the east, until we came to the ancient city of Lagash, now known as Tel Lo—a large mound excavated by the distinguished French

archæologist, DeSarzec, who worked here for thirty years, living in the village in which we were camped. This mound is far from being uncovered yet; and while DeSarzec found many wonderful things, including the famous headless statues of Gudea, the Patesi of this city, and many other things, the mound still exhibits a vast unexplored pile, which may yet yield even greater treasures to the future excavator. This is the oldest known city in Mesopotamia, and one of the most glorious civilizations must have existed here according to the remains found in it. And yet as we approached the mounds three hyenas ran away, and during the day we saw two jackals and a fox. Every mound visited in the entire land was inhabited by wild beasts of some sort. Here we made some very good finds and observed some extraordinary things, not the least of which to me was the finding of bricks with Semitic inscriptions on them. I also brought from this mound a fragment of one of the famous Gudea statues and placed it in the museum of Emory University.

Late in the evening as we rode back toward the village we observed a horseman dashing wildly toward us from the direction of the village, and as he came nearer we could see that he rode a fine horse and was dressed in flowing robes of desert stripes and pure white. He rode straight for us, and with much flourish and exhibition of horsemanship he dashed into our midst and gave each of us his hand, then took his position alongside our chief and conducted us in style to our destination, for he was the rais, or sheik, of the village and our host. When we arrived at camp the entire village was out to see us. Our

boys had up their tents, but no supper was awaiting us, and we were informed that the great rais of the village would entertain us at his own council tent. So after we had washed and shaved, to the utter astonishment of the natives, the rais came again, drove away the mere spectators, and with his chosen men conducted us with much pomp to his Mejlef tent, where we were served in the good Bedouin way. After a long, long time spent on the rugs of the tent, with much to eat, we were conducted back to our own lodgings. On the way up to the supper the rais had severely chastised a boy who became too curious and came too close; and when we suddenly turned a corner and found ourselves face to face with two old women carrying water on their heads he shouted a fierce command to them to get out of the way, as it would be a serious breach of etiquette for his guests to meet a woman. The poor things had nowhere to run, though they seemed frightened half out of their wits, so they turned their faces to the wall and stood that way until we passed.

That night was far from being a comfortable one, for, in the first place, our native soldiers, sent by the government to guard us, as all natives do, lay awake most of the night and talked and sang; then toward morning a terrible sandstorm arose that filled our tents, and we awakened black with dust and chilled with the desert cold.

By the time we were ready to leave this place the captain's launch had been repaired, and we went on upstream in that. It is a strange experience to sail up one of these streams. Here and there are signs of civilization of some sort. We pass men "bundling,"

which is their way of building levees to hold the river in place. Here would be a lone shepherd with his flocks, there a herd of camels, while on the river we were all the time meeting boats and reed rafts and other products floating down the river to market. Everything is as crude as it has been since the decline of the last civilization, thousands of years ago. Finally we came to the village of Kalat Sikkar, which was the place of our headquarters. Captain Crawford, a tall Australian in the British political service, met and welcomed us. His nearest neighbor, so far as a white man is concerned, was forty miles down the river. The next day we were off on some still more miserable Arab horses for a mound, some fifteen miles to the east, which had never been charted, was entirely unknown to the archæological world, and may prove to be the great lost city of Isin, or Ninsin, of the ancient records, though this is hardly likely; but it is known to the Arabs as Tel Ammud, which means "wooden building," and it may have had a wooden building on it at some time in the past. There were vast quantities of beautifully glazed potsherds, many uninscribed bricks, and much metal in fragments. Pavements protruded from the ground, and there was every indication of a very pretentious city in the long ago. A modern Arab graveyard was on the top of the mound, and grinning skulls were to be seen lying around. The desert Bedouin always seeks the highest places to bury his dead. We stood on the top of this mound, or rather series of mounds, for it exhibited a small range, and thought of the high state of civilization which must have existed here in antiquity. As far as the eye

could see was one network of ancient canals, one of which was like a small river in size. What a glorious capital this must have been! And yet its very name has been lost, and the people that made it great have long ago been forgotten. It also reminds one of the archaeological work remaining to be done.

Our fine Arab steeds ran away that day. The two in the lead, one of which was ridden by Dr. Breasted and one by Mr. Edgerton, who had never been on a horse until the day before, broke away and ran for a mile or so until Dr. Breasted's horse fell in an irrigation ditch, while the other ran on for miles, until caught by the Bedouin.

The Mound of Tel Yokha, or ancient Umma, lies twenty-five miles to the southwest of Kalat Sikkar, in the edge of the desert, and was the rendezvous of the most noted bandit in Mesopotamia, one Missal, a fellow who had gotten so bad that his own tribe had attempted to expel him, when they became divided, half of the tribe going with Missal and the rest remaining with his brother. The British government had tried every way to capture this bandit. They had sent punitive expeditions and bombing planes, but to no avail, and he continued to terrorize the whole country round about. We were anxious to go to Umma, and insisted on taking the risk of meeting Missal, in order that we might visit this great mound. The British officer was determined that we should not go, for he said he was personally responsible to his government for our safety. When he did finally consent, it was only after he had decided that it was his duty to go with us; and so one morning we crossed the river in boats and found

Arabs with horses waiting on the other side. There were five native soldiers and several sheiks who intended going with us. After much trouble with the horses, we finally got started, but were no more than started when we came to a village where we had to have coffee and then on for the hard ride. The captain was a splendid rider, as was Dr. Breasted, and I tried to keep up with the foremost. One of our party weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds and his pony was small, so he traveled slowly. Then Mr. Edgerton, who was not accustomed to horses and who played a part in the runaway the day before, was not anxious to ride hard, and Mr. Bull was too sick to travel that day, so the result was that three of us, with two or three soldiers, outstripped the others by several miles and reached the mound alone. We at once undertook an examination of the magnificent pile, measuring somewhere in the neighborhood of five miles in circumference and very high. It was one of the most glorious of the ancient cities, but to-day the desert sand comes in waves, covering up about half of it, and it is too far from water to invite the excavator. From the top of it several other buried cities can be seen, and we visited many uncharted mounds on our way out. This whole valley was once a fertile plain, teeming with life and activity and glorious with wealth and marching armies, wonderful cities and vast temples, luxurious palaces and mighty kings. But now the desert! I made a number of very good finds here for the university.

While I stood on a higher place on top of the mound, looking for the remainder of the party, I

happened to notice an Arab on one of the sandhills, then an Arab horseman, and then several horsemen. I called the others of my party who had come up, and the captain said: "It's Missal, and we are perhaps done for." I shall never forget the next few moments. Things seemed to happen so fast that years were lived in that brief time. About twenty horsemen formed in line and charged up that hillside in full gallop. Up they came straight for us. Not one of us said a word. When the bandit's men reached a point about two hundred feet from us, they stopped as suddenly as they started, then Missal and two of his men dismounted, came forward, and kissed the shoulder of the captain in token of surrender. He took the camel's hobble, which all Arabs wear, from his head and put it around his neck in token of the fact that he was a prisoner. Missal had surrendered to the British government. Then we went to Missal's camp in the desert to dine with him. It was a very large camp, with the great council tent in the center of things, and all of camel's hair. We were now in the very desert itself, so far as custom is concerned, and in the most primitive surroundings possible. We were taken into the great tent and seated on the conventional rugs. A tray was brought in, fully three feet in diameter, piled high with rice and two roast sheep on the top of the rice, with the customary tidbits and the like. We were hungry and did full justice to the meal, sitting around on our haunches, in true Oriental fashion, eating with our right hands. There were no knives, forks, spoons, plates, or anything of the sort, and one in America could put his foot in the food with as

much propriety as he could put his left hand in the food of that country. You must eat with one hand only. The Arabs, with lifelong training, succeed and never drop a grain of rice; but an American is apt to need a bath after the attempt. When the food is finished, coffee is brought, which is as strong as medicine. It is boiled down to the last possibility of strength. And then, I think, probably the strength is added to by the fact that the pots are never cleaned. These pots are of copper and last always. They have beaks that look like the beak of a stork. One large pot sits in the middle, with a number of smaller ones around. There is a kind of professional coffee maker in each tribe, always an old man, and he hunkers down over his work, stirring the live coals, which are on the ground, and getting his coffee hot. Dirty or not, it was frequently very welcome to a tired traveler, and all the more so as it is the absolute guarantee of safety, when once your host has served it. After the coffee comes tea, which is always too sweet, highly flavored, and very hot. Then cigarettes are offered. The highest expression of courtesy at the table of an Arab is to belch; and the more and louder you can belch, the greater is the compliment to his generosity and the sumptuousness of the meal which he has prepared for his guests. The Arabs themselves are past masters at the belching business.

When we were through eating, one of our party said, "Nobody will ever believe how big that dish is, and I shall take a picture of it"; but before he could do so it was quickly removed, and two of Missal's holy men came in to plead that he be not sent to the

"Hakeem" at Naziriyeh, for that officer had known him for years, and he wanted to be judged by Captain Crawford, who had been there only a very short time. When these pleas did no good, four of Misal's wives came in and wailed around the captain to soften his heart. But the captain ordered him to Naziriyeh, and what became of him I do not know. But since then that whole country has been swept clean of British soldiers and I am afraid my friend Crawford lost his life. Captain Barclay, at Shatra, was taken out by airplane.

That night we reached the river several miles below the town, and, stumbling through the dark, leading our horses, we finally found the launch, which had been sent down the river to meet us, and started upstream, arriving after 11 P.M. We had been invited to a dinner in town on our return at 6 P.M., and we found that this had been kept waiting for us all this time. We were under the necessity of going on with this until 1 A.M., though we would gladly have dispensed with this hospitality, which really endangered our health.

At 6 A.M. we were once more on our way down the river to Shatra, where Fords waited to take us on back to Naziriyeh, whence we took launch up the Euphrates for Daragi. We attempted to sleep on board while traveling, but found it difficult; and about midnight we stuck on a sandbar, so when we were loosed from that we anchored for the night. It was rather picturesque, had we been in the frame of mind to enjoy it. The moon was shining, and the land on both sides of the river was interestingly fringed with willows and palms. We were going up

an ancient river that had seen the passing of many centuries of civilization and along which, according to our traditions, the earliest of our race lived and loved and died.

As soon as daylight came we started on up and reached the village quite early. After breakfast we were met by the sheik with horses, so we prepared for another journey into the interior. Dr. Breasted was disabled from the strenuous days of work we had just been through, perhaps also from the sheik dinners we had been under the necessity of eating, and so was compelled to spend the day on board the launch. When our horses were brought out, we found that they were not only minus bridles as usual, but also most of the saddles were minus stirrups and it was a long ride. But we were off, the sheik himself accompanying us. The whole territory seemed to have been at one time under cultivation and much of it showed signs of having been under water. We would ride through one field of camel thorn, then over a wide, barren strip, and then through fields of very good grass. This has been the bed of the river in comparatively late times. There are many shells, and occasionally a flint is to be found. The country, like that about Kalat Sikkar, is covered with sand grouse, a fine game bird, and the British officers find hunting good.

The mound is known as Warka, but in ancient times was known as Erech (Gen. x. 10). It is the largest single mound in Mesopotamia, being six miles in circumference and quite high. There are also many ruins of smaller towns or villages all around the plain, while some distance away is a

high mound rising abruptly above the plain. It seems to have been only a tower, and there is no evidence of any buildings about it. There are the remains of three or four zikkurats, or temple towers, and the one which seems to be the oldest is built of unbaked brick and is the highest point in the ruins. The wall is exposed to the weather on every side, yet at intervals of six or eight feet there are reed mats, covering the whole tower, as if the tower had been built up to a certain height and then a mat laid on the top of this, the building raised on top of this for another six or eight feet; but the most astonishing thing, almost unbelievable, is the fact that these reeds in between mud brick, exposed to the weather through thousands of years, are in a state of perfect preservation, although this tower was standing in the days when Genesis x. 10 was written and is thought to have been built at least as early as 2700 B.C. When the British archæologist, W. K. Loftus, visited Babylonia, in 1849, nothing so impressed him as this great mound and its most ancient tower of sun-dried brick, with well-preserved reed mats.

Before the war the Germans were excavating here and had uncovered a wall on the north side which exhibited three buildings: The top was a Parthian or Seleucid temple remains, the next Babylonian, and then under a strata of *débris* an older wall going on down. Near the main ruins is another large mound rising abruptly from the plain, without any indication of other buildings connected with it, and wholly unknown.

Standing here on this mound and looking to the southeast another rises in full view, sixteen miles away. This is the ancient Larsa (Gen. xiv.). It is

now called Senkere. One feels as if he were standing on some mountain peak and reading the Bible from physical remains.

The mound of Warka exhibits many remains of Parthian burials. Here and there are many terra cotta coffins, generally in the form of a shoe and called "slipper coffins." They are beautifully glazed and can be found whole, but are very difficult to handle, for they are very fragile. I dugged into one of these, but there was nothing but dust. The Parthian glazing was splendid. I found one pile of broken pottery that looked for all the world like a modern croquet set: bright yellow, green, red, and blue. There were flints, alabasters, and cones. The mound is surrounded by a desert which becomes a swamp, at certain periods of the year, owing to the overflow of the Euphrates. The Bedouin tribes in this vicinity are usually troublesome. We were accompanied to Warka by several of the tribe from the village of Daragi, headed by their chief, who took along plenty to eat and insisted on our partaking of the uncertain meal. These fellows are very hard riders, and have little respect for people who cannot ride with them. We were glad to be back at the river and on our way back to Naziriyeh and better sleeping quarters, especially as some of us were laid up under the good care of military doctors. But after a few days' recuperation we were again on our way by train to Ur and then up the country to Diwaniyeh, where we arrived about 7:30 P.M. on March 27 and were entertained by the British officers. Here we had our first mail since reaching Mesopotamia, the American consul at Bagdad having sent it down to us. I found

among my mail a package of Church papers, and during a day or two of sickness they read exceedingly well. I never seemed to appreciate them quite so much.

From Diwaniyeh we went across the country about twenty-five miles to the main village of the Afek tribe, where we secured horses and traveled over the worst country we had so far found, until we reached the huge mound of Nippur, the sacred city of the ancient Babylonians. The University of Pennsylvania, under the directorship of Dr. John P. Peters and later by Dr. T. H. Haynes, assisted by Hilprecht, Harper, and Fisher, did a splendid work of excavation here. They found very remarkable remains, indicating a sort of Westminster Abbey, where the royal records of many kings were laid up before the gods.

The mound is situated in the midst of a rather fertile land, but the tribes are doing little with it. There are many herds of camels in the vicinity and have been for centuries, the natives seeming never to change their occupation. The British were digging a great irrigation canal some distance from here. It is twenty feet deep, eighty feet wide at the bottom, and they were working twelve thousand Arabs at one time on it. To the south are ancient marshes filled with reeds. On the south and west was the Euphrates in ancient times, and a river known as the Shat el Nil was here when the excavations were being made, but it is desert now.

Among the finds here was a library of thirty thousand cuneiform tablets. Many Hebrew vases were taken from the ruins, also many other things. The

University of Pennsylvania worked here during four campaigns from 1889 to 1900, and yet it seems that another generation will be required to finish the task. The size of the ruins is stupendous—almost enough to depress one as he stands here and looks down from dizzy heights into the deep excavations, peeps into dark tunnels leading down into ancient libraries and glorious halls of judgment, long corridors and high walls bespeaking a city that would do justice to any civilization of any age, and then to gaze out over the wide plain to the horizon on every side and think of the fertile farms, the mighty armies, and the great men who lived in this land in the long ago, and to realize that all this pomp and power has passed into oblivion and these mighty palaces are now the haunts of wild animals and these once fertile plains are but the playgrounds of roving, idle Bedouins. But such is the fate of nations. Governments are but the playthings of time. One succeeds another as the dead body of one coral builder succeeds another until we stand where we are, the heirs of all that has gone before, but keeping and utilizing only that which is worth while, realizing that these governments were only a means to an end and that human character is that end, and only this endures.

CHAPTER IX

BABYLON THE FALLEN

THE British government was very good to us, and we found the British officers in Mesopotamia especially kind and hospitable. These fine fellows live out here on the frontiers of the British Empire, serving for years amid dangers and loneliness, with disease ever lurking near and nothing to break the monotony of this miserable life, so that a guest from afar is a luxury. A captain asked me how I liked the trip. I remarked that the worst thing about it was the long time away from home and family. He said, "How long?" I replied, "Nine months." He looked at me for a moment and then said: "And I for seven years. I have a little girl in my home whom I have never seen." I said, "I wouldn't do it." "Then," said he, "you couldn't have an empire." I said, "I don't want one; neither does any other American."

The officers at Diwaniyeh were especially courteous to us. Major Daily and Captain Shulman entertained us and sent us on our way under British military movement order, so that our van and ourselves both moved without expense to us. However, when we reached the train and sought out our compartment, we found two British officers already established in it; and when we were fairly in, there were seven of us with an enormous amount of baggage, all in a compartment made for four. Thus we rode to Hillah, reaching that important place a little after

midnight, but found no one to meet us. Orders had gotten mixed, and we were stranded on the little platform in a strange land and at the midnight hour, with the main city two miles away. We finally found a group of tents and among them an empty one which we at once appropriated and spread our beds for a little rest. About 7:30 A.M. an English colonel put his head in the tent and said: "Who are you? But whoever you are, I have ordered breakfast for you, and it is ready."

We told him we were American archæologists and explained the plight in which we had found ourselves the night before. Soon we were seated around a military table with a very good breakfast and a Canadian lieutenant in charge. It was the engineering corps of the army at that point.

By noon we were installed at the army post in the city of Hillah, having been assigned to an old Turkish home, with its wonderful gardens and its interesting architecture. The city is built of bricks taken from Babylon and has a population of about twenty thousand. It lies on both sides of the Hillah branch of the Euphrates, and was rather an important city to the Turks, as it now is to the British. The garrison here is quite large, and on Easter Sunday we attended service at the garrison church, which consists of a very small tent and a still smaller attendance. One striking thing about the British Tommies in that country is their youth, many of them being not more than sixteen or seventeen years old. All of them under eighteen are required by the government to attend religious classes and services held by the "padre." These chaplains are usually fine fellows

and are considered very essential to the welfare of the British army. To one of them I remarked on the youth of the soldiers in this far-away land, and he insisted that they were better off than their fellows at home. It is hard for an American to understand the British ideal. Everything to him is the empire, and for that he lives; the army is a career. They have a soldier class; and these men, both officers and privates, enter for twenty to thirty years, then retire on a pension and go into some other business. May America never have a soldier class!

From Hillah we went on a visit to Nejef, the most sacred city of the Shiite Moslems. And yet it is perhaps no more sacred than Kerbela, which lies a few miles farther north, the latter being the burial place of Husein, and Nejef that of Ali, the son and the son-in-law of the prophet. Nejef is forty miles southwest of Hillah, and the way leads through some very fertile territory. The Euphrates is crossed at Kuba, a village lying in the midst of green trees and fine date palms, with green fields of barley and flocks of sheep. The roads were lined with pilgrims of all descriptions and proceeding in all sorts of ways. Many were walking, more were on donkeys, some on horses, others in two-horse wagons (the only vehicles of the kind we had seen), while still others walked and led mules, which carried the baggage. Sometimes we would meet a mule, with a kind of basket on each side, one of which contained a man and the other his wife. Once we passed a man with his pilgrim's staff and water bottle and a bag of clothes, while by his side walked a very small boy carrying the same accouterments, only smaller. Many of these people

had come thousands of miles, but they were accumulating grace by this holy visit to the tomb of their favorite saint.

The most pathetic thing one sees is the death journey, by which friends bring the dead body of a friend all the way from Persia and sometimes from India and far-away countries, that he may be buried near the holy saint and thus give him absolute assurance of salvation. Last year it is said that more than forty-five thousand dead bodies were brought from a distance to Nejef alone. We met many of these on their way. Generally the process is to carry the body on a horse or mule in front of the rider. It is sometimes rolled in reeds, sometimes wrapped in a loose cloth and placed in a wooden frame like a crate, where it lies bobbing up and down with the movement of the animal—and this continues for weeks. The pilgrim camps each night and finds a place to leave the body till morning. In Turkish days these pilgrims were frequently robbed, so they finally hit upon the plan of hiding their money in the mouth of the corpse. But this was in time discovered, and the zealous Mohammedans would pry open the mouth of each corpse that passed that way, going to his own holy city, to find the few coins which might be hidden there. There are more than one hundred thousand pilgrims per year who visit this place, and perhaps twice that many go to Kerbela. As these pilgrims after many weary weeks of travel come along this way, straining their eyes toward the western desert, there appears in due time the wonderful, gilded dome of the mosque of Ali, with its beautiful minarets and clock tower all covered with gold leaf said to be an eighth of an

inch thick and kept perfectly burnished and glittering in the brilliant sunlight under the clear desert skies. These people are extremely devout and fanatically religious. From the earliest experiences of their lives they hope some day to make this pilgrimage, and after years of saving and planning they at last start with joy and glad sacrifice, enduring every hardship necessary to the journey. When at last, weary and footsore, they catch the first glimpse of that burnished dome, what a thrill of joy and emotion must come to them! And yet they are a pitiable lot. They do not know the first principle of right living, and theirs is a cult of the dead.

After crossing the river at Kuba, you come to a village that is held most sacred because in its mosque Ali met his death at the hands of his enemies. Then comes a long stretch of desert, with the city in plain view, surrounded by the most exaggerated mirage that I have ever seen anywhere and which lifts the city up from the plain and makes it seem to be a dream city come down out of the clouds, with its shining dome glistening like the fabled cities of Paradise. But the city is surrounded by an enormous cemetery, where day and night the professional washers of the dead ply their trade. After the ablution the dead body is carried on the head to the sacred mosque and finally back to its last resting place. We stood on a mound outside the city and watched the process until Dr. Breasted requested one of our party to go down and meet the carriers and take a photograph of them. When he was through, Dr. Breasted called to know if he got it. "Yes, I got it," he said

in great disgust as he came back up the hill holding his nose.

The city of Nejef was inaccessible to non-Moslems until it was taken by the British, and even then not long before our arrival the Moslems assassinated the British political officer. We walked through the city under guard of the officers and passed by the famous mosque where we could look in. We did not dare stop near the entrance, but rather looked over our shoulders as we passed, being admonished not to look while we were coming up, but rather as we passed on. The city is surrounded by high walls, broken only where the British shells tore through. A great peculiarity of the place is its underground dwellings—having a kind of subway with dwellings sometimes two stories underground, and the dump of earth on the south side of the city made by these excavations is higher than the city itself. The streets are narrow and filthy, and the bazaars are poor, though the goldsmiths and silversmiths of Nejef are famed for their fine workmanship. Standing on the walls of Nejef and looking west across a desert for fifteen miles, one sees the borders of Syria and the Syrian desert, while Jerusalem lies straight west of us; but there are yet many weary weeks before we are to see the promised land.

It was Easter time, and we were in the midst of a people whose religion is a worship of the dead; and here amid these poor benighted worshipers of the tombs of uncertain saints the Christian lifts up his heart and thanks God that our Lord is a living Christ, and we are not concerned about his tomb, but we look forward to his throne, a throne of life eternal.

The road to Nejef leads under the shadow of Birs

Nimrud, or Borsippa, which is the traditional Tower of Babel. There is a mighty mound high above the plain on top of which is a chimneylike structure of well-burned brick about fifty to sixty feet high and sheer. The sight from a distance is impressive in the extreme, and no wonder that the travelers thought of it as the Tower of Genesis. The fact is, we know from its inscriptions that the present building was erected about the time of Nebuchadnezzar, but on the ruins of older buildings, and was the holy city of that monarch. There are a number of outlying mounds around the main one, and all of these are covered with finely glazed potsherds and thickly strewn with small copper pieces, some of which are coins and some of them probably trinkets used as ornaments.

The most interesting of all Babylonian remains is, of course, Babylon itself, and it was with genuine delight that we found ourselves camped in the midst of these splendid ruins. They are gigantic and impressive beyond description, stretching for miles along the river and exhibiting the remains of a civilization that started the world in the long ago and is still one of its great wonders. Babylon has played such a great part in the history of the world and has been so closely associated with religious history that it has bulked larger in the imagination than in reality.

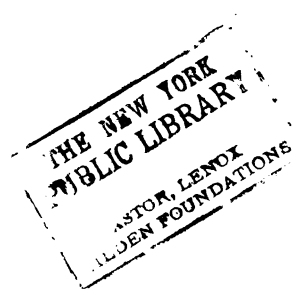
Herodotus, who was ever given to exaggeration, tells us that the city wall was, when he visited it about 450 B.C., 480 stadia in circumference, 200 cubits high, and 50 cubits broad. This would be in modern times $55\frac{1}{4}$ miles in circumference, 335 feet high, and 83 feet broad. This was surrounded by a great ditch. Also the breadth of the wall was such that a four-



BORSIPPA, THE SO-CALLED TOWER OF BABEL. TEN
MILES FROM BABYLON.



THE GATE OF ISHTAR, BABYLON.
Original Mosaics.



horse chariot could turn around on it and still leave room for the chambers built upon it and facing each other. In these walls were a hundred gates of brass. The Euphratés divided the city, and there were walls next the river on both banks and great fortifications to guard these river approaches. The palace of the king was on one side of the river and the Temple of Belus on the other. The streets were arranged at right angles; presumably each street ran to a gate, and cross streets ran to the gates correspondingly on the other sides. The houses were three and four stories high. Across the river there was a bridge which he says was built by Nitocris. The mighty Temple of Belus he describes as a tower in stages, with an exterior winding ascent leading from one stage to another, with a resting place about halfway up for visitors, and the top was surmounted by a spacious chapel, in which were a richly covered bed and a table of pure gold.

Ctesias makes the size of the city much smaller and mentions a square lake and also the Hanging Gardens, which he says measured four hundred feet each way, rising in terraces and covered with enough earth to sustain the large trees that grew there.

Nebuchadnezzar himself describes the city which he did most to embellish, giving more attention to the E-Sagila than to any other part of his description. He says he built the shrine of Marduk and covered its walls with massive gold, lapis lazuli, and white limestone. He speaks of the two gates of the temple and the place of assembly, where the oracles were made known, and calls E-Sagila "the temple of the foundations of the heavens and the earth." He speaks

of raising the head of the Tower of Babel in burnt brick and lapis lazuli, describes the building of the defenses which his father had undertaken, and of bricking the banks of the Euphrates, digging the moat, erecting a series of buildings, and constructing the sacred way from the shining gate. One palace he mentions as having been erected in the incredible space of fifteen days. He does not mention the Hanging Gardens.

All of these accounts must be taken with ample consideration for the time in which they were told and the purposes involved as well as the character of the historians.

Babylon means "Gate of the God," a city of unknown antiquity, but certainly in existence when history dawns. It is mentioned in Genesis x. 10, along with the ancient cities of Erech and Calneh. It reached its greatest glory, so far as we know, in that period from the ascension of Nebopolassar (625 B. C.) to the conquest of Alexander (*ca.* 333). Perhaps its highest prosperity was under Nebuchadnezzar II., the son and successor of Nabopolassar.

Its walls to-day stand in ruins, about ten miles in circumference and perhaps an average of twenty feet in height. These walls must represent about the size of the inner city of ancient times, though of course there may have been a much larger territory inclosed in outer walls, but no trace of them remains. Nebuchadnezzar mentions the building of a median wall, which presumably reached from the Euphrates to the Tigris, a distance of perhaps twenty-five miles. But no trace of it is to be seen to-day. There are immense canals, which are very ancient, and travel-

ers are sometimes deceived by these, for they look much like walls and are in some cases even higher than the present walls. Some of these were dug as early as the sixth century before Christ. The inclosure shows indications of having contained farms, and some of the ancient writers mention sufficient farms and palm groves within the city walls to sustain the inhabitants through a long siege. It is quite likely that there were many villages on the outside of the walls and all over the country which were attached to the city and accounted as a part of it.

But even with these limitations it is a very great city, great even in its magnificent ruins. The Germans who had been excavating here up to the war and for fifteen years previous have done an excellent piece of work, uncovering palace after palace, temple after temple, and city on top of city, and yet the work is only half done, whole sections of the city being yet untouched.

The central attraction of the ruins is the Gate of Ishtar, with its wonderful mosaics, mighty brick walls, with lions, bulls, and mythical animals in mosaic work as fine as any to be found to-day. The masonry is unexcelled and the design attractive. Over against this is the palace of Nabopolassar, with an arched doorway, probably the house in which Nebuchadnezzar was born. All this Nebuchadnezzar covered over in the building of his sacred way, building himself a second palace farther north, and building these walls up until they formed a bridge over which he built a road of glazed brick, carrying out the design of the lower temple in its mosaics. This roadway led from his palace doorway, straight

across the palace of his father and his father's temple and out across the bridge which he built over the river, and then across the country for ten or twelve miles to the other sacred city of Borsippa, which has often been identified with the Tower of Babel and is now known as Birs Nimrud. Over this sacred way he had the image of his god, Marduk, carried in holiday procession on feast days. After a while he tired of this great palace and built another one a mile farther north, constructed of red brick and often called the Red Mound, but by many called Babel. Standing on this, I detected a line of roadway straight across the old and already discovered sacred way. Far out to the east are two other mounds, one of which has been partially excavated and found to be a Greek theater, while the large mound next to it may have been the palace of Alexander the Great, who died in this city and who is supposed to have built a palace, which, however, has never been found. Going from this point to the southwest, the Merkes is approached, and over against this are the ruins of the Kasr, while in between is a level, low space over which we suppose Sennacherib turned the waters of the river in his fury. We had found so many remains that we said: Here is one place where no city was; but hardly had the words been spoken when we almost stumbled into a deep hole, forty feet deep, at the bottom of which were clearly defined stone walls, arches, and an aqueduct, the remains of the city of Hammurabi, which was a thriving place fifteen hundred years before Nebuchadnezzar was born. The E-Sagila group is a mighty pile of yellow dirt, full of excavation holes and exhibiting much broken pottery and many signs

of life in ages gone by. Almost in the center of this is a deep hole, eighty feet deep and almost as large in diameter, which has been excavated and proved to be the remains of the great Temple of Marduk, whose core must have been entirely of mud brick, and of course faced with burnt brick and glazed tile. It was a stupendous building and surrounded by many other huge piles.

Near this is the great ruin, known as the Tower of Babel, which Nebuchadnezzar says he raised with burnt brick. This has been excavated to a great depth and stands as a pool of water, out of which grow the reeds just as they grew in the vicinity thousands of years ago. From the west side of this runs out the bridgehead, and its piles can be traced to the water's edge—the bridge of Nebuchadnezzar, which not only spanned the Euphrates, but connected the two parts of the city.

As one stands in the midst of the Kasr, he can hardly realize how such desolation could be possible, for on every side of him is the most bewildering maze of ruins to be seen anywhere on earth. In the midst of it is the Temple of Ishtar, beyond that the old palace of Nabopolassar; to the left as he looks east is the newer palace of Nebuchadnezzar, while on the northern slopes of the mound are the remains of great unknown buildings made from burnt bricks of bright yellow, which look extremely modern. One great pile of burnt glass and brick must have been subjected to fire of fiercest heat, while nearer the river are remains of a much older period. By far the larger area of all of this is the palace platform of Nabopolassar, which covers acres of ground, and

most of the bricks are still in place, many of which are inscribed. From this to the west lead chariot ways in gradual decline to a lower level. Here and there is a deep excavation, laying bare the remains of still older cities—barrels of pottery, bushels of human bones, with here and there on the upper pavements a Parthian coffin in terra cotta, and farther on high walls of brick masonry, beside which are deep wells. Massive stones of almost every kind are found here and there, and these were all brought from some other land.

I dug out from under these pavements some valuable documents—two Jewish burial bowls dating perhaps from the time of the captivity, and many other things. I brought back one of the bricks bearing the name and inscription of Nebuchadnezzar.

It was the custom of the kings of that ancient world to attempt in many ways to preserve their records of righteous facts. They left these records on many bricks and on many tablets; but after all this was done a king would have barrel cylinders made, baked of the finest clay, and inscribed by the best of the scribes. When a great temple was built, four of these would be placed in the temple tower, one at each corner, to preserve the name of the king who built the temple. Another one was furnished the king for burial under his palace pavement, where he placed it without the knowledge of any one, so that it would be safe from destruction and would insure the preservation of the king's religious record. It is the desire of every archæologist to find one of these, which are very rare. While digging under the pavement of the palace of Nabopolassar, I had the good

fortune to dig out the one belonging to that great king, the father of the conqueror of Jerusalem.

The land of Mesopotamia is practically without law. Things are extremely uncertain as to ownership; and if you find anything worth while and it is known, you may have trouble in working out the red tape and meeting the conditions by which you get out of the country with that which normally belongs to you. The only thing I can say is that when I arrived in America I still had that cylinder, and it is now a precious possession of Emory University.

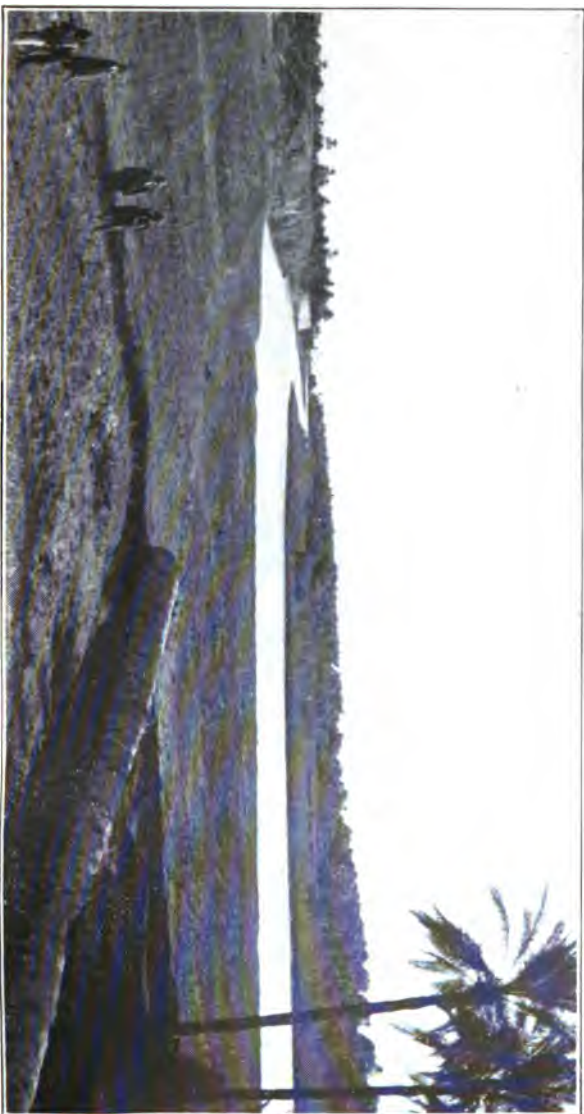
It is beyond the possibility of human speech to describe Babylon the Great. First of all, it is in the most beautiful spot in all of Babylonia. The Hillah branch of the Euphrates, which was once the main channel of the river, makes a half circle around the ruins as they are to-day. Within this circle is a very green patch of vegetation, including many date palms. There are also marshes, filled with marsh grass and inhabited by myriads of croaking frogs, and the river is lined with willow thickets. I brought home a box of willows, but found when I returned home that some one had written a book to prove that willows never did grow on the Euphrates.

We had a full moon while we were camped in the ruins, and the nights were especially beautiful. Our camp house was the one used by the German excavators, and we would sit on the roof at night and watch the sun set over behind the thin line of date palm trees on the other side of the river, reflecting them in the silver sheen of water. One night I saw the shadow of a wading crane stepping carefully along in the water. I never did see the crane—only

his shadow. With the stupendous ruins behind us, the curving river in front, the long stretch of silver water, and the setting sun, the whole scene was one of indescribable beauty. But I thought of another night, when a large group of weary and footsore pilgrims, or rather prisoners, reached this spot, after the long march across the desert, when their beloved Jerusalem had been destroyed and all their fondest dreams had come to a sudden end; and sitting here by this river, around their camp fires, having come to the end of their journey; and I thought of a Hebrew singer who, reminiscent of this occasion, out of a broken heart and singing only as a broken heart can sing, uttered the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm:

"By the rivers of Babylon,
There we sat down, yea, we wept,
When we remembered Zion.
Upon the willows in the midst thereof
We hanged our harps.
For there they that led us captive required of us songs,
And they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying,
Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing Jehovah's song
In a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her skill.
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
If I prefer not Jerusalem
Above my chief joy."

And then as they remembered the bitter experiences of a few days ago, how the Babylonian officers cried on the streets of their beloved Jerusalem, "Raze it, raze it, even unto the foundations thereof," it was no wonder that they cried: "O daughter of Babylon,



BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.

Where the ancient Euphrates winds its way through the ruins. See Psalm cxxxvii.



who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones."

There is in the midst of the Kasr ruins a huge black lion made of dolorite and crudely carved to represent the likeness of a lion standing over the form of a fallen man. This lion, which is thought to be the work of Hittite sculptors, who did not finish the job, was done in a very far-off period of the world's history. He was there before Babylon was there, and here he stands through all the ages, watching the processes of civilization. Had he a mind and a voice what could he say to us to-day! How much of human history has passed under his very nose!

As one stands amid the ruins and contemplates what history has taken place on this spot, a feeling of awe steals over him. Here thousands and thousands of years ago lived the Hittites, that strange people whose history is only just beginning to emerge out of the dusk of the past. They built a city—when, we do not know. Then came the Sumerians, whose civilization was very great and who left us many wonderful documents, some of them strangely like our own Scriptures; but where they came from we do not know. Here Sargon I. founded a mighty empire; Hammurabi, the fourth king of the first Semitic Dynasty, wrote his laws, and went out from this plain of Shinar to the vale of Siddim to fight with Abraham and the allied kings of the valley of the Dead Sea. Here Nebuchadnezzar II. became the ancient world's greatest builder, erecting palace after palace and temple after temple, his Hanging Gardens being one of the wonders of the world. From here he went out to the conquest of Judah, and here the exiles came.

Over these very pavements walked Ezekiel, Israel's greatest prophet, and, looking up at these mosaic walls, may have found illustration for some of his weird figures. Throughout these halls Daniel's voice sounded, second only in command to the king. On these walls the hand of God wrote the doom of Belshazzar, while through this very river bed came the conquering army of Cyrus, and over these fields marched the men of Darius, while in the streets of this ancient city, already ancient then, Alexander the Great trained his men for the conquest of the world, and here he breathed his last.

But amid her splendors and the glories of the past can yet be heard the cry of the prophet, "Babylon shall be as heaps," and that is just what she is to-day. Her splendid palaces and magnificent walls, her wonderful civilizations are no more, while the poor Hebrew slaves who lived and labored here are immortal, and such names as Daniel and Ezekiel transcend a thousand times over those of Nebuchadnezzar and Darius. Once again the weird cry comes to us, "Babylon is fallen!"

CHAPTER X

BAGDAD: THE CITY OF THE CALIPHS

ON our way to Bagdad we went over the railroad which runs through the walled space of the city of Babylon and has a stop, a flag station, known as "Babylon Stop," and then on over a level plain, oftentimes desert, but again showing signs of fertility and irrigation, also the remains of ancient cities. There are many mounds along this journey of fifty miles, most of which are entirely unknown.

We found a large British force in Bagdad under the command of Gen. Percy Hambro, a very genial Britisher, who showed us no little kindness. He was very much interested in archæology and often went with us on our surveys. Three of us were billeted at the officers' club and two at the home of General Hambro, which was an interesting house whose verandas jutted out over the Tigris River.

Bagdad is a city of about two hundred thousand people, fifty thousand of whom are Jews of the captivity. The city is the most important one in Mesopotamia, but it is only a shadow of what it must have been in the glorious days of the mighty Caliphs, the city of old Harun-al-Rashid, the hero of the "Arabian Nights." However, many of the picturesque characters of that famous old book are still to be seen, and one is often reminded of his childhood delight in reading of the barber and the porter and other familiar characters of Bagdad.

The city is cut in two by the Tigris River, which was at flood while we were there. The larger portion of the city, however, is on the east bank. The streets are extremely narrow and filthy, though the British are doing all they can to improve conditions, especially in matters of sanitation. One long, wide street has been cut through the city and terminates at the Maude bridge, built across the river on iron boats which are anchored to large buoys and named in honor of the great English general who captured Bagdad and later gave his life in trying to become familiar with the needs of the Arabs. There are two bridges, the other being called the North bridge.

Part of the old city walls still exists, and many ancient buildings or their remains are to be seen. The British government is laying out a new city, planting trees, putting in water systems, and arranging parks and so forth for the use of the British army and a colony at least of officers' families.

Bagdad was known for a long time as New Babylon and was perhaps founded when the old Babylon was finally destroyed. There are still embankments made with bricks inscribed by Nebuchadnezzar II.; but these may have been brought from old Babylon. The floor of the room in which we stayed was of bricks, showing remains of glazing and perhaps transported from Babylon; in fact, much of the old city may have been built the same way, just as Hillah and Seleucia were built. In very ancient times there was a city there, but the present city was built or founded in 763 A.D. by El Mausûr, the second Caliph of the Abbasside dynasty. It reached its highest prosperity under Harun-al-Rashid, about 800 A.D. The

city was pillaged in the thirteenth century by the Mongol hordes. It is a city of mosques, some of them very beautiful, notably the Blue Mosque of Bagdad and the wonderful mosque of Qademain, where the Shiite Mohammedans have their central worship. The Shiite mosques always have four minarets, or towers, which are covered with gold leaf and can be seen for many miles in the sunlight. Bagdad is a Shiite city, the Sunnites being much in the minority here. These are the two sects that divide the Moslem world. Shiite means heretic, and Sunni means orthodox. The city is quite picturesque in spite of its run-down condition.

There are many storks to be seen on the buildings. Some of these build on the low chimneys or roofs, while others choose the high domes of the mosques. There are many men from many lands in the city, but all of them speak a common language, and for the most part have a common religion. Of the two hundred thousand inhabitants, it is said that one hundred and twenty thousand are Moslems, while fifty thousand are Jews, fifteen thousand Chaldean Christians, and the remainder scattered. The Jews are different from any other Jews known. They dress in extremely gaudy costumes of rich colors and with much adornment. There are a number of synagogues. The streets are too narrow for vehicles. General Hambro sent a Ford around to show us the city and with it an Indian driver. The driver took us to the bazaars and into the heart of the city, where we soon found our Ford jammed in between two walls and unable to go farther. We tried to back out and

knocked down a corner of the building. We found that the law forbade vehicles entering the bazaar district.

The American consul, Mr. O. M. Heiser, who had already distinguished himself in consular service at Constantinople, was lingering here, hoping to go back to Turkey, while Mr. C. R. Owens, an Alabamian, was busily engaged as Mr. Heiser's successor. Both of these men showed us much kindness. Personally I was very much indebted to Mr. Owens. He is a fine man, and the government will never have reason to regret the responsibilities which they have intrusted to him.

About twenty miles south of Bagdad are the ruins of Ctesephon, the remains of a city which must have exceeded all others of this land at some time or other for magnificence, but whose history is extremely obscure. It is a small mound, on the banks of the river, out of which rise two immense fragments—one a wall highly decorated with brickwork and standing perhaps one hundred and forty feet high. The other is a hallway, perfectly arched, which rises one hundred and twenty-one and one-half feet above the pavement. It is eighty-two feet wide and one hundred and sixty-four feet long and is called the audience room of the white palace of the kings. It is called by the natives Tak-i-Kesra, or Arch of Chosran. It may have been built by the Parthians about 150 B.C.

Just across the river from Ctesephon are the few remaining ruins of Seleucia, a city founded soon after the death of Alexander the Great, and which has al-

most disappeared. Between Bagdad and Ctesepon there are many green fields and well-irrigated farms, growing for the most part wheat and barley.

Some ten miles northwest of Bagdad is a curious chimneylike ruin, known as Akurquf, which it is thought was a step pyramid and perhaps built by the Cassites around 1500 B.C. A hundred years ago it was taken for the site of the Tower of Babel. It, too, is surrounded by small mounds, but little is known as to its origin.

There is a good deal of vegetation in the vicinity of Bagdad, and the river brings refreshment and sometimes beauty. Nevertheless I have seen but few places more undesirable as a place in which to live and do well. Europeans and Americans have an everlasting fight against disease, while filth and flies are the order of the day. All water is chlorinated and repulsive to the taste, the air is full of dust, and the inhabitants are disgusting. It is to be hoped that the British will clean it up, modernize some phases of it, and make it a more desirable place in which to exist.

The American School of Archæological Research, which is doing such fine work at Jerusalem, desires to open also a school here. One of our traveling companions up from Bombay was Bishop Frank W. Warne, of India, who was on his way to Bagdad to look into the feasibility of establishing a Methodist mission there. The British Commissioner of Education for Mesopotamia, Major Bowman, was trying hard to organize the younger life of the place and bring something out of it, and succeeded in bringing

together a large troop or number of troops of Boy Scouts, while the Presbyterian missionaries are doing their best for the refugees at Bakuba, of whom there were about forty thousand, mostly Armenians from Persia. So there are many forces at work, and possibly something may be done for these miserable people.

CHAPTER XI

UP THE TIGRIS

WHILE sojourning at Bagdad, we had the misfortune to meet a Chaldean bishop and to find that he had attached himself to our party, a fact that was so well settled in his mind that it took us two weeks to convince him that we were not directly under his care and that his personal expense account was not a matter for our consideration. His name was Khayatt, and his seat was in Mosul, from which place he made regular pastoral visits to Bagdad and elsewhere. He wore a long, black robe and fierce, black whiskers. His Church is known as "The Uniate Church"—that is to say, it has the sanction both of the East and of the West. Both Rome and Constantinople recognized it, and all our bishop had to do to change Churches was to change his hat. While in Mosul he always wore the high Greek hat, but immediately on leaving the city he would put on the flat hat of Rome, and presto! he was a Latin bishop. He gave us much worry, butting in everywhere and making himself a general and never-to-be-forgotten nuisance. We left Bagdad late in the evening with a compartment built for six. There were five of us and all of our baggage, and the old bishop desired to occupy quarters with us, but we drew the line on sleeping with him.

We arrived at Kalat Shergat about 10 A.M. and found a city of canvas lying along the foot of the

plateau and overlooking the wide valley, with here and there a Bedouin camp. The beauty of the place almost atoned for its discomforts. The water was all but impossible; and the British officers' mess was the worst we had found, on account of their inability to secure the proper supplies. We fared badly.

We soon found ourselves examining the mound of Kalat Shergat, which represents the most ancient city of Assyria. It is a huge mound built on the jutting plateau and its foundations are laid in great bowlders of pure alabaster, of the most exquisite colors. Each boulder would have cost a fortune in some other locality; but here the very hills are alabaster, and all the workmen had to do was quarry it on a higher level than the city itself, and it was an easy matter to transport it down hill to the place of its use. The work of excavation was done by the Germans and is said to be the best and most complete job in Mesopotamia, though it seemed to me that very much remained to be done.

Nobody knows who founded this city, nor what people lived here in the first place. It was captured perhaps from the Hittites by an unknown people who may have come from farther north or northeast, from the mountains. They worshiped the god of the city who was called Assur, Ashur, or Osir (perhaps Osiris?), and these people became known as the Ashurians, or Assyrians, and dominated this whole country from here to the Kurdish Mountains. They finally conquered Babylonia, Syria, and Egypt, and in some ways were the greatest of all these peoples.

The ruins exhibit startling massive structures—high walls which were once washed by the waters of

the Tigris, great temples whose towers still stand so steep as to be very difficult of ascent. Both burnt and unburnt bricks were used and many inscriptions were left us. Amid the ruins there are many wells which are very deep. The city, which was perhaps the wonder of the ancient world, was beautifully situated on the sandstone plateau, with long views, both up and down the winding river. From the heights of the towers a wide sweep of the high prairies met the vision and perhaps furnished a place of safety to the watchers on the city walls in the days when the world was young. Looking down the river, there is a line of fine hills against which the waters of the Tigris hurl themselves in fury and are thrown back toward the east. Far to the north is another range of low hills against which the cloud shadows play, for we are once more in the rain belt, while in between is a very wide valley pastured by multitudes of sheep, and ever and anon one finds a bed of an ancient water course which came down from the highlands and which has long ago ceased to be useful. Here and there are the brown tents of the Bedouin, but nowhere is to be seen village or house. The air is extremely bracing after the heat and oppressing atmosphere of Babylonia and Bagdad, where disease breeds in the very air you breathe and especially in the dust that fills the lungs. Here the breezes seem to come from the snow-capped hills far to the north-west. We were, however, in a dangerous country and one in which "every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

The excavations at Ashur, begun by the Germans in 1903, have revealed some very interesting remains.

The grave of Sennacherib II. was found and many sculptures of great artistic value, consisting of urns and other antiquities. The Assyrians are known to have been in charge of this city earlier than 2000 B.C., and some think that it was colonized from Lagash about 3000 B.C., but it may have been captured from a people who were much earlier.

One night, just before we passed on to the north, I went up on the hills above the camp and contemplated the scenery at the magic hour of sunset, an hour that is never so magic as in the East. Here on the hills a magnificent view of the whole wide Tigris valley was had, with the old city of Ashur, three miles to the right, and the highlands rolling back to the west, where the setting sun was half hidden behind drifting clouds, black as ravens on their way to roost. The peculiar phenomenon was that this beautiful sunset was not the fiery red that might be expected, but rather a gentle silver, like a great mirror across whose face passed these black clouds, while from far to the north the river could be seen winding its sinuous way amid the green valleys, itself showing the sheen of silver, and on the other side were the hills reflecting the splendors of the sunset. Sentries on each peak of the hills behind me kept watch by day and by night, for just beyond, somewhere, lurked the hidden foe.

During the night a storm came up and nearly tore down our tent, the rain fell, but our faithful boys were soon on the job and all was well. The next morning we were off on a long and perilous journey. There were nine autos, two of which carried mail, while five were ours. Each was required to have a

guard. The Arabs had warned the British that they intended making a raid on this caravan, and when we came back to Shergat we found that an officer had gone out to the mound to sketch and never came back, but his body was found where he had been clubbed from behind and brutally maltreated. Near the mound of Ashur is a great pile of unexploded shells which we took pictures of, but did not touch. We were afterwards told that some Arabs tried getting the brass from them and were blown into kingdom come. This was the last great battle of the Mesopotamian campaign, where the British crossed the river and cut off the Turkish army, playing havoc with them.

The country lying between Shergat and Mosul reminds one very much of our Western prairie lands. There are two routes, one by way of the river valley and the other over the uplands some distance away from the river. This upland is a rolling prairie with good grass which seems to be a kind of wild timothy and very plentiful. What a cattle country this would be! And there are very few cattle in all the Near East. Our caravan often found itself running through thousands of acres of wild oats, and only here and there, widely separated, were to be seen Bedouin camps with their small herds of sheep and occasionally a herd of camels. The whole land is beautiful, the wide stretches of grass lands covered with green grass and gloriously inset with blood-red poppies. All of that country known in ancient times as Assyria is within the rain belt and covered with vegetation, but almost wholly uninhabited. If some enterprising Americans could go in there and stock

the land with cattle and be prepared to defend themselves against thieving and open banditry, it surely could be made to return wonderful dividends.

After passing the very small village of Jaineh, we came to the semi-cultivated fields where wheat and oats seem to grow half wild and half cultivated; but strangely enough there were few signs of life, and the farmers who owned these fields seemed mysterious. Later in the day we passed a plowman who was laboriously tilling his field with two small donkeys hitched to a wooden plow of the same style as that used by his ancestors for thousands of years.

We are now on the alabaster cliffs, with a view over the valley of the Tigris calculated to make the best landscape artist mad with envy. What a fine, fertile valley it is, with the ancient river winding down through the wide plain, and on the river bank, the west bank, the large city of Mosul. This rich valley was once the home of a people so prosperous, possessing cities of great wealth and beauty, that they forgot God. Over this same roadway came the prophet Jonah, and I can imagine, as he came after his long, long journey across the desert and from his own rocky homeland, what strange emotions must have stirred his heart as he came here, looked down from these alabaster hills to the wonderful valley and the glittering towers of the mighty cities, and brought them the message of God that drove them to repentance and salvation. After the weeks of traveling over the blistering sands of the Syrian desert, he may have come to the very spot on which we stood that day and have looked down on a land teeming

with life and labor, bespeaking an unparalleled prosperity.

As our caravan winds down over the road that leads to the river and the rich valley below, we can discern that we are in the country that is still comparatively well off, considering the fortunes of war and the aloofness from the world. The fields are partly cultivated and there are orchards of fruit and other signs of life. When you lift your eyes and look over this valley your vision is arrested by the eternal snows of the Kurdish Mountains to the northeast.

The city of Mosul has about forty thousand people, seven thousand of whom are Christians. The Chaldeans and the French Catholics predominate. It was a city of great importance in the Middle Ages, and so great was its reputation for the manufacture of cloth that our word "muslin" comes from the name, Mosul, perhaps because it was first made here.

There are a number of wonderful mosques, with stately minarets, some of which are leaning badly. The city is filthy and badly decayed, though there are some splendid Turkish homes here. Colonel Leachman was the British political officer before he went to Abul Kamal, where we were to meet him later and near which he was to give his life for the cause of his country. He did a very shrewd thing in his arrangement of Mosul. The first thing the British try to do after entering a city is to get one or two streets wide enough for vehicles; and Leachman, wishing to do the best thing for Mosul, planned to cut two streets through the city, crossing each other in the center. To do this seemed impossible on

account of the expense. But he hit upon this plan: He sent through all the districts traversed by these streets and assessed the property for taxes, allowing each man to put his own estimate of value on his property. This they all did without the slightest suspicion that it was for any other purpose than that of taxation; and so, as their American brothers would have done, they placed the least possible value on it, which value was accepted by the British and then their property was condemned at their own valuation and they were paid accordingly. Some curious results came from this street-making process. Many of the Turkish houses were cut in two, showing the method of building and room decoration and many things of which the public is ignorant, on account of the difficulty in getting into Turkish houses.

The walls of these houses were built mostly of rubble and *débris*, among which were many earthenware jars and vessels of different sorts, placed there for the purpose of breaking the force of the heat. As I walked through the streets I wondered what secrets these old rooms held of intrigue, murder, and injustice to women and children through the many centuries of their existence.

The city walls still remain, quite intact and extensive, with many towers and buttresses. The bazaars of Mosul are quite interesting, especially those of the coppersmiths and money changers. Also, the merchants seem very strange to a Westerner, sitting in their little booths only large enough to accommodate the merchant himself, who sits on the floor with his goods piled on shelves around him. I suppose the average size of a dry goods store is not

more than six feet square. In all of the Near East, the bazaars, which they call "sukhs," are very much alike. Different commodities are in different sections, so the buyer who wishes to buy meat must go to the bazaar of the butchers, or if it is cloth, to the cloth merchants' bazaar. Each section has its guild of merchants who stand together much as labor unions, and these are passed down from father to son for generations. In the bazaar of the money changers you will find many people from "foreign lands," these foreign lands usually being twenty or thirty miles away. But it must be remembered that Mosul is at the parting of the ways, being the highest city of Mesopotamia on the borders of Turkey, Kurdistan, and Persia.

One can hardly understand what these people have been through in the war. You will remember that at Basrah we engaged as our cook a boy who gave as his reason for wishing to go with us that he was a Mosul-Arab, and that he had neither been at home nor heard from home in ten years and that he wished to visit his people. So as we neared the city of his birth Ali Mustapha was all attention. He crawled up on the wagon nearest the front and looked with emotion on the scene as we came upon the alabaster cliffs overlooking the city. When we arrived and were located, Ali at once asked for permission to go visit his family, and we told him to go and not come back until morning. Two hours later Ali was back with a very sad countenance. I asked him why he did not remain for the night with his family. He said "Family all finish"—that is, they were all dead. His father, uncle, brothers, mother, and one aunt

had died of famine. He had two little sisters left, so he drew all the pay coming to him and gave it to them. He asked that he might go on with us, which he did, even to Chicago; and as long as the expedition was together Ali was the most faithful of servants.

The Tigris River sweeps around the walls of Mosul, and at the time of year we were there it was at the flood. It is exceedingly strange how little change takes place along this river. Another thing that strikes the traveler as peculiar is the fact that customs are different here from those of the Euphrates and always have been. There are on the Tigris strange boats, made of matting, daubed inside and out with bitumen, perfectly round, and some of them are very large. These curious things, called "gufas," were in use on the Tigris when the very earliest monuments were made, and are still very useful.

Another curious custom, that has been going on through all history, is the use of inflated skins to bear up the body of the swimmer in crossing the river. Early inscriptions show them in use, in time both of peace and of war. It is now no uncommon sight to see several natives coming down the stream on these strange carriers. They blow up the skin and then, placing their bodies over it, hold the mouth of it with the hand, letting out or blowing in air as it pleases them, much as a balloon is handled.

It is pitiful, always, in any Arab country to observe the condition of women. Here at Mosul they carry the water from the river for a very long distance. One evening I met a little girl who carried on her shoulder a water jar that held perhaps two or three gallons, and she seemed to be only about six years

old. I asked her to allow me to take her picture, but she screamed and ran like a scared rabbit and I did not get a very good likeness of her as she ran. Another thing is the custom of mourning for the dead. The friends gather at the graves on Thursdays and literally howl. On Sundays we attended service at the French Catholic Church, which has been here for a very long time.

On the east side of Mosul there is a curious Turkish bridge, built on stone piers, but reaching only about two-thirds across the river. During low water a pontoon bridge completes the span. This is Turkish efficiency. We were under the necessity of ferrying across in boats made of goods boxes and scraps in general. Our ferryman would start us far up the stream, the swift current would sweep us far downstream, sturdy rowers would pull up on the other side until we reached the point opposite our starting place, then we would ride pickaback out to dry land.

CHAPTER XII

NINEVEH, "THAT GREAT CITY"

THE present ruins of the old city of Nineveh lie one mile east of the Tigris and directly opposite Mosul. The walls of the city remain in a very good state of preservation, though covered with soil and grass, and are approximately fifty feet high. The original walls must have stood much higher. They have a circumference of twelve miles and show signs of having had gates, at least on the north and east. There are giant remains of two great citadels or palace platforms. The northern one is called Kuny-unjik and the other one Tel Neby Yunus—that is, the Mound of the Prophet Jonah. These two mounds rise to a height of more than one hundred feet. There are more than twenty-five acres on the top of Kunjunjik, and at the time of our visit this was in barley, while the slopes of the hill were matted with a most gorgeous carpet of poppies. Here was the great palace of Ashurbanipal and of Sennacherib. It was very imperfectly excavated by Victor Place in the early part of the last century and later by Layard, who found the famous library of Ashurbanipal, containing many thousands of clay tablets, representing almost all varieties of Babylonian and Assyrian literature of all the ages preceding the time of that powerful king. Some idea of the advanced state of that civilization can be had from the fact

that among these tablets were those giving direction to students in the use of the library.

Excavations have been confined here to burrowing holes and taking out museum pieces; but in so doing the lines and walls of the temple and palace have been determined, and some idea of the grandeur of the place has been secured.

The other mound, that of Neby Yunus, was the palace of Esarhaddon. It is a large mound and is covered partially by a miserable Arab village in the midst of which is a mosque which is said to contain the coffin of Jonah, and also there is a small dried-up fish which the Arabs confidently assert is the identical fish that swallowed Jonah. It is probable that the coffin in question is one of the many Parthian coffins found on the mounds and made of most beautiful terra cotta, which had been brought here perhaps centuries ago and preserved for the deception of the public in general who would visit this shrine—not tourists, for tourists seldom come this way. It is, however, interesting to find an ancient tradition of the prophet Jonah here. Each of these mounds is on the walls, or rather in the walls, each forming a part of the wall and both on the west side of the city. The great difficulty in excavating Neby Yunus is in the fact that an Arab cemetery is on one part of the mound. This cemetery has pushed out along the wall, and one day we discovered here a man sitting by a new-made grave, reading prayers from the Koran. The dead man had failed to recite all the prayers required by the Koran during his life, and so his family or the administrator of his estate must provide for the fulfilling of this duty, either by some

friend or relative performing the task or by hiring a professional praying man to do it for him. In one instance told at Nejef a wealthy man died; and when his life was summed up, it was found that he was so far behind with his praying that a very large sum of money had to be set aside from his estate to make up the discrepancy. At least this was one good way of disposing of his property.

Nineveh was a most glorious city in its day. Its glory lasted from about 900 B.C. till its destruction, in 606 B.C., and with it went the last of mighty Assyria, which had arisen to a high place as a world power, dominating all of that land known to-day as the Near East and developing the most splendid civilization as to war, arts, sciences, and literature. It played a great part in the history of the ancient world and especially as it related itself to Israel and to Israel's prophets. To-day it is inhabited by owls and wild beasts, and in the midst of its marvelous walls are encamped the Indian soldiers of the British government.

Fifteen miles north of Nineveh proper are the ruins of Khorsabad, which was called in ancient times Dur Sharrukin, or fortress of Sargon, a border city built by Sargon II., who reigned over Assyria from 722 to 705 B.C., It lies on a ridge very near the mountains of Kurdistan and was at the time the finest palace of Western Asia.

It was at first thought that we could not go into this dangerous territory, for the Kurds are the fiercest of all the tribes of this region. Not long before our visit two British officers had gone out in the direction which we were to take and had not

returned. A searching party was able to find only a thigh bone of one of the men. These bloodthirsty scoundrels not only kill, but they delight in tearing the bodies to pieces afterwards.

We crossed the river one morning early, having at last secured the consent of General Fraser, the British commandant, and found Red Cross vans awaiting us, each driven by a British Indian soldier, who was well armed and was particular to carry his rifle in his hand or by his side all day. A number of Kurds were seen during the day, but they seemed peaceable enough, and we reached the mound in safety. On top of the hill on which the ruin stands there is an Arab village, which was bought by Victor Place when he excavated here and which he moved away. Since then it has moved back again, and we were duly entertained in the house of the chief man, who had many relics of the days of the excavation long ago. Like Kunyunjik, this palace also contained about twenty-five acres and had great walls about it. These walls have never been excavated, and the natives showed us places where great inscriptions were easily uncovered, revealing the fact that much remains to be done even here. These walls were foursquare, with two gate pylons still visible. There are three mounds outside of the walls which must have been outer forts, and from the south one it looks as if a wall had led back to the city gate on that side. Near this south gate we uncovered an inscription which may have been one of the sphinxes, forming the approach to the gate itself as at Nimrud. It was, however, perfectly flat and presented a surface so even as to give the idea of a

floor section. The whole city was near the north-west end of a long alabaster ridge, which forms a kind of foothills to the massive mountain piles farther back. The outlook to the south and west is wonderful—great rolling fields of green stretching far away to the river, which is not quite visible from here. This was Sargon's northern palace, which at once served for pleasure and protection. It is on the utmost frontier of his old empire and at the foot of this gigantic mountain range. In one direction stretch the green fields of the fertile plain, while on the other are the snow-capped peaks and mighty mountain piles. However, there is one thing curious about the location. If he had gone northward one mile to build this city, he would have had the finest view anywhere; and why he did not do this does not appear, but it must have been that he built, first of all, with an eye to the most strategic position.

Twenty-five miles south of Nineveh was the splendid city of Nimrud, founded by Shalmaneser I. about 1300 B.C. and corresponding to the Biblical Calah (Gen. x. 11). This was one trip the British general told us could not be made; for, in addition to the regular dangers of the time, there was a certain bandit by the name of Haggi Nejef Effendi, or such was his title, which indicated that he had been a pilgrim and therefore a holy man and who owned thousands of acres of land, including twelve villages and the land on which our mound was located. He had in his employ something like one hundred and thirty bandits, to whom he paid salaries to rob and kill. So we were forbidden to go into that territory. We were very anxious to go, and finally

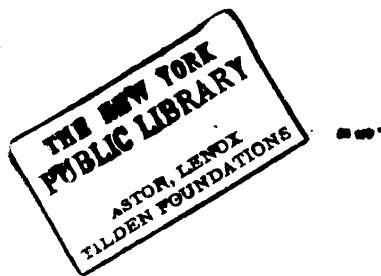


LOOKING DOWN THE WALLS OF NINEVEH FROM
KUNYUNJIK TO NEBY YUNUS.



HAVING DINNER WITH A BANDIT.

Near Nimrud. The bandit sits between Drs. Breasted and Luckenbill.



solved the problem by taking the bandit along with us. Our old bishop happened to know him and brought us together. That at least was one use we found for the bishop, who had proved himself such a nuisance otherwise.

So one morning we again crossed the river and set out in our Red Cross vans, with our Indian drivers, our old bishop, and the bandit. When we reached the first of the villages, which was a mere group of camel's-hair tents, we were stopped; and while milk was brought with which to refresh us, runners were sent out all over the country to inform the Bedouin that we were the friends of the bandit and also that he was himself a passenger of the caravan, therefore no shots were to be fired at us during the time of our travels in that vicinity. The distance seemed greater than it was on account of bad traveling over roadless fields, but everywhere we beheld nothing but beauty. This country, it must be remembered, is in the rain belt, the grass grows well, and wild flowers are everywhere.

On our way out we stopped and were entertained at a Christian monastery of the Chaldean Uniate faith. Wine and cigarettes were offered us, and we were shown the antiquities about this ancient place. One thing was very striking—the faces of the Christians were much milder and kindlier-looking than those of the Arabs. Another striking thing was to find a Christian village of several thousand inhabitants, called Karakush, in which there was not one Moslem, but all were Christians.

The high mound of Nimrud is surmounted by a

still higher temple tower built of mud brick and so steep as to be difficult to ascend.

Several palace remains are here on this high platform—that of Ashurnadirpal, Shalmaneser, and others. Ancient sculpture protrudes from the ground everywhere. One huge figure of the god Nebo stands six feet above the ground and reveals only the body from the hips up. Great winged bull sphinxes, sandstone faces, conventional decorations, and many other things meet the eye without effort. Most of these figures formed doorways and room decorations. What a glorious palace it must have been! Remains of the Assyrian tree of life are to be seen, and here was found the black obelisk of Shalmaneser, on which he describes his defeat of Jehu, king of Israel, and many other things. The palace was built on a natural rock platform or foundation and then raised to its present height and much higher until it was a splendid sight from the surrounding plain and for many miles away.

From this city in the long ago marched the armies under Shalmaneser that went forth to the conquest of Northern Israel, and to this city about 722 B.C. this same army returned with the captives of the northern tribes and from here were scattered to the four winds of the earth never to be found again.

On our way back we were entertained by the old bandit at one of his villages, where a huge dish of rice, mutton, fowls, and dainties vanished before our hungry band. The most striking thing about the dinner was that a table and stools were provided—an unheard-of luxury in that land. After the meal

old Haggi showed us a great herd of horses, of which he was very proud.

The ancient Assyrian empire reached from Ashur on the south to Khorsabad on the north, stretching up and down the Tigris and taking in all the land contiguous to the river within those limits. And I think the city of Nineveh, to which the prophet Jonah came and into which he traveled three days with his evangelistic message, was not the small city of Nineveh proper, but that triangle having the city on the Tigris for one corner, Khorsabad, fifteen miles away to the north, for another, and Nimrud, twenty-five miles to the south, for the other. Within this triangle there was a fertile land, filled with prosperous villages and requiring much more than three days to thoroughly canvass and impress with the message of the Lord—a wonderful city, a glorious civilization, which dominated the whole world with its ideas, its power, and its wickedness. The very terror of it was upon the nations and called for many prophecies. The whole burden of the prophecy of Nahum seems to have been against Nineveh. As one walks amid the ruins of this once glorious and powerful civilization dreaded by every nation under heaven, whose destruction in 606 B.C. was acclaimed with joy by all, there comes once again the voice of the prophet: "Thy shepherds slumber, O king of Assyria; thy nobles are at rest; thy people are scattered upon the mountains, and there is none to gather them. There is no assuaging of thy hurt; thy wound is grievous: all that hear the report of thee clap their hands over thee; for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?" (Nahum iii. 18, 19).

CHAPTER XIII

ON THE TRAIL OF ABRAHAM

WHEN once again we turned our faces back toward Bagdad, we were both glad and sad. We were exceedingly anxious to get back to headquarters, for it was very dangerous up here on the very borders of Turkey; there were constant rumors of Turkish raids to recover Mosul, and the war clouds ever hung low. To add to our anxiety, a rainy season threatened us, and for a day we were held up on account of the downpour. When at last we were on our way over the still more dangerous route down the river, with twenty Fords and many guards in our caravan, we found ourselves tied up with washed-out bridges and slippery roads and the storm still increasing, until our captain announced that we must turn back. But finally, after almost carrying the cars across washed-out places and losing much time, the clouds showed signs of breaking; and we were glad, for there is a tradition of a flood in this very land which left very little upon the whole earth. Long before we reached Shergat, the rail head, our caravan was hopelessly scattered and that in a country threatened with raids continually. But we reached the place of shelter safely after passing the British oil station, which is called Guyyar, a name meaning "oil" in the Arab tongue. The well furnishes the British army all over this country with oil.

On arriving at Shergat we found that the Arabs

had cut the railroad below us and that the rains had also done their part in cutting us off from Bagdad. The Arabs and the British were engaged in heavy fighting at the village of Tekrit, several miles below us, and we faced the prospect of an indefinite sojourn in the most disagreeable of all our stops so far. But after about a day's delay a train came in, and when it went south we were on it.

The next morning daybreak found us approaching Bagdad, with the stately Mound of Aqarquf on our right and the beautiful Mosque of Qadamain on our left. We arrived at the station about 7 A.M., found General Hambro's autos awaiting us, and were soon back in our old quarters at the officers' club. This time we arranged for meals at the Hotel Maude, where there was an American table, around which sat the two American consuls, Mr. O. M. Heizer and Mr. Thomas R. Owens, two representatives of the Standard Oil Company, who were marooned there by the position of the British government on the oil question, and our own party. The dining room of this hotel opens out on the Tigris and is very beautiful.

We had gone back to Bagdad with the idea of going on to Persia, but found that all transportation facilities were taken up with the moving of the forty thousand Arminian refugees who had been in the camp at Bakuba, below Bagdad. We now turned our attention to the trip across the desert to Aleppo.

The British government had forbidden our crossing the desert on account of the great danger from hostile Arabs and we were preparing to go back to Mohammerah, on the Shat-el-Arab, to await our

chances for an oil tanker in an attempt to get back to Port Said. Just at this juncture the British general commanding the Western outpost, three hundred miles up the Euphrates, notified the commandant at Bagdad that one of his captains had been digging a rifle pit in an old Roman fort at Salihyeh and had discovered some coloring on a wall; and knowing that the American Scientific Mission was at Bagdad, he requested us to come up and examine it. This gave us our opportunity, and we were outfitted with seven Ford cars, five vans, and two touring cars. We had five Indian drivers and two Arabs. We left the city of the caliphs about 9 A.M., April 28, driving out by the ruins of Aqarquf and across the plains westward until we came to Felluja, the first military post on the Euphrates. Owing to car troubles we did not reach this post until noon, though we were expected for breakfast. The post is a miserable Arab village near the old battle field of Cunaxa, where in 401 B.C. Cyrus the Younger was slain by his brother, King Artaxerxes Mnemon.

From Felluja we traveled up the river, but could not cross on account of the washing out of a bridge; so we took to the desert, but soon found that even Fords cannot negotiate successfully the desert sand. It was no uncommon sight to see every man in the caravan out trying to push a car through a sand bed. This state of affairs kept on until night came on us, when we were in hostile country and had lost our direction.

The desert was a trackless one, so when night came there was no chance of finding our way. We held a council of war and it was decided to camp. As camp

was being struck, I suggested to Breasted that we turn in the direction of the river and travel until we came to the banks, so that we might have water. All agreed that this was a good suggestion; so with an effort we were off in the general direction of the Euphrates until we were suddenly confronted by an irrigation ditch, a thing we had forgotten to figure into our calculation and which was inevitable in the vicinity of the river. With chagrin we again camped, circling our autos and placing our camp beds within the circle. Four of us went to sleep, while the fifth did sentry duty, each taking his turn until daylight. With a light breakfast on canned goods we were again on our way, but with trouble still dogging our footsteps. One car soon ran out of petrol and the only other one in line with it had none to spare, so this car had to be left in the desert until a tin of petrol could be sent back for it. We arrived at the rather beautiful little village of Ramadi and found breakfast waiting for us, although the officers had expected us the night before. By 10 A.M. we were again on our way, passing up the river. As far up as Ramadi the British operate two good-sized gunboats, with which they convey provisions and scatter terror with their guns among revolutionary tribes who happen to be near the river. In fact, these boats run much farther up the river, but mostly for the purpose of carrying army supplies.

This whole country seems to be alive with sand grouse, and it looks like good hunting grounds. Occasionally we passed great bunds, or dams, which protect the country during high water.

In the afternoon we came to the ancient city of

Hit, mentioned by Herodotus (450 B.C.) as Is. The city stands on a high hill, which has been formed by one city after another building on the ruins of the preceding city until through the continuous centuries the mound has become quite imposing. It has at least eight thousand inhabitants and has been in constant operation for many thousand years. The wonderful bitumen wells, where the bitumen boils up out of the water and is collected and refined, have been in constant use for at least five thousand years. In the eleventh chapter of Genesis we are told that in the Vale of Shinar, which is lower Babylonia, "they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar." The word "slime" is the word for "bitumen," which in plain American is "asphalt." The ruins of all the cities of lower Babylonia, Ur, Eridu, Babylon, and others, still have the bitumen mortar preserved on their bricks and in the walls. This all came from Hit. At Eridu and Ur these inscribed bricks indicate a date earlier than three thousand years before the Christian era. The bitumen works here are rather extensive; and not only do they use that which boils out, but they also burn it out of the rocks.

We arrived at Hit very weary and dirty, found an empty tent with the British officers, and soon had our survivals of civilization out and were practicing the arts of that same civilization, in the way of shaving, bathing, and cleaning up generally. It is most wonderful what conveniences you can carry with you on the desert and how enjoyable they are, provided you can get in touch with a water supply, which is not often easy.

Leaving Hit at six o'clock the next morning, we reached Haditha at noon, and after a hurried lunch plunged on into the desert, but after a six-mile run one of our cars broke down and had to be abandoned. Our troubles now came in battalions and the next report was that our head touring car had broken an axle and evening was coming on. We were in the midst of a very dangerous territory and did not know what moment we would be attacked by hostile Arabs. We took the cars that would run and started back toward the river, and when we were within a mile of it we camped in a cove of the mountains, for the wind was blowing a gale. With great difficulty we made tea and cooked rice and made ready for what sleep might be coming to us. This was the loneliest night of the whole journey. One by one, we did sentry duty, walking through the long hours of the night, expecting any moment to be made a target for some Bedouin band, wondering how the folks at home were, and feeling a doubt about ever seeing them again. In such hours of loneliness one was apt to wonder why he ever left home, anyway. I was on the watch when the first faint streaks of day began to appear. The scene was indeed beautiful, and never was a day more welcome. The drivers who had been sent back to Haditha with the broken car arrived about half-past eight with car repaired and two more vans. So we were soon off on the next long lap of the journey. About noon we met a relief train that had been sent out for us, and arrived at Aneh at 3 P.M.

The city of Aneh is in a most beautiful situation. There are high hills on the west side of the river, with great cliffs and canyons. East of the river is a

desert plateau, and the natives on that side are all hostile to the British and keep fighting. The political officer at Aneh had bought up the ferryboats to keep them from crossing, and patrolled the river front for many miles. Bombing planes went over every few nights to intimidate the Arab tribesmen.

The city of Aneh is built along the river for five miles. In the river there is a series of islands covered with green foliage, which, in contrast with the desert that comes down to it, makes it extremely attractive. Here is the spot Sir William Willcox selected as the site of the Garden of Eden and has written a book to prove it.

During the Turkish occupation two ammunition dumps exploded and the hills were literally covered with burst and whole shells. This whole land is war-torn to the last degree.

At Aneh we replenished our provision baskets at the highest prices I have ever known, and at nine o'clock the next morning we were ready to join the military caravan which was to proceed up the river. Just before starting, the commandant came to me and said that the general had required him to inform us that if we proceeded that day we would be crossing a line of battle which had been raging since daylight and that we must assume our own risks. This we willingly did and started with forty-four autos, mostly Fords, but some of them Rolls-Royce armored cars, and also several Ford machine gun corps. At noon we stopped for lunch at the very spot where the fighting had been going on that morning, and late in the afternoon we reached Abul Kamal, the headquarters of the commanding general of that

section, General Cunningham, the man who became famous during the war with the Turks by cutting them off from their supplies at the last great battle at Assur, which ended the main part of the war in the land of Mesopotamia.

Here at Abul Kamal we were met by Colonel Leachman, who had tea awaiting us. Leachman was the most famous of the Mesopotamian officers. He it was who opened the streets of Mosul. He had spent eighteen years out there among the Arabs, knew their language better than most of them knew it themselves, and knew their customs. During the war he was able to disguise himself completely as an Arab and go among the tribes and learn all they knew and thought of the situation. He was very kind to us.

The next day after our arrival at Abul Kamal, we went with General Cunningham to Salihyeh, twenty-eight miles farther on. This was the farthest outpost of the British government, and they had already been ordered by the Peace Conference to withdraw one hundred miles down the river, to Aneh. The second day we moved to Salihyeh and camped there to make the necessary excavations in the Roman fort. We uncovered a most gorgeous chapel, with splendid Greek wall paintings. The south wall of the chapel contained several heroic figures, in marvellous colors and almost perfectly preserved. Their names and much later scribbling on the walls in Greek made a very interesting study. In front of this was a well-built altar, and running out to the east from this was another wall with Roman paintings and Latin inscriptions. But the whole matter will

soon be published by the Expedition. We photographed these walls, copied them, made our notes, and then covered them up again, for we did not wish to have such precious remains left to the tender mercies of the Arabs; so the chapel is once again hidden until some other archæologist comes along and more perfectly investigates the whole field.

This old fort is situated on a series of high cliffs, and must have been an almost impregnable citadel in the long ago. Out on the desert, half a mile away, is a great system of catacombs. The wall of the fort is very extensive and the gates are huge. On our journey up the Euphrates we passed numbers of these forts, which are yet quite unknown to the world. They were the line of communication of the Roman government and were later rebuilt, while others were built by the caliphs. Every dozen miles or so one is seen, some of them very imposing, lifting themselves like great castles over the valley of the river. What a field for the classical archæologist!

CHAPTER XIV

ACROSS THE SYRIAN DESERT

ON May 5 we secured five Arab wagons and set out across the desert to Aleppo. The British government had forbidden our going; but since we were now in Arab territory, we could do as we pleased. Never shall I forget those Arab wagons. To imagine them one must remember that Arabs always sit flat down and never use seats; so an Arab wagon is not provided with such luxuries. Rather, a rug is spread on the narrow floor, and down you sit as best you can. There were three of us to the wagon. When we had once wedged ourselves in, we began to wonder what we would do with our feet, and we came to the conclusion that those wagons were made for legless men. But there we sat for nearly eight days.

The wagons were drawn by three horses each, working abreast and driven by a man in baggy trousers who claimed to be an Arab, but who looked for the world like a Turk. These wagons were called "arabanahs" and the drivers "arabagahs."

Our first stop was Mayyadin, where a room was found in a house for us, or rather on the roof of the house. This was our first night in the Arab country without protection and we were made aware of it. The captain of the governor's soldiers visited us after we had retired and talked long about his desire to come to America. All during the night groups of natives were prowling the streets and sometime

hammering on our door below. We were off at 7 A.M. after much difficulty about the amount of baksheesh we were to pay. Two and a half miles to the west of the town, as we got out of it, is the majestic looking castle, or Roman fort, of Rahaba, built on a plateau two hundred and forty-five feet above the river level and with a moat cut all around it. It is very imposing and must have been of great importance during the glorious days of the Roman Empire. Its walls were precipitous from every side, and on the inside was a well blocked up and sixty feet deep. From here to Der es Zor we travel along the old river bed among scrub trees of tamarisk and acacia and over land that must be very fertile, but war has prevented the cultivation of any of it. It was probably once thickly populated and could have supported a large civilization.

We approached Der es Zor with some trepidation. It is the trouble spot of the country. Here the British officers who tried to take possession met with violence. Colonel Leachman passed us. He had been to the city to negotiate the transfer of the British army down the river, and was accompanied by machine gun corps and other guards. That was the last time we were to see this faithful officer of the British government, for a few days afterwards he was assassinated by the Arabs, near Ramada.

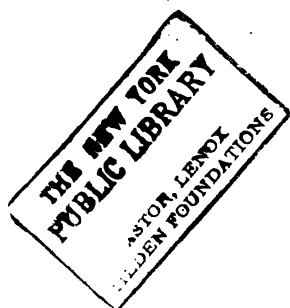
When we arrived in Der es Zor, we found that Colonel Leachman had made arrangements for us and we were at a kind of hotel, though we refused to use their beds and made down our own field beds. That night we were entertained at dinner by the governor of the Der es Zor province, Ma'lud Pasha.



THE EXPEDITION WAGONS ON THE SYRIAN DESERT.
Utter desolation and a long way from home.



THE EXPEDITION CARAVAN CROSSING A VALLEY
BETWEEN CHALK HILLS ON THE
SYRIAN DESERT.



Had it not been for the favors shown us by Ma'lud Pasha, things might have gone badly with us at Der es Zor, for the political unrest amounted to fanaticism among the Arabs, who had just that day won in an encounter with the British and could not understand that the Army was moving back simply because the Peace Conference had ordered it, but supposed that they were in fear of the Arab strength.

We were conducted to the home of the governor by his chief officers and soon found ourselves in a comfortable house, whose banquet hall was on the second floor, and with great ceremony we were received into the presence of His Excellency. He was a fine fellow, one of that better class of Arabs who show refinement and good blood. He was, like most of his kind, slender and straight, but, unlike them, with a delicacy of demeanor that was almost effeminate. He was about forty years of age, with jet black Vandyke beard of the Arab style, kindly brown eyes, and hands as delicate as those of a woman. He was dressed in the uniform of a Syrian officer, but retained the Arab headdress, of pure white with the black camel's hobble on top. His chief men were the most learned of his province, and both he and they had been educated at Constantinople. His secretary, who did much of the talking, had a distinctly European air, though he said he had never been in Europe. Both spoke very good French. Strangely enough out here on the desert, we had a table and chairs and real dishes, by which this picturesque character had departed entirely from the customs of his people. Several kinds of wine were on the table, but only for guests, for no orthodox Moslem

drinks wine. One dish that very much interested us looked for all the world like American wieners, but proved to be a mixture of ground mutton, rice, and fruits cooked in a grape leaf and was a delicious morsel. The governor of the Aleppo province was also a guest of the evening. He was an entirely different kind of man—red-headed, with florid complexion, and fat. Of course he was genial. He was going back to Aleppo next morning and invited us to join his caravan, an invitation which we gladly accepted, for it meant protection. During the evening a marriage procession was taking place in the street below, just as it must have been carried out in the days of Jesus and for a thousand years earlier. The bridegroom's party and the bridal party were marching and occasionally meeting each other. The bride was veiled and all carried fire of some sort, either torches or a kind of magnesium, which they kept lighting. All the men were shouting and playing musical instruments, while the women were yodeling. Arab women yodel on all occasions, at a funeral as well as a wedding, and it is rather beautiful. The Arab has a sweet voice, but always in the minor key, which lends itself better to sorrow than to joy. An Arab woman is married to a man who may already be married and more than middle-aged, for he can have four wives. She is usually not more than ten years old, or, at the oldest, not more than twelve. A wedding is pathetic, for the bride is usually crying and being consoled by her bridesmaids. Poor little thing! she is nearly frightened out of what little wits she has, and marriage is an act of entering upon a life of slavery and degradation. As usual we were

conducted home by a delegation from the governor's house with torches.

The next morning after the marriage procession we were up at four o'clock to make connection with Nagi Beg, the Aleppo governor; but we could not find our drivers until seven o'clock and Nagi was then far out on the desert road. Nor did we ever see him again. After about three hours of traveling, we were suddenly confronted by a group of Arabs, probably one hundred in number; and as there was nothing else to do we went with them to their camp, a group of black camel's-hair tents. We were captured! As we came into the large council tent, I saw only one gun and one spear, while two of the Arabs wore swords. When we sat down and began the argument by which we hoped to convince them that we were Americans and not Englishmen, I saw another gun and then another until every man in the group had a gun, spear, or sword, and some had both. These had seemed to bloom out of nowhere. The old sheik, whose name we later learned was Ramadan, a very holy name, did not in any particular look holy. He had lost an ear and his nose in fights and he was insisting that we were English, while we knew that no Englishman had been able to cross that desert in six years. Some had tried it, but had literally been torn to pieces. Our lives depended upon our ability to prove our claims to be Americans. While we were thus engaged, Dr. Luckenbill had the happy thought to suggest taking their pictures. Every Arab likes to have his picture made, and this would at least give us a respite. They agreed and lined up for the picture. When this was over, old Ramadan

took up a maul with which they drove tent stakes and, swinging it over his head, made a motion at Dr. Breasted. Each one of us laid his hand on his revolver, but as Ramadan came down on the ground with his maul with tremendous force, he said: "No, no, I was only showing you what I would do to you if you were English. I know now that you are Americans, and I know your Mr. Woodrow Wilson and the fourteen points and the self-determination of nations, and that is what we want and for which we fight the British!" When you consider that this was two hundred miles from the nearest line of communication, in the heart of the desert, it will be seen how far-reaching was the ideal of our own great President.

After this speech by Ramadan, I turned and saw coffee coming, the best looking coffee I had ever seen in my life, for it meant safety. We were to eat with them, therefore we were guests, they were our hosts, and their lives would be the guarantee of our safety.

Soon we were on our road again. As we left these Bedouin, the sheik gave us a letter to carry to Aleppo for him. We are to hear of this again later.

We hurried the drivers as best we could, for Nagi Beg had left word that he would wait for us at Tibni, but expected us there at noon. We arrived at 4 P.M., and tried to force the drivers on, for we were in a most desolate country. Nobody, so far as we could see, lived in the vicinity of Tibni, and we thought for a while that a fight would be precipitated. Pistols were handled and every one was in a rage, but finally we accepted the inevitable and camped for the night. We were paying these drivers 2,000 rupees

(nearly a thousand dollars) for the trip (the whole outfit was not worth that much money), and they were going to follow their own sweet way. They usually stayed up all night and slept on the seat during the day.

We were up at three o'clock the next morning and off two hours later, passing up and on to the desert plateau looking westward into nothingness—a most desolate land. Once we came down into a great valley whose mountain walls were pure white chalk, out of this back into the proximity of the river, passing Ma'adan, an almost deserted village, and then followed the river plain until we reached our next stopping place, the village of Sabhah, where we found two khans, both filled with caravans. At last we were fixed for the night in one of them, but had to endure filth within and fights without all night. The village lies picturesquely nestling at the foot of great limestone cliffs in front of which the Euphrates makes a horseshoe bend, leaving wonderfully beautiful green islands and a fine valley practically uninhabited. Across the river is an immense extinct volcano which seems from its appearance to have just finished its work, but which has been dormant certainly since historic times. It is huge, and from its crater there lie untold masses of lava dust and rock. The valley is wide at this point and looks as if it might have sustained an immense population at some time in its history. We cannot think that this fertile land lay idle in the days when every available spot for cultivation was sought by the expanding nations of long ago.

It seems strange to be traveling this ancient high-

way over which the kings of Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt marched, through all of their history. Cyrus, Alexander, and the Cæsars traveled over this same road. Up this same pathway came Abraham on his road to Haran, and later Amraphel and his confederates on their way to fight Abraham in the vale of Siddim. They drank from this river and camped upon its banks. Not only so, but at a much earlier time the human race was here, for there are, all along, evidences of cliff dwellers; and flints are to be found, indicating a very early civilization along this famous water course.

As, with the dawn, we left Sabbah, traveling out across a stretch of fertile territory, we came to some majestic cliffs, perhaps two hundred feet high, at the foot of which lay the most exquisitely beautiful body of water we had seen. It had been formed by the river changing its course and leaving its old bed, which was very deep at the bottom of these cliffs. The body of water is several miles long and perhaps an average of two hundred yards wide, and it may be that it is fed by springs under the cliffs. It was so clear that we could see the bottom, with a great many fish of various sizes playing in its depths; and after the night of filth and fleas, and so long a time without seeing clear water, the temptation to stop and take a plunge was almost compelling. I was for camping for the day and indulging in swimming and fishing; but we had not the time, and if we had, it would have been dangerous to stop in these regions outside of a protected khan.

Lunch was had this day at Sheik-Asad, where we

photographed some of the Bedouin children, who seemed, aside from their filth, quite attractive.

The camp for the night was at El Hamman, where we found that the longer we traveled the worse were the camping places. We slept among bats, bugs, and fleas, not to mention the dirt that fell all night from the ceiling into our eyes and mouths. The river at Hamman performs a peculiar stunt, for the khan is on the west side of the river, as all our travels were; but we find ourselves to-night looking straight across the river into the setting sun, while a little lower down the river turns back on itself, running for a time upstream.

While we have refused to drink water without boiling since sojourning in the Near East, we have now become so desperate that we are actually buying and drinking milk which the Bedouin bring to us.

It was always easy to get up early when we were sleeping amid millions of fleas; so we were up in the morning by a quarter past three and at five were on our way, taking almost at once to the uplands of the desert plateau, where the path was marked by the limestone outcroppings until we plunged into a great gorge cut through pure white rock and hundreds of feet deep, from which we issued on the river plain at a watering place called Dibsi, mentioned in 1 Kings iv. 24. No one lives here, but it is a regular stopping place for caravans. Our lunch place that day had been Abu Hureihreh. Do not be misled into thinking that these place names mean anything; they are usually composed of a khan, with sometimes a Bedouin camp near, and again of a few miserable huts, but more often of nothing, just nothing.

After a drive of forty-two miles, since morning, we arrived at Meskenet about six o'clock in the evening. As we drove into the place we noticed several unfinished white stone buildings, probably designed for Turkish barracks during or before the war. The *kahn* was large and impossible. Our drivers hurried to unhitch their horses against every protest, for I saw at once that we could not spend the night in any such place, and Dr. Breasted's wagon had not yet arrived. There were holes in the floors big enough to let our wagons through, and they seemed to have been out of use since before the war. When Breasted came up we went back and chose out the best of the half-finished barracks-buildings and moved to it. It must be remembered that every wagon had to be unloaded each night and carried into our sleeping apartment and reloaded the next morning. The buildings were scarcely more inhabitable than the *khan*—no floors, windows, doors, nor anything of the kind, and they had been used for divers purposes. Night was coming on, a fierce sandstorm was blowing, and it was beginning to rain. We managed to get down our beds and found a place where Ali Mustapha could prepare supper. We had bribed some Bedouins to bring water and eggs and milk. The water came, and at last we found some eggs, but the milk did not arrive. Then we set in for a miserable night. Two of us tried the open air, but found it impossible to sleep and wage war with cats, dogs, and fleas, together with rain and wind. The country was forbidding and dangerous, and some native came after a while to raise trouble because we had not spent the night in the *khan*; so we slept that night, as usual,

with our hands on our revolvers, but with the additional precaution of keeping at least one eye open.

In the morning we drove two miles up the river and then turned our faces due west, for we had reached the point where the river comes nearest the sea. The Euphrates, originally, intended pouring its waters into the Mediterranean, but seems suddenly to have changed its mind and turned back toward the east and, watering the valleys of Assyria and Babylonia, found its destination in the Persian Gulf.

We said good-by to the Euphrates, with which we had been associated for months and which had been a good friend to us. We now made for the open desert, but did not go far until wheat fields began to appear—thin, short wheat indeed, but wheat—and after traveling for some time we suddenly came upon a water hole, a strange but important phenomenon of the desert. There is nothing quite so refreshing and interesting as to come suddenly upon good, clear water in the desert. The well was only about three feet deep, surrounded by a lake of water perhaps fifty by one hundred feet in extent, and large flocks of sheep and several camels were watering here, among which was a mother camel with twin colts, all perfectly white and unusually large. Moreover, there were two other caravans here, so it was quite a gathering that morning at the water hole in the desert. The shepherd boys with the sheep were entirely naked. When we had gone some distance from the hole, more and more cultivated fields were noticed, some of them being very large. When we reached the next tribe of Bedouin Arabs, there

were huts of mud in the form of beehives. These Arabs are called the Haddadin tribe.

At noon we had lunch by a shallow well at the village of Der Hafir, where all the houses were beehive huts and the well only two or three feet deep. We succeeded in buying sugar here at about eighty cents per pound, which was cheaper than we had bought it at Der es Zor.

As the caravan moved away from Der Hafir, the road led across a meadow with green grass and shallow wells, with here and there a clump of trees, which reminded me of some spots I have seen in North Texas.

Irrigation is also carried on. The ground later became more rocky as we reached higher levels, but still with wheat fields which seemed to have as much as five hundred acres to the field, and harvesting was on. The method all over this country is generally to pull the grain by the roots and pile it in ricks awaiting the coming of the camels which usually bear it to the threshing-floors.

At night the caravan reached a place called Nahr el Dahab, which, being translated, means "The river of gold." This name is all right except for the minor facts that there is neither river nor gold here and that it possesses the most miserable khan we had yet found.

As we entered the gate, old Arab columns and architecture were noticed, and surrounding the place are many wells and tombs in the rocks, some of the wells being very deep. There is a hill with a cemetery on it and the gravestones are usually broken



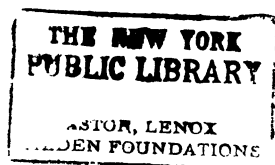
A WATER HOLE IN THE DESERT.

Between the Euphrates and Aleppo. Three caravans have met here in the early morning.



**THE DESERT THE HEBREWS CROSSED BETWEEN
EGYPT AND PALESTINE.**

The little cross is over the grave of a British soldier who fell in the advance on Palestine.



columns of ancient temples. The place is said to have been an early monastery.

Our rooms were the first three on the ground floor. We made the first two into bedrooms, while the other one was used by our Arab boys and for a kitchen. The rest of them in that row were used for horses. The khan was full of horses and the wind was blowing a gale. Besides, there were no door shutters to our rooms and the only fuel we could buy was camel dung. The beds, as soon as we had unpacked them, became alive with fleas. There must have been millions of them. The wind would swish into our rooms a cloud of dust recruited from the offal of the stables around us. It was found impracticable to use for cooking supper the fuel we had bought, for, after smelling the fuel burn awhile, no one wanted any supper; but finally Ali Mustapha succeeded in getting the oil stove to work. It had burned out in the wind the night we were lost and we had supposed that it was forever out of commission. Supper over, the next task was to sleep; and after all we had been through, it might have been supposed that nothing would daunt us; but there was only one redeeming feature: it was our last night out. We drank milk that night out of wooden vessels that had not been washed in years, and retired to the battle of the bunks.

The fleas won, and we were up in the early morning hours and off for the last lap. We traveled till daylight, when we came to a large Tel with a cemetery on one side, and I climbed this. Standing there on the ruins of that buried city, I counted twelve others from where I stood; and it is said that there are fifty buried cities in that plain and never a pick has been

stuck in one of them. What a magnificent civilization must have flourished here in the days of long ago! Some think this was the land known as the Land of the Naharim, and it was undoubtedly the hinge or turning point of the road from Egypt to Mesopotamia and is thought by Dr. A. T. Clay to be the original home of the Semites—that is, the land of the Amurru, whence came Hammurabi. It must have been at one time in a very high state of civilization and cultivation to have supported such a large population. That must have been a very vigorous population to have erected such cities as to leave these magnificent remains, and a high state of fertility is necessary to support so many cities in such a small compass. What this group of mounds holds for us only the spade can tell. How much the excavation of these mounds will add to history is hard to be conjectured; but since we know that all ancient civilizations passed this way and this was their turning point—whether coming from Babylonia to Egypt, or from Egypt to Babylonia and Assyria—it must have been the scene of many battles.

A lake lies some distance to the west of our road, and the road leads into still more fertile and well cultivated fields until about 10 A.M. we come in sight of the city of Aleppo; and after passing through olive and fig groves, grape vineyards, and gardens, we enter the gates of the city and find a hotel, a native one with very indifferent service, but as compared with what we had been accustomed to it seemed like a palace.

CHAPTER XV

ALEPPO AND THE ORONTES VALLEY

THE Barron was a native hotel, and when we entered the proprietor informed us that the law required that we register our names and where we were from. When he saw "Bagdad" written after the names, he said: "No; but you will have to tell where you are from. The law requires it." We insisted that we were from Bagdad and he said: "Nobody comes from Bagdad; all who have tried it are dead."

The city of Aleppo was mentioned in the Egyptian records as early as two thousand years before Christ and its antiquity is unknown. It stands on a plain surrounded by hills, most of which, at least in the immediate vicinity, are covered with green. The situation is rather beautiful, particularly to one just off the desert. In comparison with Bagdad it seems quite modern, with its broad streets and stone buildings and cosmopolitan population. The Aleppo Arab is different from all others, probably because he has been mixed with Europeans since the days of the ascendancy of Venice. Many Italians and French have resided here for several centuries. Shakespeare mentions the place, but has his geography mixed when, in "Macbeth," Act 1, scene 3, he has the master of the good ship Tiger sailing into the harbor of Aleppo, for Aleppo is a long way from the sea. The inhabitants of the city have long been

(165)

a byword with the other Arabs because of their unstable character.

Aleppo has about 250,000 inhabitants and is situated on the very small river which they call the Kuweik, but which Xenophon called the Chalus. The natives call the city Haleb.

In 851 B.C. Shalmaneser II. visited the city and offered sacrifices to the god Hadad. Hadad, translated into English, means Smith, and this ancient reference may be of interest to that numerous family in America.

Aleppo has had a tempestuous history. It has often been destroyed by earthquakes, has been burned again and again, and has been the scene of many hard sieges. It has been taken by Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Romans, Arabs, Crusaders, Mongols, and Mamelukes. It is still a city of great importance and holds commercial supremacy over all the cities of that region.

The most interesting thing about Aleppo is the citadel, which stands on a high hill in the midst of the town—a hill which tradition tells us was artificial and is surrounded by a deep moat that goes down to virgin rock. The ancient city had its foundations on this hill and the Arabic traditions tell of eight thousand columns that support the hill. The whole situation is wonderfully impressive. You approach by an ancient causeway of solid stone to a gigantic door, behind which are niches for the use of guards; your way then turns till you come to a second door of equally massive proportions; farther on is still another one, and up this winding way you go until you find yourself high above the city and in the

midst of ancient ruins, occupied now by the Syrian Army quarters. The hill should be excavated.

We were shown around the citadel by the governor of Aleppo, a man who had just succeeded Nagi Beg, and a splendid fellow who seemed to be quite well satisfied with himself.

Our party dined with the French consul one evening. Our own consul is Mr. Jackson and his vice consul is Mr. Wilson, in whose company we visited the grave of George Smith, the great archæologist, who died here many years ago. We had a call from a lady of the American Relief and also from Dr. Lambert, of Alabama, in the Red Cross service.

On May 15 we were up very early, off for the railway station, and at 5:45 A.M. found ourselves slowly on our way south and on a railway train. Most of the railways in that country are indicated on maps, but do not actually exist. We met a man in Egypt who claimed to have made the journey from Constantinople through to Cairo by train, and yet there was no such line. Frequently one may observe on the maps a railroad from Aleppo to Mosul, but that is only a poor prospect and has never been actually started. We did, in fact, however, find this road running south from Aleppo and were very glad to avail ourselves of it. As the train wound its sinuous way out of the vicinity of Aleppo, we had the opportunity of observing the surrounding country. At first it was very rocky and barren, with low mountain ranges in the distance. The Nussireyeh range is to the west, which makes close connection with the Lebanon lower down. Sometimes we were in fields where there were enormous piles of stone, while

again the fields would be quite fertile; but one striking thing was that all the soil was of a dark iron color, indicating the disintegration of lava. The principal crops were wheat and oats. After a while we came into a beautiful valley through which flows the Orontes, with its wonderful water wheels—picturesque processes by which the river lifts itself by means of a large wheel, generally about twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, along the circumference of which jugs or jars are fastened. This wheel has wings which open as they come over the wheel and close up as they rise out of the water, and thus the power is furnished by the current of the river. As these jars turn over the wheel they empty themselves into a trough built on an inclined plane out to the wheel, which is supported by a stone wall. Some of these wheels have been running practically in the same place for thousands of years, and the process is known to the earliest records of this country and of the upper Euphrates.

The little river waters a narrow valley at this point, but produces luxuriant vegetation, which is very attractive in contrast with the plain. Every bridge on the line of railway has been destroyed and we are using temporary structures. This is also true of all the stations; but they were so well built of the finest stone that they were being repaired and put into use again. Every water tank had also been blown up.

As we come in between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges of mountains, which are no more than hills here, we come to two huge mountains standing apart like two great gateposts. Between them is the ancient city of Hama, or Hamath,

which lies on both sides of the Orontes, with the huge mound of the ancient city almost in its center. The city is of unknown antiquity, having undeciphered Hittite inscriptions which go back of any history we know. It is mentioned often in the Bible; first as the northern border of Israel's promised possessions, later by Rabshakeh, Sennacherib's captain, as having been taken by the Assyrians, again in Isaiah x. 9, and also in several other places. It was an important city in the kingdom of Antiochus Epiphanes. It was captured by the Moslems in 639 A.D., and later captured by the Crusaders and changed hands many times. In the twelfth century it was completely destroyed by an earthquake. It is a matter of course that it should have had a stormy career, for it is directly on the line of communication between the ancient empires. It has now, after all of its vicissitudes, about eighty thousand inhabitants. There is much work there for the archæologist, and when it is well excavated it may throw much light on history.

Twenty-six miles south of Hamath is the unique little city called Tel Biseh, composed of cone-shaped houses without windows and which appear in the distance as pure white and glisten in the sun.

Thirty-six miles from Hamath is the important city of Homs, pronounced as if it were spelled Homps. It has about sixty thousand inhabitants and is mentioned as far back as the days of Pliny. The wife of the Emperor Septimus Severus was born here, and here Aurelian was defeated in 272 A.D. by the Palmyrenes. Before the war there was a railroad running from Homs to Tripoli on the coast, but this has

all been taken up and used for military purposes elsewhere.

Two or three miles to the southwest of the city is a lake known as the Lake of Homs, a body of water six miles long and three miles broad, impounded by an artificial dam built of stone blocks and about a mile and a half in length. When this dam was built nobody knows, but it is mentioned in early inscriptions.

In the afternoon we left the train at Kuseir, or El Kuseir, a small village out on the plain, but surrounded by wonderful mountains. We piled our baggage out on the plain, for the station had not been rebuilt since the withering curse of the Turkish army had passed this way, and the village is some distance from the station. At last we found the station agent, who spoke French and seemed to be a very accommodating fellow, especially after the expedition had made him an expensive present of camera films, which he very much desired. He found an empty box car, into which we piled our stuff and got some natives to roll it down to the station for us. The next thing was to get our field beds in that car, then a room was secured for a kitchen and we were ready for living. We asked for eggs and produce and it came in abundance. The mudir then sent an invitation for Dr. Breasted to have dinner with him, which he did to his great disgust, for the party all went on a drunk and two drunken soldiers insisted on seeing Breasted home.

The situation was one of great beauty. We were very near the Anti-Lebanons, and only a few miles from the main Lebanon range, which was west of

us, was covered with snow, and on whose heights there was a continuous kaleidoscope produced by storm clouds.

The valley is wide at this point and must have been quite fertile before the war laid it waste. There are many Tels, or buried cities.

With the morning we start to the village for our horses which are to serve us for the day. On the way we find ourselves following an ancient aqueduct built of stone masonry and which suggests that it might have been used as much for a secret passage-way for men as for water.

This is the sleepest village we have found and the people are the least courteous. But finally we are on our horses, warned by the mudir to keep together and under the protection of the police he was sending with us.

Our way leads us over several miles of territory which was anciently cultivated and which shows the marks of this cultivation.

Our destination was the mound now known as Tel Neby Mindo, the ancient Laodicea of Greek-Roman times, and still more anciently the city of Kadesh, a citadel of the Hittites and one of the most famous of battle grounds. The mound is very steep and has an outer circumference of five hundred and fifty yards by three hundred yards and probably one hundred and fifty feet high on the perpendicular. On its top is a small village of some twenty or twenty-five miserable native houses, some of which are built almost entirely of filth. There is also a cemetery on the summit. Whoever excavates the hill will have to take into consideration

the occupation of the mound. Moreover, these natives were in a rather ugly mood on account of the French occupation of Beirut and Reyak, and the probability of their moving on up and taking possession of the entire land of Syria. As we made our measurement we were watched with suspicion for some time; but finally coffee and food were served in a small mud house, where we saw some of the Scripture enacted once more. Almost every day in this land you are reading your Bible in the surroundings. Here we sat around on the rug on which the food was served, and among other things brought us was a dish of what they called honey. It was a thin sirup of some sort, into which each of us dipped a piece of bread and ate, each one dipping into the "sop" with the other.

From the top of this mound is a most beautiful view, almost surrounded by the majestic Lebanon Mountains, with farther north the range of Nussireyeh. The great artificial lake lies just to the north and there are several buried cities in view, as indicated by the mounds. The city of Homs is in the distance; and to the south, where the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon Mountains nearly come together, in a narrow pass is a hill which lifts itself as a screen to the valley farther on. On this hill is a curious monument called Kamu'at el Hirmil. It has a base three and a half feet high, on which rests a lower story, or section, twenty-three feet high and thirty feet square, with a kind of cornice running all the way round. The second section rests on this, is smaller, and is nineteen feet high. On top of this is a pyramid fifteen feet high. It is built of limestone

and is solid throughout. It is covered with sculptures of hunting scenes, but nobody knows who built it, why it was built, nor when.

The whole valley is picturesque and attractive. The mound is steep and striking in appearance. It is surrounded by luxuriant gardens and fruit trees, while at its feet sweep the clear waters of the Orontes, which, branching just south of the mound, forms a marshlike plain. The city must have been one of great importance, especially as a fortress, as it commanded the whole Orontes valley and the gateway to Babylonia and Assyria. It was in all probability an almost impregnable stronghold, for about 1475 B.C. the great Thutmose III. besieged the city from early spring till harvest time, before he succeeded in taking it. In 1288 B.C. Rameses II., Israel's oppressor, attempted to take this city; and having marched with a very large army for that time, consisting of at least twenty thousand men, including mercenaries, he arrived at "The Heights," that hill south of the mound, and camped on its south side out of sight of the city watchers. He sent many spies out, all of whom reported that they could find no trace of the enemy until Muttallu, the Hittite king of Kadesh, sent to him two Bedouin, who reported that Muttallu had retreated to Aleppo. Rameses foolishly believed the report and immediately marched forward, going ahead with his own division, Amon, followed closely by the division of Re. They pitched camp early in the afternoon, west of the city, and the crafty Muttallu, with not only his own army, but the combined forces of all the surrounding kingdoms, which he had gathered here for the pur-

pose of defeating the Egyptians, moved round the city walls as Rameses moved up, always keeping the city between them. The Egyptians, unmindful of danger, completely relaxed, until two spies were brought in and, after being flogged, confessed that the Hittite army was on the other side of the city and ready to strike, which they soon did, cutting to pieces the division of Re and scattering the whole army in confusion. Rameses himself performed wonderful exploits that day, driving with his own chariot many of the Hittites into the river and reorganizing his own men. The other divisions were far behind and one of them never did arrive; but what did save Rameses was the arrival of a mysterious division, called "The Recruits," who must have come through an opening of the mountains from the seacoast.

Another thing that saved Pharaoh was the falling of the Hittites upon the rich spoil of Rameses's camp—a thing that has defeated many an army since. This battle story gives us the first recorded treaty of peace and the first complete description of military maneuvers. Rameses does not claim that he captured the city, but, having saved himself, he seems content to go back to Egypt and boast about the exploits of the day. He recorded this battle fully on at least three temples in Egypt.

We traced here the movements of Rameses and his army about the city. As we were leaving a heavy rainstorm swept down off the Lebanons and caught us at a flour mill at the base of the mound—a crude sort of mill, but doing good work and by the power of the swift Orontes River.

When we left Kusier, we bought first-class railroad

tickets and rode in a box car with our baggage, for all the compartments of all classes were taken. We wound our way down the valley, which is up the Orontes, for the river flows north, hugging first now one side and then the other of the wonderful valley, with here and there mulberry groves. We passed by the "Heights," the city of Riblah, containing now about five hundred inhabitants, most of whom are Greeks. Riblah is mentioned in the allotments as the northern frontier of Israel (Num. xxxiv. 11). Pharaoh Necho camped at Riblah and kept Jehoahaz captive there (2 Kings xxiii. 33). Nebuchadnezzar also made a stop at Riblah, where he put out the eyes of Zedekiah (2 Kings xxv. 6 ff.; Jer. xxxix. 5) and executed his sons.

The scenes along this route are wonderful. The mountains were covered with snow and clouds hung over them, occasionally rolling away in places so as to allow the bright sunshine to fall on the snow. There were many villages, most of them lying a little up the mountain slopes. Here and there in the plain we would pass ruins, telling the story of some past civilization or people who lived and labored and died in this rich valley and were likewise forgotten.

Late in the afternoon our train stopped at Baalbek, the city of wonders. We found here a reasonably good hotel, conducted by natives and bearing the pretentious name of "Grand New." It was neither grand nor new, but we were very comfortable. The city lies along the slopes of the Anti-Lebanon side and is filled with wonderful gardens and great old trees, with a beautiful stream that waters and keeps green the gardens.

I climbed to the top of the mountain back of the little city and was repaid for the hard trip. Looking across to the west, one sees the mighty snow-capped Lebanons, with a peaceful valley below. Strangely enough, the Orontes flows softly northward over near the Anti-Lebanon side, while the Litani flows southward along the Lebanon side. For as much as a mile the two rivers apparently flow side by side, one flowing north and the other south. Of course they are some distance apart and one is influenced by the mountain range on the west and the other by the range on the east.

In this valley there is here and there a lone column or a little circle of glorious columns. On top of the mountain are ancient tombs and what was once a mosque, with here and there a deep well and many vineyards, with the mountain side honeycombed with tombs. But the most glorious of all things you see are the mighty ruins of Baalbek. There is nothing like them in Western Asia, and you have them at great advantage here on the heights. Imagination runs rife as you stand here and wonder at the glories of the past, so glorious as to leave behind such magnificent ruins.

The Greeks called the city Heliopolis, but the origin of the city is unknown. The name occurs on old Egyptian inscriptions as Balbiki, which would indicate that it was early an altar of the sun god, for the Greeks identified it as Heliopolis, making Baal and Helios the same. About its pre-Roman days we know practically nothing. It comes into clear history when Augustus Caesar brought colonists from Rome and settled them in this valley as a part of the Roman

military scheme, planting here a military colony that he could form into a buttress against the oncoming foes of the East or as an outpost station for his armies as he went on his Eastern conquests. Coins of Heliopolis show the town to have been a Roman colony as early as the first century A.D., while Antoninus Pius (138-161 A.D.) began a great temple to the three divinities of the city, Jupiter, Mercury, and Venus. This temple was finished by Caracalla (211-217), its worship was suppressed by Constantine (324-337), and it was destroyed by Theodosius the Great (379-395), who built a church opposite the façade of the old temple. Among the broken cornices lying about amid the *débris* I came upon one with a design on it, consisting of a cross with Alpha on one side and Omega on the other and all inclosed in a laurel wreath. This was a part of the Theodosian church and indicated its magnificence.

Arabic tradition attributes the building of the Acropolis to King Solomon, and all the descriptions of Solomonic building operations are fully met amid these glorious ruins. The Acropolis is wonderful, and chief among its wonders is the temple of Bacchus, the portal of which has been called the gem of the structure. It is of immense size and of most elaborate design. The detail of the workmanship, independent of the decorations, is enough to make a modern workman green with envy, while the marvelous touch of the artist in embellishing the whole is beyond description. Of course the design is consistent with the subject. Since it is the temple of Bacchus, the scheme is carried out in grapevines and garlands and nymphs. The inside room is

87 feet long, $73\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, and very high. Spiral staircases lead through the vestibule walls to the top, where one is very giddy from the height. The walls are divided into six fluted semi-columns and the ends with three Corinthian pilasters, all with most elaborate capitals. Below are a maze of subterranean vaults. On the outside the temple is surrounded by unfluted columns of huge size, fifteen on each side and eight at each end, each $52\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height and standing ten feet from the wall of the temple itself. The cornice is most elaborate and carries out a well-conceived design of female figures and leafwork, while the ceiling shows at intervals fine busts of men and women, probably royal personages connected with the court, certainly individual portraits. Everywhere amid this ruined grandeur one meets with surprise and astonishment that such workmanship should ever have been executed out here on the frontier, and still more that it has been so well preserved. The court of the altar is a huge space, 123 by 147 yards, and in the midst of it huge granite shafts that were brought from far up the Nile.

Probably the most imposing sight at Baalbek is the remains of the Temple of Jupiter, which is not so well preserved as that of Bacchus, but its chief feature is a row of six gigantic columns that stand out in almost complete isolation. They are sixty feet high themselves, and, standing on top of a high buttress, can be seen for many miles. They hold erect the most splendid capitals and, defying time and weather, speak out of a glorious past to a far-away future.

All of this and more, for I have described only a small number of the many temples and altars that lie in the inclosure, which is surrounded by an outer wall of extraordinary size. On the west side are three stones which are the largest single blocks, in place, in any building in the world. Each one is ten feet thick and thirteen feet deep, while one of them is sixty-four feet long, another is sixty-three and three-fourths, while the third is sixty-three feet long. These stones are perfectly laid, fitting as well as any stone with dimensions far less. But this was not the final ambition of the builders, for lying in the quarries some distance away is one which was never cut loose from the mountain side, this latter being seventy feet long, fourteen feet high, and thirteen feet broad. How these great stones were transported and raised to their places must for the present remain a mystery.

Everywhere in the ruins are signs of Turkish vandalism. These scourges of the earth always leave a withering blight wherever they go. They have done much damage to columns and statues for the most trivial returns. Columns have been almost destroyed and probably many have actually been overturned, in an effort to secure the small bit of metal which braced them.

As one walks through this grand ruin he passes hundreds of overturned columns, some of which are eight feet in diameter. There are marvelous fountains and sacred baths and a hundred other things, all embellished to the last degree, but all lingering out here in their loneliness, long after their creators are gone, leaving no successors.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LEBANONS AND THE SYRIAN COAST

OUR departure from Baalbek was a stormy one, all the populace being down to see us off and each disappointed that he was letting us get away without having fleeced us out of more money. Our baggage man possessed one poor donkey which had been forced to carry enormous loads up the hill to the hotel and the driver had worked faithfully and well; but when we had paid him all that the hotel man had indicated was the right amount and then twice given him baksheesh, he threw his money on the ground and walked up and down the track, cursing us and our forbears for many generations back, then clung to our carriage until we were well out of the town.

As we left the town a fusillade of shots was fired and we thought for a time that we were being attacked; but nothing seemed to come of it, and we were soon on our way down the valley of the Litani to Rayak, where we changed trains for the cogwheel road, which was to lead us over the Lebanons. As we moved out from Rayak, we were amid the *débris* of war—burned cars and destroyed engines and other indications of battle. Rayak was held jointly by the French and Arabs, this being the dividing line at that time, and by agreement both remained in it. It is the junction for Damascus.

Our train left Rayak at sundown, and we caught our first view of Mount Hermon, covered with snow
(180)

and glistening in the red rays of the setting sun. Then we plunged into the dark mountain passes and began to climb until by 9:30 P. M. we had reached the top and were looking down on the lights of Beirut; but it was well past midnight when we arrived at that city, where we found Prof. Harold Nelson awaiting us with carriages, and sometime in the early morning hours we were at home in the American University dormitory and felt that once again we had reached civilization. The next morning our first concern was to cable home that we had crossed the most dangerous part of our journey and were now safe—a message that we found afterwards was not true. But we were glad to be in a more favorable situation than we had been.

Beirut is a city of great beauty, situated on a high promontory overlooking a fine bay, whose circular coast line is ever at the foot of the Lebanon Mountains. St. George's Bay lies between the height of Ras-Beirut and Mount Dimitri. It has about two hundred thousand population and is a city of gardens and trees. It is also a great place for flowers, while oranges, bananas, figs, and other fruits flourish, stately cypress trees are set in the midst of rose and geranium gardens, and ever the sea is in sight on one side and the snow-capped mountains on the other.

Beirut is mentioned in the Tel-el-Amarna letters as Berytus, and was, of course, much older than this (1375 B.C.). Perhaps its greatest glory was under Fakhreddin (1595-1634), a Druse prince who did much to embellish the city and surrounding country. On the south side of the city there is a very large grove of small pines, planted by Fakhreddin about 1600 A.D.

as a protection from the encroaching sands. These pines, more than three hundred years old, are relatively small, but have ever been a boon to the city.

The American University, formerly the Syrian Protestant College, is an undenominational institution which, in fact, does not insist on any form of religion, but includes among its students quite a number of cults, chief of which is probably the Mohammedan. It had last year about one thousand students from many countries—from far-away Persia, from the Hejaz, Central Africa, Turkey, and far into Russia. A good medical department, with training school for nurses, is doing a wonderful work among the native Syrians. Good doctors, graduates from this school, are to be found in many places, ministering to their people with the skill of the American trained medicine man. Besides the Medical Department, it has Pharmacy, Commerce, Biblical Archæology, Liberal Arts, Preparatory, and Astronomical departments with a fine telescope, seismographic apparatus, etc. The seismological station and telescope are in charge of Professor Brown, son of the late Dr. Francis Brown, of Union Seminary.

We met a number of Americans here and enjoyed our stay at the university very much. The first morning I went to breakfast at the dormitory dining room I was astonished to see an Atlanta man walk in and take his place at the table. I at once sent a waiter to ask if he did not come from Atlanta, Ga., U. S. A., and he came over and renewed acquaintance, for he was Professor Webster, of the Atlanta University, who, having a year of leave, chose to spend

it teaching over there. It seems good to meet a friend so far away from home.

The French are in charge of all this country, having been given the mandate over Syria by the Peace Conference, much to the disgust of the Syrians and the discredit of the British, who had guaranteed them that such a consummation would not happen. The Arabs want only Arab government; but if they have any other, they want the French least of all. This comes about from the fact that the French are not good colonizers, and their treatment of the Moroccan Moslems during and after the war is a stench in the nostrils of every good Moslem. The French occupation reminded me of the occupation of the land of Palestine by Joshua when he apportioned out the land and then said to the people, "Go take it for yourselves; all is yours that you conquer." The Peace Conference said, "Here is the Syrian mandate, if you can take it." And they had made little progress in taking it when we were there. Fighting was going on a short distance above us and a large detachment of the French army had been cut off at Ain Tab. French soldiers in Beirut were committing many depredations, and General Gournot's reply to protests was that it could not be helped, since they were unable to get any but the worst of soldiers out there and were glad enough to get what they had.

One morning we took Ford cars, which cost us a small fortune, and made a trip up the Syrian coast, leaving the city from the east side, crossing the Beirut River, and following the coast line until we came to the city waterworks, where we found a

canny old Scotchman, with a very German name, who had a whole house full of flints which had been picked up in the vicinity. We spent some time at his house examining his curios and his home as well, for he has a wonderful little home among green gardens with the house sitting up over the tides of the Mediterranean and most beautiful for situation.

Our next stop was the Nahr el-Kelb, which, being translated, means "Dog River," a very important historical spot. It is a rugged canyon, with an old Arabic stone bridge across the little stream which is called a river. There are three roads around the face of the cliff, overhanging the sea, one above the other. The first one is the Roman road, with paving that looks like concrete and with an inscription of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus. The next one above is the old Egyptian-Assyrian and Babylonian road, with inscriptions by Esarhaddon, Rameses II., Shalmaneser II., Tiglath Pileser, and others. On the third road, the lowest one, are many inscriptions, by more modern chieftains. One panel in the rock is of Napoleon III., but he cut out one of Rameses II. in order to cut in his own. Just above this is one of the British and French armies, recording their victory here in 1918 A.D. This was the turning point of the armies of all times, and each made the record of his victories and designed these inscriptions to be an announcement of the Empire boundaries of that particular monarch. On the other side of the stream under the dense foliage is an inscription of Nebuchadnezzar II.

The situation is picturesque and romantic, the stopping place of the armies of the world's greatest

empires for more than forty centuries. How it came to be called Dog River, no one seems to know; but there is a tradition that a great stone dog used to stand at the point of the cliff and was thrown down into the sea, and the natives show you the block lying in the water. I am inclined to believe that the Egyptian god Anubis, which was worshiped in the form of a jackal, may have had an image set up here at one time, which gave the name to the locality.

Some fifteen miles up the Syrian coast is the Nahr el-Ibrahim, or the River of Abraham, a great gorge that is plowed through the mountains and at the opening of which are the foundations of an ancient temple of Tammuz or Adonis, worshiped in the ancient time by women. According to the tradition Tammuz died and the women came and wept copious tears over his grave until, under the influence of the tears, he arose again; which seems to be an allegory of the seasons, where the vegetation dies during the winter and through the influence of the winter rains it is born anew in the spring. The form of the ritual of this religion was so obscene that the Emperor Constantine suppressed the worship at this place. The river which runs out of this gorge is sometimes red, owing to some mineral deposit farther up the stream. This gave rise to the tradition connected with the wounding of Adonis by the wild boar, and it is said that he bleeds again at certain seasons and thus reddens the stream. The springs up the river are known as the springs of Adonis. As one approaches the gorge and looks straight from the shores of the sea, it is impossible to see any opening in the mountains; but once you have started in you find

the deep gorge turning sharply to the left, and just as it turns there is a very ancient bridge spanning the stream, which was built by the Romans or earlier, and along the left cliff is an old road probably older than history—certainly the one used by Thutmose III., of Egypt, in the beginning of the fifteenth century B.C., when he marched to the conquest of Kadesh and the Orontes valley. This is the only possible pass from the sea to Kadesh through the Lebanons.

Twenty miles from Beirut and about five miles above the Nahr el-Ibrahim is the city of Jebeil, or Byblos, where our word Bible comes from. We do not know just how the word was connected with this city, but it is supposed that papyrus was first formed into the shape of a book at this place. Philo the Jew, who was born here, said the city is the oldest in the world. It certainly has had a great history. Snefru the Egyptian sailed into this harbor with thirty ships nearly three thousand years before the Christian era.

It was called Gebal during the days of King Solomon, and here he secured the skilled hewers of stone for his temple (1 Kings v. 18; see also Ezek. xxvii.). It figured largely in the conquests of the Crusaders and was held by them for eighty-five years, from 1103 to 1188 A.D., when it was recaptured by the great Saladin. A large mound is partly covered by the present village, which has about one thousand inhabitants, and on top of the mound is a great Crusader castle. The streets are lined with ancient columns, with splendid capitals, often seen lying

in the gutters of the town. One large fragment of a Crusader castle lies out from the shore in the bay.

On this trip and all of the subsequent ones, as long as the expedition remained together, Prof. Harold Nelson, a member of the faculty of the college at Beirut, accompanied us. At Jebeil we looked for a place to have our lunch and finally located a native restaurant, which was presided over by a native woman. She was a holy sight. Like all other Syrian women, she wore her capital in the form of jewelry—several necklaces, bracelets, anklets, and rings and earrings in abundance. She also used paint with a lavish hand and was abominable in her general appearance. We said what we pleased about her in English and talked to her in French and Arabic, and finally one of our party said, "I wonder if she can make us an omelet?" She replied, "Sure!" In astonishment, we said, "Now what part of America are you from?" "Denver, Colorado," she replied. We then asked her if she liked Syria better, and she replied with feeling, "Say, I had rather starve to death in Denver than be a queen over here."

The mound of Byblos should be thoroughly excavated, as I have no doubt it will be some day, and should yield interesting data of the long ago.

On our arrival at Tripoli we found a very warm welcome from the American missionaries, Mr. Fowler, Mrs. Eddy, Miss Doolittle, and others. Mr. Bull and I were sent to be guests of the American Relief Station at the Mena. The Mena means the Port and is about two miles from Tripoli proper. The American Relief Station was in charge of Miss Elizabeth Hutton, an Australian-English nurse who had won

the highest medals in Egypt during the war, and here at Tripoli she was rendering a great service to the people as the representative of the American Relief work. She has a great hospital, so we went in and watched one of the native doctors performing an operation on the eyes. One of the most common forms of trouble in the East is eye trouble. We were royally entertained. While Miss Hutton had never been in America, she knew something of American dishes, tried to make us feel at home, and succeeded well.

Just back of the American Relief station is a house in which eleven children were killed and eaten during the war, and the women who were guilty were tried and exonerated by the Turkish court, on the ground that the famine conditions justified the act. The women, however, died as a result of eating these emaciated children, which they had picked up from the streets.

Mr. Fowler said that while cannibalism was not common there, it was common for women to eat their babies after they died. Such were the war conditions of that land.

Tripoli is a city of about forty thousand inhabitants and is well situated, lying between the mountains and the sea, with a great Crusader castle overlooking the whole city and far out to sea. It is the best preserved castle that we saw anywhere, is immense, and was probably built by Count Ramund of St. Giles in 1104-09. It is said that this Crusader destroyed, on capturing the city, an Arab library of more than a hundred thousand volumes. It is said that as early as 1289 there were in this city alone as

many as four thousand silk-weaving looms, and the industry here is still very great.

Several of our party went to the end of the Lebanon range, about twenty miles north of Tripoli, and viewed the gap through which "The Recruits" must have marched to the relief of Rameses II. when he was attacking Kadesh in the thirteenth century B.C. We stopped at a hill, with a good view of the lower end of the Nussireyeh Mountains on our left and the Lebanons on our right. We were warned not to make this trip, but all is well that ends well, and this one did end well. On our way back we stopped at a Dervish monastery, where there is a very beautiful fountain of water, fed by a secret spring and containing many sacred catfish, which are said to be the departed souls of good Moslems.

On the way back to Beirut we came to the high cliffs, around whose shoulder, far above the sea, winds the road, which seems to hang dangerously over the waters far below. The day was warm, we were exceedingly dusty, and when we came to the water's edge every man leaped from his Ford and plunged into the sea for a swim.

This is a most interesting coast and always has been. It is wonderfully beautiful, with the sea on one side and the Lebanon Mountains on the other, rising to the heights of sublimity. Along this coast marched the armies of the ancient empires of battle and to conquest. From this coast went out the Phœnician ships to barter with the commerce of the world. On this coast were developed the very foundations of civilization, so far as letters and commerce are concerned. The alphabet, the word

"book," many shipping devices, and a thousand other things had their earliest beginnings here or were in operation when history dawned.

On May 24 we left Beirut for the city of Sidon, intending also to go to Tyre, but found on our arrival at Sidon that the war was in progress at Tyre, the whole region infested by bandits who were terrorizing the natives as well as foreigners, and the French commandant refused to permit us to go farther. We left Beirut by way of the great grove of pines set out by Fakhreddin in 1600 A.D. These ancient pines will measure perhaps no more than eight inches in diameter, on the average, and are thirty-five feet high. The road to Sidon is nothing like so picturesque as that to Tripoli, but there are many villages with houses covered with red tile and many of them dating back to the early Christian centuries. The road follows the coast almost due south from Beirut for twenty miles, and then as we round a promontory Sidon comes into view. It is called Saida and is situated on a promontory, as most of the towns of the Syrian coast are, and also on a knoll, on the top of which are the remains of a Crusader castle. Near by are the remains of Fakhreddin's castle, in front of the town lies a small island, and the city is surrounded by the most beautiful gardens and extensive orchards of lemon, fig, orange, plum, apricot, and other fruits. Much trucking is done, and we saw large fields of okra, eggplant, and onions. The silk industry is most extensive, and for the first time in my life I saw silkworms feeding and the process of developing and carrying on the manufacture of silk. Large groves of mulberry trees supply the food for the silk-

worms. Some tobacco is grown at Sidon, but not so much as farther north; and olives are, of course, everywhere along the coast.

Sidon has about twelve thousand inhabitants, though of course you can never be very sure how many a city has in this region, for the fortunes of famine and war ever cause the numbers to fluctuate. In ancient times the city was of greatest importance, often mentioned in the Assyrian inscriptions and celebrated in the Homeric poems as rich in ore and versed in art. The Sidonians are mentioned in 1 Kings v. 6 as skilled timbermen, and Ezekiel xxvii. 8 mentions them as pilots as if they were the finest. Strangely enough, 1 Kings xvi. 31 mentions Eth-baal as the king of Sidon, though he is elsewhere given as the king of Tyre, and we are of course to suppose that Tyre and Sidon were under the same government at that time. Jeremiah xxv. 22 mentions the king of Sidon. Jesus visited this region (Mark vii. 24) and Christianity had been introduced here in Paul's day (Acts xxvii. 3). A bishop of Sidon was at the Council of Nicæa in 325 A.D. The city suffered frightfully during the Crusades, and one of its present mosques, the Jami el Kebir, is said to have been formerly the church of the Knights of St. John. Tyre and Sidon were long famed for their purple dyes, on account of which they were known to the uttermost parts of the then known world; and amid the rubbish heaps are still to be found great piles of purple seashell from which these dyes were made.

While at Sidon we were the guests of Dr. Ford, the veteran missionary, more than seventy years of age and born at Sidon, the son of a missionary. He has a

most wonderful home, filled with antiquities, the most interesting of which are his great collection of sarcophagi of the early Sidonian kings and nobles. They are of marble and some of them of the most exquisite design. Here were found the famous sarcophagi of Alexander. No one knows where Alexander the Great was buried, but he died in Babylon and was probably buried there; but these two marvelous pieces are of purest marble and carved with the finest Greek designs depicting Alexander, with a line of weeping women, in different attitudes. These are now in the museum at Constantinople; and all of the others would have been except for the fact that when the war broke out Dr. Ford secretly buried twenty-five of these marble coffins and thus saved them from the vandalism of the Turks. He has also a wonderful ring of pure gold, set with ruby, picked up in the fields, and very ancient.

The valley between Dr. Ford's house and the city is filled with tombs deep down under the soil and cut into the solid rock. Here were found many splendid sarcophagi. Northeast of the town is a wall, which was probably a part of a temple erected by Eshmunazer in the fourth century before Christ. On the lower side of this temple wall is a retaining wall almost entirely hidden and of very large stones. Here was found the magnificent sarcophagus of King Eshmunazer, inscribed in Phœnician characters and cursing the people who shall disturb his bed of death and announcing that no trinkets are to be found in his tomb. This splendid piece of work is now in the Louvre and its inscription is one of the most important of Semitic inscriptions.

Looking south from Sidon, we could see plainly the promontory and the little town now known as Sarafand, but which is most likely the ancient village of Zarephath, where Elijah was supported by the widow—referred to in 1 Kings xvii. 8, and also under the name of Sarepta in Luke iv. 26.

CHAPTER XVII

DAMASCUS: A PARADISE IN THE DESERT

ON our return to Beirut we made ready for the onward journey, and on May 28 were on our way over the rugged Lebanons, by way of the cog road, toward Damascus. The road up the mountains is extremely zigzagging. Again and again you can look down on the road you have just passed over, although going in the opposite direction when you passed over the one below; and frequently you can see several tracks below you at once. Also there may be storms of rain around and below you and streaks of snow along the roadway. There are great mountain piles with snowcapped peaks, great gorges filled with the mists and forbidding as a robber's den, in the distance glorious snow-crowned Hermon, and far back to the west the sea rising as if to stand on edge, with white sails here and there seeming to navigate the very sky.

What a part these mountains have played in history and literature! They were once covered with majestic cedars famed for their strength and beauty, splendid fir trees, and oaks of giant stature. From these Lebanons every ancient empire brought its best wood. The ships of Phœnicia and Egypt, the coffins of Egypt and Babylonia, the house of God at Jerusalem, and every other great enterprise laid tribute on the Lebanons for their cedar and fir wood; and not only so, but the literature of the ancient world

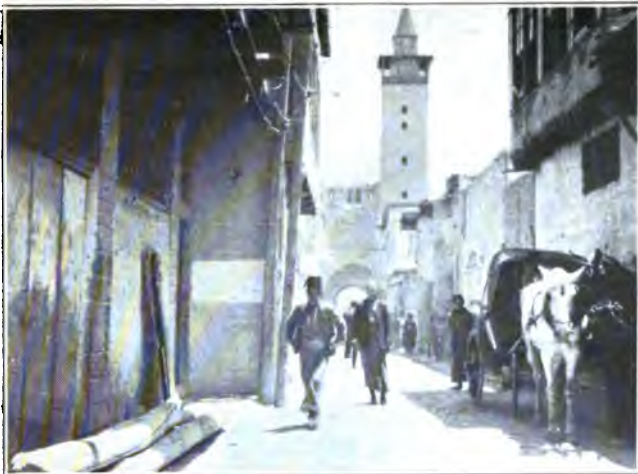
found much of inspiration in the hoary mountains with their splendid forests. Psalm after Psalm praises the glories of the forests of Lebanon, or the Psalmist watches the storm gathering about the head of Hermon and sweeping through the valleys until it spends itself in the wilderness of Kadesh and compares its strength with that of his God. But alas, these forests are no more. These beautiful hills are as barren as the desert, and only a very few trees remain as the descendants of those noble forests.

The province of the Lebanons is still, as ever, the most poverty-stricken of all the provinces of Syria. At least, not since the days of the Phœnicians has the province been able to support itself, and any nation which holds it as a possession must subsidize it. Three very divergent classes live in it: Syrian Arabs, Druses, and French Catholics. None of these are very estimable people. The Catholics have a bad reputation and the Druses practice a secret rite in their religion and have long been trouble makers, though we met some very fine Druses on our journey.

About noon we ran down into the valley of the Litani, with its green fields and trees. Just as we came down the side of the mountains we came in sight of one of the four or five remaining groves of cedars and then found ourselves seemingly at the foot of Mount Hermon, though we were in reality several miles distant from it. This valley is called Cœle-Syria, or the depression of Syria. The road branches at Rayak, where we change cars; and almost as often as you change cars you change gauges. This is true all over the Near East. There are three gauges—standard, meter, and narrow—and

they seem to delight in changing these. We now climb the Anti-Lebanons by another cog road and find ourselves crossing a mountain valley in the center of which is a lake. There is a Canaanitish altar placed at the top of each mountain range surrounding the valley and each altar faces the lake. These altars are of great antiquity and practically nothing is known of them. As we climb these mountains we follow a wady, the waters of which flow back toward the Litani until we reach the top of the watershed and a tiny stream begins to flow in the other direction, increasing in volume until it becomes a rushing mountain torrent. It is the Barada, which Naaman called the Abana, and waters the city of Damascus. We follow the beautiful Barada along its winding course and often through tunnels, with an ever-increasing width of green, until it is comparatively a wide valley with great chestnut trees and stately poplars, apricots, figs, and apple trees; then, just where the mountains join the desert, we reach Damascus and the Barada divides into seven streams and makes the desert blossom as the rose for twenty miles. It is the garden of the gods, in contrast with the desert and the barren mountains. At the time when we were there the apricots were full-ripe and their bright yellow made a pleasing appearance against the background of the blooming pomegranates.

The Moslems have always referred to Damascus as the finest earthly picture of paradise. It is called by the natives Esh Sham, sometimes just Damas, and has always been famed for its wonderful gardens. It has always been the capital of the Syrian govern-



THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT IN DAMASCUS.



WINDOW IN THE WALL OF DAMASCUS THROUGH WHICH PAUL IS SAID TO HAVE ESCAPED.



ment when that government was in existence. Damascus is ninety miles from Beirut and is the largest city of Syria, with a population of something like three hundred thousand. It is watered by the Barada (Cold), which oftentimes runs under the buildings of the city and is its greatest asset. This river was called Chrysorrhoas, or Golden Stream, by the Greeks, and Abana by the ancient Syrians, and we do not wonder that Naaman said it was better than all the waters of Israel, for it is very beautiful. The Pharpar, spoken of by Naaman, corresponds to the Nahr el A'waj, which runs some distance from the city.

No one knows the antiquity of Damascus, but it was invaded by the early Assyrian kings, plays a part in their records, and their fortunes were involved with those of Northern Israel, at least from the rise of the dynasty formed by Rezin (1 Kings xi. 23-25), and played a part in the prophetic history of Elijah and Elisha. Emory University has in its museum a clay tablet from Babylonia, dated "In the year that Damascus and Gomorrah were destroyed," which places it very early. Fourteen thousand Christians were massacred in the city in 1860.

There are two hundred and forty-eight mosques in Damascus, the most famous of which is the great Omaiyyade mosque, standing in a spot once occupied by a Roman temple, which was later a Christian church, under Theodosius, and named the Church of St. John because it is claimed that a casket containing the head of St. John the Baptist is in it. In the eighth century A.D. a mosque of unusual splendor was erected on the site. It is said that twelve hun-

dred artists were brought from Greece to assist in its decoration, while marble, gold, and precious stones were used in profusion. Six hundred golden lamps hung from the ceiling, which was itself inlaid with pure gold, while many of the columns were from older temples and palaces of Syria and the mosaics were the most splendid. This glory continued for only a short time and the great mosque has never been restored to its former splendor, but is still very magnificent. It has three minarets, the one on the southeast being that of Madinet 'Isa, or the minaret of Jesus, and the tradition is that Jesus will descend at the last day and stand on the top of this minaret and judge the world. At the north portal of this mosque is the tomb of the great Saladin, the famous sultan who figured so conspicuously in the Crusades. He was one of the very great figures of the twelfth century, and has won a large place in the heart of the Christian world by his fine treatment of the Crusaders. Though he was by blood a Kurd, the worst of tribes, he was himself so magnanimous and so splendid in all of his history that all people respect and do homage to his memory. His tomb is a very elaborate one, rather too tawdry, and much neglected by those who should really be his greatest admirers.

Some distance from the center and outside the city wall on the south is a burial ground, in which are the tombs of two of Mohammed's wives and of his favorite daughter, Fatima. It is curious here, as elsewhere, to see the tomb of a holy man, with strings tied all over it, pieces of the garments of the sick, which have been brought there in hope of healing

by contact with the tomb of a dead saint. Truly the Moslem worship is a cult of the dead.

A considerable portion of the old wall still stands with several gates, the best of which is on the east, which is at the end of the street called Straight. On this street is pointed out the house in which Paul sojourned after his conversion, also the house of Naaman the leper is shown near this; and as you go out through the gate and turn to the south you pass a rough window in the wall, through which Paul is said to have been let down on the night in which he made his escape from the city. Near this is a cemetery in which is the tomb of one St. George, who is said to have been a porter who helped Paul to escape. There are many other traditional spots, none of which has any likelihood of being authentic. I spent a day out among these spots and walked up and down the Straight Street, which is probably authentic, and thought of the time in which the great Apostle to the Gentiles came into the city, blind but groping his way toward the light, and of many other connections with Bible times.

The bazaars are quite interesting and have been famous since the days of Ahab, and longer. One curious thing about the bazaars of all this Eastern country is that when you have made a purchase at the seller's own price, he still asks you for baksheesh. In the Sukhs—that is, the covered streets of bazaars—one sees every nationality of the East and many Bedouin of the desert, who have "come to town," have on their very loudest abbas and galabaes, and stalk up and down, straight as an American Indian and proud as Lucifer, while heavily laden donkeys pass

along to the ever-recurring cry, "Y'Allah," which, being literally translated, means, O Allah, or O God, but is the regular cry by which a cab driver hurries people out of his way, an overseer urges his men on to greater tasks, or a donkey driver endeavors to persuade his beast to show some signs of life.

One night we decided to try to imagine ourselves in America by going to a movie. About 8:30 o'clock we arrived at the well-advertised place, secured tickets, and soon found ourselves in a dirty hole amidst all sorts of people sitting complacently around and a vender of ice cream walking the aisles and crying a very familiar cry, for Americans. He would say over and over again, "Booze! booze!" which was his word for ice cream. After waiting a long, long time, Dr. Breasted went to the box office to see what was the matter with the show, and was informed that it did not open until ten o'clock; but to pacify us the manager told us we could go up and have a box seat, which, essaying to do, Dr. Breasted caught his trousers on a seat and nearly tore them off of him. Now to have your trousers torn that far from home is not a comfortable prospect; besides, when we arrived at the box seats, we found them just a little more uncomfortable than those we had left. So the evening was not all that it promised to be, and when the show started we gave up trying to think ourselves in America.

The Syrian government was just in the making when we were there, and the king, Emir Feisal, showed us much kindness. He is a remarkably fine man and holds the confidence of his people. He is the son of the king of the Hedjaz and has a very kindly

countenance and courtly bearing. One day we visited the Parliament, listened to their discussions, were very graciously received, and in the afternoon of the same day a committee, consisting of the President of the Parliament, the secretary, and one of the members, returned, with great formality, our visit, coming to our hotel and engaging in conversation with us. The matter up for discussion that morning had been whether or not the several states should come into the kingdom as separate provinces, much after the fashion of the United States, or as a more closely related government, after the European fashion, and they asked us what we thought. We were very cautious about engaging in politics, but of course intimated that America was satisfied with its form of government. The committee happened to be all of the same opinion, and the President, who was a high Moslem, wearing a white turban, with all that signifies, gave us a very curious illustration of his view of the subject. He said that a Moslem has a perfect legal right to divorce his wife or wives; but if he doesn't, he feels virtue within himself as an extra good man. So, said he, if the provinces come in of their own accord, they will feel better for having done so than if they were compelled to do something they did not want to do.

- That is to say, for each separate state to have a certain degree of self-determination would make them stronger and more willing than for them to be ordered from a central capital. The secretary was a Druse. Personally I cannot understand why the French, who have the mandate over these people, should since have put down this government and removed Emir

Feisal from being king, unless it was because Feisal was quite pro-British. Another curious law they were enacting was rather startling at first, but soon became clearer. They were voting to give women the franchise. Now women in the East are the most downtrodden animals in existence. There is no respect for them, and to find the Syrian government about to give them the franchise was unbelievable; but we asked this committee what were the restrictions, and they said the franchise would be limited to those women who were graduates of Syrian schools, which practically eliminated the sex. I suppose they were looking to the future, when the government would establish schools and develop women to where they could vote.

The American Consul, Mr. Young, was very kind to us, even to the matter of getting Dr. Breasted's trousers mended.

CHAPTER XVIII

BASHAN AND GALILEE

ON Eastern trains there are three classes: first, second, and third. First is passable, second is possible, and third is unthinkable. So we secured, as usual, first-class compartments a day ahead. We had done this from Baalbek, but rode in a freight car on our first-class tickets. Only three trains per week went out of Damascus, and they were uncertain. Soon after our journey out, the Bedouins attacked this train and killed a hundred people, including some Italian officers. When, on June 1, we went down at 6 A.M. to get into our compartments, we found them occupied by some very handsomely dressed Bedouins, though we had securely locked them the evening before. We found the railroad inspector, who was going down with us that day, and he said he would put them out. He endeavored to do so, but a bearded Bedouin took a bright dagger out of his bosom, saying that he would put it in the bosom of the first man who came up there, and so we took a third-class compartment that day. These Bedouins had been summoned to Damascus by the king, had his passes, and nothing could be done with them. When we found our car, we were quite surprised to find a small compartment, for third-class cars have nothing but just a big room and you find your seat on the floor. Some women were sitting on their baggage in the aisle, one of them was crying,

and as we moved along her tears increased. When the train would stop she would invariably get out and in front of somebody and howl at the top of her voice. We at first wondered if she had lost a relative or was being deported or some other disaster had overtaken her, but finally learned that we were riding in the harem compartment and she had been put out for our convenience.

On leaving Damascus we had observed many recruits for the army marching to the station and they were placed on this same train. They were conscripts, and along by their sides marched their women, wives and mothers, who stayed with them till the train pulled out; and of all the wailing one ever heard this was the worst. They would lie down on the ground, sit down and sway to and fro, throw hands full of dirt on their heads and rub it in, all the while crying at the top of their voices; and when the train moved they ran just as long as they could, trying to keep up with it and making the morning hideous with their howlings.

The train from Damascus runs over the Hauran Railway. It leaves from the station of Meidan and for a time proceeds through the Ghuta, or gardens that surround the city; the old Pharpar is then crossed, and once more you are in sight of Mount Hermon and the higher ranges of the Lebanons. About twelve miles out the road leads to the higher plateaus formed in most ancient times by a gigantic lava flow. Damascus lies immediately on the edge of the Syrian desert, which stretches out eastward, while northward and westward are the high mountains; but most desolate of all its surroundings are

the high lava plains of the south, and over them our road begins to bend to the west. I think it was over this way that Paul must have come on his way to Damascus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter and seeking the blood of the saints, but finding instead the blood of Jesus and its cleansing power which made him a savior rather than a destroyer. The place of Paul's conversion is pointed out, but of course nobody knows where it was. Also a station is passed just after reaching the higher plain, called to-day "Mezar Elyesha," the shrine of Elisha. Perhaps the most traditional spot along the way or about Damascus is the mountain called Jebel Kasyun, for the Moslems tell us that on this mountain Abraham learned the doctrine of the unity of God, Adam lived here, on its slopes Cain killed Abel (which gave the red color to the hill), and somewhere along its sides Elijah anointed Elisha and Hazael, the one to be prophet and the other to be king of Syria.

Some twenty-five or thirty miles below Damascus we came suddenly upon the most remarkable lava flow to be found anywhere. It must be twenty miles long and at least half as wide, where the lava flowed down from the mountains, suddenly cooled, and remains with much the appearance of a river of brown rock. It has sometimes been described as the sudden solidification of a troubled sea. The natives call it El Lejah, or the hiding place. We are now in the Hauran, the western border of which was called Bashan in Bible times. Soon amid the broken lava wheat fields appear, and before we reach Der'a we are running through immense fields of grain, four or five hundred acres in a body, where hundreds of

natives are harvesting the wonderful crop. This is called the granary of Syria; and while it is not so prolific as the American fields, and is only in a small compass, yet the cost of producing it is so little that the net profit must be great. The fields stand ripe and ready for harvest for months without damage, and the harvesters work in single groups, hundreds working together and harvesting one field after another until the whole country is finished. They often pull the grain instead of cutting, and what cutting is done is with the same kind of sickle that was used by their most ancient ancestors. The grain is carried to the threshing floors on donkeys and camels, except where the crop is small, in which case it is carried by women and children. The threshing floor has never changed—some flat rock surface, on which the grain is piled and oxen or ponies driven over it. Usually a boy on a pony begins the process of threshing because he can the more easily keep on top of the pile until it begins to spread out and filter down; then a drag or wooden sled is drawn over it by oxen, and finally workmen with wooden forks throw the chaff high in the air, where the wind drives it away and leaves the grain cleaner and cleaner. I have seen large piles of this wheat without the suggestion of chaff or dirt in it. It is then put in bags, loaded on camels, and thus transported to the market place. The last station before reaching Der'a is Khirbet el Ghazaleh, a great shipping point for wheat.

We were due at Der'a at noon, but did not reach it until 2:30 P.M., when we had our first bit of lunch since the early morning hours. This city represents

the ancient Edrei of Numbers xxi. 33 and other Bible references. There are something like four thousand inhabitants in this central city of the Hauran and the town has been well known since the days of Moses. The Romans embellished it, as did the Caliphs later, and many strange remains are to be observed in the vicinity to-day, not the least of which are the labyrinthine subterranean dwellings about which we know nothing.

We changed trains at Der'a and proceeded back toward the northwest, for a time almost doubling back on our own tracks. Herds of cattle, fine cattle, were to be seen along the road. We had seen sheep and goats everywhere, but these were the first herds of cattle that we had seen on the entire journey. Neither in Egypt, Mesopotamia, nor in northern Syria are to be found more than milch cattle, and here for the first time we are seeing the herds of fine cattle for which the region has been famous since the days of the Psalmist.

Soon after leaving Der'a we plunged into the deep gorge of the beautiful Yarmuk, suddenly coming down from the plateau into this narrow stream. We passed first the village of Zeizun, where the road almost entirely encircles the town and on the upper side of which a stream of water pours over the embankment, making a very high and beautiful waterfall. The train then crosses and recrosses the gorge, ever coming down to a lower level and descending with the stream itself, fringed with the most beautiful oleanders, which were in bloom and seemed to have been trimmed by some expert gardener, and, contrasted with the lava plateau, formed a most

pleasing picture. An occasional fox could be seen standing fearlessly watching the train. At El Hammi are the hot baths of Gadara, mentioned by Eusebius as having good medicinal properties. Above this village on the highlands can be seen the village of Mukeis, whose inscribed caves identify it with Gadara, mentioned in the New Testament in connection with the healing of the demoniac.

Leaving the springs of El Hammi, and just as we were coming out of the valley of the Yarmuk, there was, on our left, a telegraph pole with the gruesome body of a Bedouin that had been hanging there for two weeks. His crime was that of killing Jews, and the British authorities hung him up there to warn other Bedouins that the season for killing Jews was closed.

Almost as soon as we emerged from the valley of the Yarmuk we found ourselves in a widening valley, and, looking toward the right wing of the fan-shaped opening, we were startled to see the most beautiful vision that had yet met our eyes, for there, nestling among the hills, like one of God's diamond dewdrops, was the wonderful Lake of Galilee. No writer has ever adequately described it, and I do not wonder that Jesus loved to linger upon its shores. It is a tiny lake, the greatest length of which is thirteen miles and its extreme width seven and one-half miles, and except for the southern side it has very little shore, for the mountains come down almost to the very water's edge. Its surface is six hundred and eighty feet below sea level and its greatest depth is about one hundred and fifty feet at high water and twenty feet less at low water. It is said to abound

in fish, and a few fishing boats are still to be seen on its blue waters. The vegetation along its banks is luxuriant and tropical.

The ruins of Bethsaida and Capernaum are on the north side, but there is some dispute as to the actual location of these cities, which figured so prominently in the life of Jesus and his apostles. To one who comes to Palestine for the first time it seems that he is entering the very sacred precincts of the Bible itself. The village of Samakh lies on the southern shore, is now a British military camp, and the danger of traveling about the lake is very great.

On leaving Samakh we follow down the valley for some time and finally, just where the Yarmuk makes junction with it, we cross the Jordan. Here again we experience the thrill of childish dreams coming true, and we are actually on the ground and dealing with those places and names that have seemed to live only in the Book. We now have a wondrous view; over the Galilean hills the sun goes down in a blaze of golden glory, and as we turn and look back almost at the same moment the full moon is rising over the hills of Gilead and a flood of silvery light illuminates the valley of the Jordan. Running down the valley for a distance of seventeen miles, we turn up the western incline and find ourselves at the village of Beisan, the ancient Beth-shan, one of the most important cities of this region in the long ago. It stands just at the end of a narrow valley about eight miles in length and guards the important valley of Megiddo. It stands on a plateau three hundred feet above the Jordan valley and fills the gap between the hills of Galilee and the range of Gilboa. It was

an important fortress in the times of the early empires, and Joshua failed to take it because of the large number of iron chariots that were in use in his day. It was here that Saul's body was brought and hanged up after his death on Mount Gilboa, some five or six miles away. The huge mound representing the ancient city is soon to be excavated by the University of Pennsylvania, and many interesting facts should be brought to light when the mound is opened up.

Passing Beth-shan, we soon run alongside of Gilboa, and in the light of the full moon we call to mind the scenes when Saul and Jonathan were making their last stand somewhere on the slopes of this range and seem once again to hear David, the sweet singer of Israel: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain upon you, neither fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, not anointed with oil. . . . How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle!"

Just at the western end of the Gilboa range and north of the most western peak, on a small hill, is Jezreel, a city builded by the kings of Northern Israel, the place of Naboth's vineyard, and the scene of the battle which resulted in the death of Joram, king of Israel, and Ahaziah, king of Judah. From this city and up this valley traveled the first great prophets of Israel, Elijah and Elisha, and through this narrow lane passed the armies of the ancient world going on to conquest.

CHAPTER XIX

ESDRAELON, SHARON, AND SOREK

THE valley of Megiddo, which we now enter, has been the world's great battle ground for all the centuries of human history. Here the early Assyrians and Egyptians fought, and the Hittites struggled against both of them; here also fought Thutmose III. in the fifteenth century before the Christian era, Rameses II. the oppressor of Israel, Joshua, Gideon, Deborah and Barak, Saul and the later kings of Israel, the Crusaders, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Lord Allenby. So many battles have been fought in this valley that it is the symbol of the last great battle of the world. It has been called the valley of Jezreel and of Esdraelon, but the ancients called it Megiddo. On the southwest side of the valley there was a great city the ancient word for which was Ur. The city of the valley of Megiddo would then be Ur-Megiddo, and with the Greek ending would be Ur-Megiddon, or Armageddon, a term used to describe the battle of the end of the world.

In shape the plain is a triangle, the longest side being from northwest to southeast, a distance of twenty miles, the other two sides being fifteen miles each. Within this triangle there are many evidences of a time when the hills of Galilee and those of Samaria met. Several ridges rise to unimportant heights on the face of the plain, while in the extreme northeast corner of the plain Mount Tabor rises,

like an inverted bowl, to a height of 1,843 feet above the level of the Mediterranean and more than 2,700 feet higher than the Sea of Galilee; and from the plain it looks much higher, for it stands out absolutely alone, like a vast dome with wooded sides and fertile pastures up its slopes. Tradition places the scene of the Transfiguration on the top of Tabor, though this is doubtful, as the mountain was covered with houses at the time of Christ. The tradition, however, has been so persistent that three churches were early built on it to represent the three tabernacles asked for by the disciples. It would have been an ideal spot for a great spectacular display of the divine glory—a thing we do not associate with the ideas of Christ's manifestation of himself while on earth. Just to the south of Tabor is the Hill of Moreh, possibly Little Hermon, around whose slopes were the towns of Shunem, Nain, and Endor, all well known to Bible students. Ever the principal city of interest is the city of Megiddo, which is now called the Mound of Lejjun. It is a great mound to the southwest of the valley proper, but still in the valley on one of the hills and near the foot of the western end of Carmel. Near the remains of Megiddo runs the river Kishon, famed in poem and story. Along its streams, which spread out over the valley into marshes, fought Deborah and Barak, and when the stars in their courses fought against Sisera in that battle it is probable that a rain raised the Kishon until it filled the valley, the chariots of Sisera were mired in the marshes, and the victory was more complete on that account. That is what happened to our chariots, which were surnamed John Henry; and we

found ourselves afoot, in that wonderful valley, because of its marshes, produced by the spreading of the Kishon. The great mound of Megiddo has been partially excavated; much of Babylonian influence was found and the earliest known Hebrew seal, belonging to Jeroboam II. The University of Chicago expects to begin a thorough excavation of the mound at an early date. The equally early city of Taanach, mentioned again and again in the Bible, lies a very short distance southeast of Megiddo, and the two are frequently mentioned together. The Kishon runs through the narrow neck between Mount Carmel and the Galilean hills, into the plain of Acre, and empties into the sea.

Several towns mentioned by Joshua in his conquest were located in this valley, and some mentioned much earlier. The farthest one south is Dothan, which is called by the natives "Joseph's Pit," and is mentioned in connection with the selling of Joseph by his brethren (Gen. xxxvii. 17); and indeed this would be in the pathway from the land of the Ishmaelites, beyond Gilead, to Egypt. Dothan is in the plain of Dothan, which is rather an offshoot from the plain of Megiddo proper, and the bands of trading Ishmaelites would come in from Gilead by Beth-shan and Jezreel, turn in by Taanach, and proceed down the valley of Dothan in the direction of Egypt. Dothan seems to have been the seat of a school of the prophets in the days of Elisha.

Mount Carmel is itself a very interesting place, was perhaps ever the site of an altar to some god and very early had one to Jehovah, and this was certainly true in the days of Elijah. It is not a single moun-

tain, but a range twelve miles long and rising to a height of 1,810 feet above the level of the sea at its highest point. It was called by the Egyptians in ancient times "The Gazelle's Nose," on account of the end of the range projecting out into the sea like the nose of some animal. The range runs from northwest to southwest. The name means "garden," and in ancient times it was well cultivated and had many fine trees. There are many evidences of rich harvests and wine presses going back to an early day. It became the very symbol of fertility and excellency. Its position on the sea and as a place where the whole land could be observed, covered with fruits and flowers, made it a favorite place for altars. Baal claimed it and Jehovah worship soon established itself there. When Elijah made his trial of the validity of Jehovah as a God of rainfall and harvests, he did not build the altar, but repaired it, showing that it had only fallen into disuse. Elijah used to go there, passing regularly by Shunem; and when the son of the Shunammite died and she went for Elijah she found him on Carmel. When our "chariots" were disabled in the waters or marshes of the Kishon, we succeeded in extricating one of them and sent it with as many of the party as could get into it on to Haifa while the others of us walked from the plain up to Nazareth, climbing the hill, avoiding the new British military road, and following the old, old road, worn down into the solid rock from twelve to eighteen inches by the feet of the multitudes which have climbed that same way for millenniums, and which must often have been trodden by the feet of the youthful Jesus. As we reached the crest of the hill, or ridge

which is the beginning of the Galilean hills, we stood and looked back over that wonderful valley (with its fields of ripe wheat, and some that were still green), seamed by the sprawling Kishon, with here and there the dust of a threshing floor. Tabor lay just at our left and Little Hermon a little way off, just beyond the range of Gilboa, while to our right, as we looked back southward, was the range of Carmel, looming up like some long reptilian giant sleeping by the sea. In front of us in the distance could be seen the towering heights of Ebal and Gerizim, with the mountains of Bashan far to the east and the Jordan valley running like some wriggling worm between. Behind us stood Hermon, ever looming in view, and the Lebanon Mountains flocking about its feet. We were standing on the outskirts of Nazareth, the native home of Him whose feet trod the waves of Galilee and walked over these rugged hills until he walked into the hearts of men and set up his kingdom there. He was the Prince of Peace; but as we climbed that hillside I stooped and picked up broken pieces of cannon and fragments of exploded shells, while here and there lay broken gun carriages and everywhere were signs of war, and to the left of us and the right of us there was the spit, spit, of the British machine guns at practice in the camps of war, for Nazareth is now a veritable military camp.

Just over the hills to the north a short distance away is the village of Cana, where Jesus performed his first miracle at the marriage. Nazareth itself lies in a saucer-like depression at the top of the hills and has about fifteen thousand inhabitants. Its houses are nearly all white, with red tiled roofs, and are

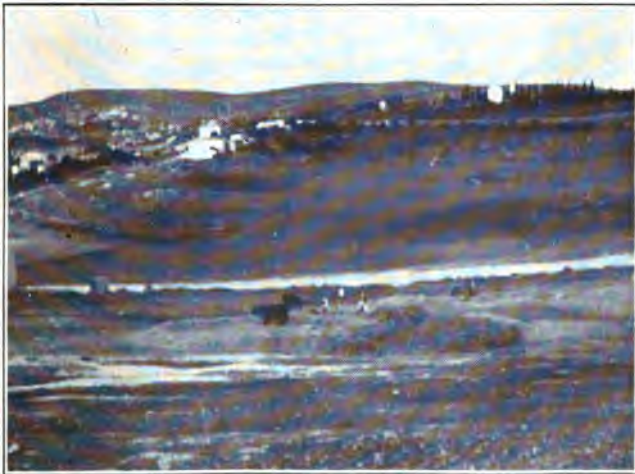
surrounded by green cactus hedges and fig trees, olives and vines.

About one-third of the population are Greeks. You are shown the Church of the Annunciation, the limestone table on which Christ is said to have dined with his disciples after the resurrection, and the Well of Mary, which is a spring furnishing water for many. As this is the only spring of the town, it is almost certain that Jesus and his mother did drink from it. The carpenter shop of Joseph is also shown.

We stopped at a hotel conducted by Germans and showing signs of having been without guests for some time. A large spring wagon was secured and we started back for Haifa. As we passed out of the town we came upon more threshing floors with men, women, and oxen threshing and winnowing the grain in much the same manner as in the days of His flesh. A still more splendid view was obtained as we passed along over the ridge toward the west. We were looking down on a plain of at least twenty battle fields and one could imagine a great pageant, as G. A. Smith would put it (See "Historical Geography of the Holy Land," pages 406-410). We were impressed with this great arena, traversed through the centuries by commerce, war, and judgment. From Jezreel you see the slaughterplace of the priests of Baal; you see Jehu ride from Beth-shan to the vineyard of Naboth at your feet; the enormous camp of Holofernes spreading from the hills above Jenin; marching and countermarching Syrians, Egyptians, and Jews in the days of the Hasmoneans; the elephants and engines of Antiochus, the litters of Cleopatra, the camps of the Romans and the wonder-

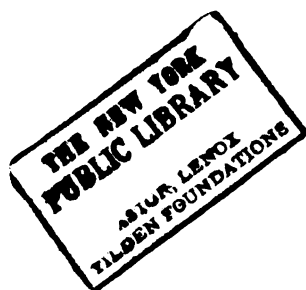


THE RUINS OF SHECHEM, JACOB'S WELL, AND THE
VALLEY OF SYCHAR.



NAZARETH.

A threshing floor where the oxen tread out the wheat just
as in the days of Jesus and for a thousand years earlier.



ful men of Old Rome at their heads—Pompey, Mark Antony, Vespasian, and Titus. Here crossed the early Christians; later came the Moslems from the desert, then the mighty Crusaders, till the magnificent Saladin drove them out and the Mohammedan held sway until Napoleon the Great dreamed of an empire on the Euphrates and swept across here with his conquering forces, only to be beaten and recross this plain in his first retreat. Each of these great empires has not only fought here, but has also come to judgment. Since the days when the very stars seemed to fight in their courses against Sisera, it has seemed a place in which sudden and mysterious judgment has fallen upon the mighty, and the weak have been exalted to victory in the very hour of weakness. Here Saul sought the witch of Endor and lost his life in battle. Gideon won with stratagem, while still earlier Joshua fought with a consciousness that One was with him who was "the Captain of the hosts of the Lord." Ahab and Jezebel reaped as they had sown and shed their blood on the sod of this valley, and so many wars have been fought in it that it has been the Armageddon of the nations.¹

But not only did the troubled warriors of earth march and fight and die here, nor the prophet of God attempt to stay the mad passion for earthly glory, but also Jesus walked over this same plain, crossing and recrossing it, until at last it may be that in full view of this whole plain he ascended to heaven and the angels said, "As ye see him go away, so shall ye see him come again."

It was very impressive, driving over this historic

¹Partly quoted from Smith.

roadway through the moonlight, until toward midnight we reached the Nassar Hotel at Haifa. It was also in blissful ignorance of any danger that we peacefully drove that twenty-four miles that night; for very soon afterwards this robber-infested road was the scene of many murders and robberies, and some months later one of the villages was wiped out by the fanatical Moslems, who killed in this one village three hundred people.

Haifa is a city of twenty thousand people, beautifully situated at the foot of Mount Carmel and on the Bay of Acre. It is now the British seaport for Palestine and is much superior to Jaffa, which is almost inaccessible for the greater part of the year. The Bay of Acre is a splendid one, about ten miles in a straight line between Haifa and Acre.

We left Haifa about 6 A.M. one day, soon rounded the "Gazelle's Nose," and pursued our way southward along a rather fertile plain until the road veered away from the seashore and skirted the Plain of Sharon, which reminds one of the high prairies of North America, not so much in appearance as in cultivation and produce. The plain runs along the coast for more than forty miles and is an average of ten miles wide. It was once covered thickly with oak forests, but is almost denuded at present, showing only a few trees. There are occasional hills and in the north there are marshes. Here and there are to be seen small farms of melons and vegetables, and sometimes a small orange grove and a few palms. The Plain of Sharon, more than Palestine itself, was the bridge of the ancient empires, for it was over this maritime plain that these armies marched and re-

marched, while the Hebrews from their hills could watch the kaleidoscopic action of the shuffling civilizations of the world. Not only so, but the Plain was one of great beauty and in the long ago was famous for its fertility. Isaiah xxxv. 2 speaks of "the glory of Carmel and Sharon," while Isaiah xv. 10 prophesies of a time when "Sharon shall be a fold of flocks, and the valley of Achor a place for herds to lie down in." The beauty and glory of the Plain have been extolled by poets of all time.

There were many cities along this seacoast in ancient times, famous in the history of wars and of the Bible. Cæsarea, founded by Herod the Great in 13 B.C. and named in honor of Augustus, was the scene of the Gentile Pentecost, when, at the instance of the Holy Spirit, Peter went from Joppa to the house of Cornelius, in Cæsarea, and the Holy Spirit fell on the Gentiles also. Paul was a prisoner here for two years and the place was visited by Philip. It early became the greatest of Roman outposts and literally the capital of Palestine in Roman days. It lies a few miles south of Mount Carmel and at the upper end of the Plain of Sharon.

Early in the day our train came to Lud (Lod or Lydda), where we had breakfast and changed trains, for the "through train" to Egypt goes straight on, while the miserable little road from Joppa to Jerusalem crosses it at this point. Lud was the scene of the Council of Lydda or Diospolis, as the Græco-Romans called it, where Pelagius defended himself on a charge of heresy in 415 A.D. Its founding is mentioned in 1 Chronicles viii. 12, and by both Ezra and Nehemiah, always in connection with Hadid and

Ono. The place has been rebuilt again and again after successive destructions by the fortunes of war, but contains at the present about seven thousand inhabitants and is surrounded by green gardens and fine orchards. It is probably best known to the world as the traditional site of the fight of St. George and the dragon and the burial place of St. George, though that very worthy saint has more reputed burial places than any other saint that ever lived on earth. But the symbolism of the tradition could find no better setting than here, for Lydda was the turning point of all the religions of that world and here the Philistines fought the Jews and the Christians fought with the Moslems. The Moslem tradition says that Christ will slay anti-Christ at the gates of Lydda.

Whatever the traditions were, we found a very good breakfast and a very poor train out. About two miles out of Lydda is Ramleh, which is the Arabic word for Sandy, and it is well named. The town is almost the exact size of Lydda, was founded by Suleiman, one of the Omayyade Caliphs, in 716 A.D., and figured in an important way in the Crusades. It has been said to be the Arimathæa of the New Testament, but this is held to be impossible. There is a splendid mosque in the town which was probably once a Crusader church. A Franciscan convent covers the traditional site of the home of Joseph of Arimathæa.

Four miles from Ramleh we pass the ruins of one of the five great cities of the Philistines, Ekron, now called Akir (Joshua xiii. 3). Very little trace of the city remains, although there is a Jewish colony of about three hundred. On the east side of the road and

about a mile away on a rather high hill are the ruins of Gezer, the city which Pharaoh captured and presented to Solomon on the occasion of his marriage to the Egyptian princess. It is mentioned in the Tel el Amarna letters, was probably a city of the ancient Canaanitish period, and was never captured by the Hebrews, according to Joshua xvi. 10. Gezer commanded the natural approach from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and was therefore a very important city to Solomon. The mound was excavated by R. A. S. Macalister from 1902-1909 and five cities were observed. The first represented the period between 3000 and 2000 B.C. and contained many flint instruments. The second lowest strata represented a Canaanitish city with direct Egyptian influence, with scarabs and other indications of Egyptian culture, then the period of the Jewish culture. Many clay vessels and other things were found.

As we proceed on our journey the Valley of Sorek is entered, where lived Delilah, with whom Samson fell in love to his final destruction. A little distance on are the remains of a place which has been identified with Zorah, the birthplace of Samson. Also in this valley are the remains of Beth-shemesh, where the ark of God was brought when it first came out of the Philistine country. The mound of Beth-shemesh has been partially excavated. It shows signs of great antiquity and yielded many things of Israelitish and pre-Israelitish times, including pottery imported from Crete and Cyprus. A cave which gapes out at you from high up the mountain side, a little farther on, is called the cave of Samson, and it is thought that all of Samson's exploits were carried

out in this valley. The valley is very rugged and our train is climbing, climbing, ever climbing, from one height to another, until at times the poor little engine is unable to make it and has to stop. At one time the train stopped, began rolling backward, and we thought the brakes would never take hold, but finally we were puffing on. The coaches were awful inside. They had been used as Red Cross cars during the war and we sat on what were once beds for the wounded. The cushions had mostly disappeared and there was nothing but iron bars to sit on, so we preferred to stand and look out of the windows. As we struggled up the incline we passed the city of Bittir, or the ancient Beth-zur of Joshua xv. 58. Up the steep mountain sides there are patches of wheat, oftentimes no more than five yards square and looking as if the yield would not exceed two bushels to the acre; but, cultivated without expense, it yet yielded something to eat. We then crossed the valley of Rephaim, where David defeated the Philistines and where the giants are said to have lived in the long ago. We met in Jerusalem a Mr. Clark, who is a great collector of flints and who had some from the valley of Rephaim which were entirely too large for any living hand; so he argued that we have proof of the truth that here was the real valley of the giants, which figures so conspicuously in all literature, and in fact there was a well-worn thumb-mark on this flint which my own hand would not reach by an inch.

George Adam Smith has a most wonderful description of this approach to the Holy City. Leaving Jaffa and crossing the Maritime plain, one enters the Vale of Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the sun to

stand still in that early battle. The valley leads us into the mountains of the central range and into the Wady Ali, which is a steep and narrow defile. Crossing this and turning south by southwest, the Wady el Ghurab is entered, which we follow until the valley of Sorek is crossed, when the Wady el Najil is entered. This leads to the Vale of Elah, which is said to be the scene of David's battle with Goliath. As you travel north or south along the Shephelah, you have the rugged Judean hills on the east and the strikingly low hills on the west. This is accounted for by Smith by the character of the rock on either side, that of the east being very hard and that of the west equally as soft, being sandstone, while that of the Judean hills is nummulite limestone and often pure lava. If you would turn toward Jerusalem, you must negotiate deep and narrow valleys. One can imagine Jesus having this in mind when he spoke of the strait and narrow ways, one leading to the place of salvation and the other out to heathen lands and particularly the land of the Hebrews' great ancient enemy. Most of the battles between the Philistines and the Hebrews were fought along this line, and when on the ground it is easy to see why. The approach to the Hebrew territory was easy up to this point and hard beyond this, and the Philistines seldom got farther than the Shephelah hills, while the Hebrews, accustomed to those rugged passes, usually held them with ease. In the book of Samuel we have the story of one of these wars, in which the Philistines taunted the Hebrews for hiding in holes (1 Sam. xiv. 11). The entire roadway from Jaffa to Jerusalem is filled with historic interest, and this is true no matter which route you take.

CHAPTER XX

THE HOLY CITY

OUR slow train, straining and puffing, finally found its way up to the great lava plateau; and as we looked, behold, there burst upon our vision the Holy City, Jerusalem. It is hard to describe one's feeling when he catches his first view of Jerusalem. All of his childhood dreams seem suddenly to come true and he wonders if he is really seeing or dreaming.

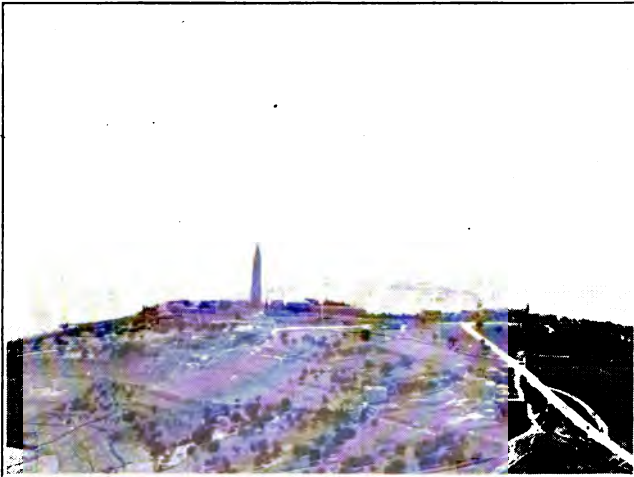
The city is approached from the south, and the first glimpse of the walls is of old Mount Zion, known now as Davidsburg—that is, it is so known to the archæologist, for there is no city there; but on top of the hill is the wall and the Gate of David, usually called Zion Gate. However, the gate of real activity, on this side, is the Jaffa Gate; so we pass by this and find our way to the Allenby Hotel, some distance outside of the Jaffa Gate, and are soon settled down for business. It is 2:30 P.M., June 3.

As soon as we were settled some of us were off down David Street to the Mosque of Omar and through the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The city of Jerusalem was mentioned in the Amarna letters; in fact, one of these letters was from the king of Jerusalem (it is called Yerusalimi), and this was written fully two centuries earlier than the entrance of the children of Israel into Palestine. It must have been a very small but almost impregnable city when David took it from the Jebusites. The old city lay on the slopes



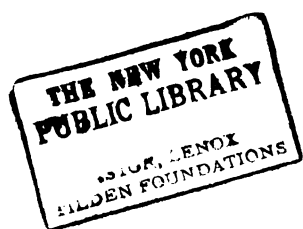
JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM.

The modern clock tower, and just over the heads of the people is the ancient Tower of David.



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER OF THE GERMAN
HOSPICE ON MOUNT OLIVE.

The Russian tower in the foreground, the Dead Sea to the left, Jerusalem to the right, and Bethlehem straight ahead.



of old Mount Zion, now called the western hill, and partly outside the present city limits. It has been partially excavated by Bliss and Macalister, who discovered ancient Jebusite walls and an altar, while below lies the Pool of Siloam, connected with the Spring of Gihon, or Fountain of the Virgin, which brought fresh water into the city from without during a siege. The connection is by means of the famous Siloam tunnel, which is five hundred and eighty-three yards long, as it runs in its tortuous way. It was a secret passage, was probably built in the time of Hezekiah, and a description of its building was cut on its walls and forms for us the earliest known Hebrew inscription. The pool of Siloam is celebrated in song and in New Testament reference, and it is thought that Isaiah refers to this tunnel when he speaks of the "waters of Shiloah that go softly." (Isa. viii. 6.)

A curious thing about the spring is that it is intermittent. At one time of year it flows from three to five times a day—that is, in the rainy season of the springtime—while in summer it flows twice daily, and in the autumn it flows but once a day. The phenomenon is accounted for by the theory that there is a natural basin far up under the rock which fills with water to a height where it touches a siphon exit, then it flows dry and stops until the basin once more fills up to the outlet. The Pool of Siloam is down very near the bottom of the Kidron and just across from the village of Siloah, which, curiously enough, has always been noted for its thieves. It lies on the slopes of the Hill of Offense, where Solomon

is supposed to have offered sacrifices to strange gods in honor of his foreign wives.

The city of Jerusalém lies on three hills, which are divided from each other by the Tyropœon Valley. The North Hill is 2,525 feet above sea level, that of the Temple Hill 2,440 feet, and that of the West Hill is 2,550 feet. The present city wall, which undoubtedly contains many remains of very ancient walls, dates mostly from Crusader and Arabic times and has an average height above the ground of $38\frac{1}{2}$ feet, but sometimes exhibits the peculiarity of having been built one wall on top of another until that part of the wall below the surface is as much as seventy feet, while some authorities claim even a greater depth. They are very irregular, are something like two and one-half miles in circumference, and inclose about nine hundred acres of land. There are eight gates, the main ones being the Jaffa Gate on the southwest and the Damascus Gate on the north. St. Stephens Gate is in the east wall, immediately north of the Temple area, and is also much used, while the Zion Gate is on the highest point of the West Hill. The Golden Gate, in the east wall and almost in the center of the Temple area, has been closed for centuries on account of a prophecy that the conqueror of Jerusalem will enter by that gate. The Dung Gate is where the wall crosses the Tyropœon Valley, just between Mount Moriah and Old Mount Zion.

The walls were complete around the city until the visit of the German Kaiser, when the wall between the Jaffa Gate and the Tower of David was cut, so that the Kaiser could enter in state; for the Gates of Jerusalem are no more than doors, and some of them

turn after entering the wall, so that no vehicle could be driven through—indeed, one would have little use for a vehicle after entering, for most of the streets are too steep and rough for even the use of a horse. Many of the streets are stone steps leading from one level to another and many of them have buildings built over them, so you have the feeling that you are going through a subway. Most of the streets are horribly filthy, and some of the little niches in the wall where Jews live are unbelievable. Just inside the Jaffa Gate there is a wide space, with the Tower of David on one side and some quite modern stores and a very good hotel, called "The Grand New," on the other side. The American Colony Store, conducted by a community of foreign Christians, most of whom were at first Americans and are supposed to have all things in common, is here. From this opening David Street leads down, down to lower levels, both geographically and ethically. Also just off from this wide place, and now surrounded by buildings, is the ancient Pool of Hezekiah; while on the other side of the city, not far from St. Stephens Gate and north of the convent of St. Anne's, is the Pool of Bethesda, which was said to have its waters troubled once a year and where Jesus healed the impotent man (John v. 2 f.).

The Via Dolorosa contains fourteen stations of the Cross, none of which are certainly authentic. Along this way you are shown the house of Lazarus the poor man, and of Dives the rich man; but the level of Jerusalem at that time must have been much below what it is now, and so these places could only be approximately correct. One thing is certain: Jesus

carried his cross through the streets of the city and came somewhere along this way to meet Simon the Cyrenian, who bore the cross for him. So that one feels, in spite of his doubts about places, something of solemnity and reverence as he marches along this way, held sacred by so many as the very pathway trodden by the feet of the Blessed Son of God on his way to pay the supreme sacrifice for our souls.

One of the very interesting places is the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, located almost in the center of the present city, and therefore hard to believe authentic, though most scholars examining the ground are inclined to accept it as such. The place where Jesus was crucified was outside the city walls, and this church stands directly west of the Temple area; but the ancient walls have been discovered turning through the Tyropœon Valley between the Temple site and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. One is, however, quite disgusted at the claims for the spot and the low form of Christianity exhibited within the church itself. The Arabs call it the Church of the Resurrection. It has a conspicuous dome surmounted by a gilded cross, and the building itself has been added to by so many different cults and at so many different times that it is a conglomerate mass of different styles of architecture, while within have been gathered the traditions of nearly everything in the Bible, from the bush in which the ram was caught and substituted for Isaac when Abraham would have sacrificed him, to the grave of Adam.

The identification of this spot as the tomb of Christ goes back to the days of Constantine, about

325 A.D.; and the earliest historian of the Christian Church, Bishop Eusebius, who wrote between 314 and 340 A.D., says that the tomb of Christ had been found, "contrary to all expectation." Another tradition says that Helena, the mother of Constantine, who died in 326 A.D., undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and through a dream or vision found the Cross of Christ, and as early as 336 A.D. two churches were erected here, one over what was supposed to be the tomb of Christ and the other dedicated to the Sign of the Cross. The very fact that it is said to have been discovered by miracle indicates that it had been lost; and yet this identification goes back to a very early date, not so far removed from the time of the events themselves. It would seem that some Christians would have kept watch on the tomb even during the days of destruction and that they would have been able to identify the place.

The church is entered from the street of the Christians, where you first come into a large quadrangle, which itself dates back to the Crusades and is partly surrounded by columns of the same period. Near the door of the church proper is the grave of an English Crusader, Philip d'Aubigny, who was buried here in 1236 A.D. There are two old portals, one of them closed, both of them exhibiting frescoes of a different period, and one of them very fine, supposed to have been executed in France in the second half of the twelfth century. It exhibits Bible scenes, particularly of the life of Jesus. The other portal is decorated with pagan scenes. If you turn to your right instead of entering the church, you will face the Monastery of Abraham (where there is an olive

tree said to be growing where Abraham found the ram when he was about to sacrifice Isaac), also the Church of the Apostles and the altar of Melchizedek, then the Church of Abraham, on the spot where he was on the point of sacrificing Isaac. Then we have the Arminian Chapel of St. James, the Coptic Chapel of the Archangel Michael, an Abyssinian Chapel, a Chapel of St. Mary of Egypt, and the Chapel of the Agony of the Virgin. On the other side under the Bell Tower are the chapels of St. James the Brother of Our Lord, of Mary Magdalene, and of the Forty Martyrs.

The Bell Tower dates back to the last half of the twelfth century, and was originally a campanile, standing away from the church. As you enter the front portal of the church itself, there lies in front of you the Stone of Unction, on which it is claimed the body of Jesus was anointed by Nicodemus and is more venerated than the tomb itself by certain classes of pilgrims. The stone has often been moved, but has been in its present place since 1808. Thirty-three feet away is the marked spot where the women stood to witness the anointing.

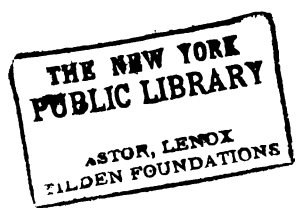
All of the churches were combined into one building by the Crusaders, and one monarch after another has adorned the edifice until it contains a king's ransom in offerings. There is a tremendous rotunda in the center of which is the little Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, elaborately decorated. It is twenty-six feet long, seventeen and a half feet wide, and is approached through the Chapel of the Angels. The present chapel is built of marble and dates back to 1810. The angels' chapel in front is a very small

affair, ten by eleven feet, in the center of which is a stone called the angels' stone and is said to be that which the angels rolled from the door of the sepulcher. The inside chapel is six by six and a half feet, and from the ceiling there hang forty-three lamps belonging to Copts, Latins, Greeks, and Arminians. The rock tomb, covered with a broken marble slab, is five feet long, two feet wide, and three feet high. In 1555 A.D. the church was destroyed by fire, when the tomb was uncovered and an inscription said to contain the name of Helena and a piece of wood supposed to be a part of the cross were found. On the southeast of the rotunda is a stairway leading up to the Chapel of Golgotha, which is a higher ledge of rock, and three holes are shown where it is said the three crosses stood. These holes are much too close together. Close beside these holes is a crevice made by the rending of the rock at the death of Christ and into which the blood of Christ, they tell us, flowed and which trickled down into a very small rock tomb, which is directly under this crevice. They say that after the expulsion from the Garden of Eden Adam and Eve came and lived in this country, that Adam was buried here, and when the blood of Jesus ran into his tomb it touched his body and he arose from the dead. They do not tell us where he went nor what he did. Some say that this crevice reaches the center of the earth. Some little distance from this chapel is a ball which is said to be the exact center of the world; and I have no doubt that this is correct, since every spot is that center and the horizons are equally distant from the spot where you stand, no matter where that spot is. On Good

Friday a ceremony of a peculiar sort is practiced by the Greeks, and has been for a very long time. The crowd of pilgrims spend the night in the church in an attempt to get place, and at a given time all lights are extinguished in the presence of the crowd and the priests approach the door, some praying and some entering; after a while fire proceeds from a small window of the sepulcher and there is a wild scramble to light the torches from it, and then the pilgrims carry these torches all the way back to their homes, many of them in Russia and other foreign parts. This is a very ancient ceremony. The fire, it is said, will not burn the human flesh.

Somewhere under the roof of this remarkable church there is a chapel to everything connected with the life of our Lord.

Of all places about Jerusalem, perhaps the one of most interest to the greatest number of people is the Haram esh Sherif. Its name signifies "the chief place," and within its inclosure once stood the incomparable Temple of King Solomon, surrounded by the mighty palaces and the Millo. Here, also, at an earlier date was the Canaanitish high place and later the scene of the attempted sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham. The real name of the hill was "Moriah," but the name "Zion," which first attached to the West Hill, became so sacred in song and story and so vitally connected with the sacred city itself that it was passed over to the Temple Hill until it is now more often referred to as Zion than as Moriah. The place is large, covering several acres, and is inclosed by walls and entered by seven gates. On the inside there is a complete pavement covering the space;





ANCIENT WALL OF JERUSALEM.

This wall is on the north side of the old Temple area, has been excavated to a depth of about seventy feet, and shows the remains of an arch.



A STREET IN JERUSALEM.

and there are two levels, the second being entered by way of open arches. Here and there are cisterns, from which people are constantly drawing water, and great old cypress trees flourish within the area. On one side of the space is the Mosque of Aksa, which is the probable site of Solomon's palace. After the destruction of these buildings a Basilica to the Virgin Mary was built here by Justin, in the form of a cross. It was later turned into a mosque, by cutting away enough to destroy the form of the cross, and was then made magnificent and glorious. It was destroyed by an earthquake in the eighth century and was never completely restored to its former glory, but is still very beautiful and interesting.

The Golden Gate is in the east wall of the Haram esh Sherif, and near it on the wall are some broken columns projecting through the wall which are probably older than the wall. To both Jew and Mohammedan the Valley of Kidron or Jehoshaphat is the place of final judgment; and to the Moslem this place of the protruding columns is where Jesus will stand on that great day and Mohammed on the Mount of Olives. A slender wire will be drawn from this point on the wall to the place on the Mount over which every one will be compelled to pass—and those who do not succeed will fall into hell, a place which lies just under the Temple area, and whose gates are directly under the dome of the rock in the Mosque of the Dome of the Rock. From this wall one gets a fine view of the Kidron Valley and the Mount of Olives. Under the Temple area there are many subterranean chambers, among them the Cotton Grotto, from which it is probable King Solomon secured building

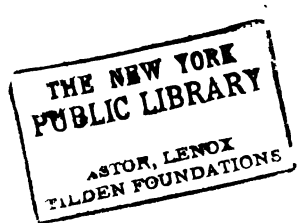
stone for the Temple. The stone is almost pure white, is so soft that it can easily be whittled with a knife, and looks much like the white rock of Northern Texas. When exposed to the atmosphere this rock begins to harden and continues each year to get harder until it is well-nigh imperishable. A large clock tower near the Jaffa Gate is built of it. On the other side, and nearly under the Mosque of Aksa, are the vaults known as "Solomon's Stables," which probably formed the retaining wall for the extensions made by Herod to the palaces on that side of the group. These chambers, which were used by the Crusaders for stables, have given rise to all sorts of traditions, the most seductive of which is that here are the archives where the furniture of the Temple was hidden before the city was surrendered to Nebuchadnezzar and some expect to find here the original golden candlesticks and the Ark of the Covenant. Some fools are even looking for the body of Jesus, which the Roman soldiers hid away (?). There are many secret passages under this area, but it is highly improbable that anything remains of the ancient treasures carried away, not only by the Babylonian king, but by kings of everywhere. The city is said to have been completely destroyed thirty-nine times and pillaged many more.

When we first visited the sacred Temple site, it was Ramadan, the most holy of all Mohammedan feasts and corresponding roughly to Pentecost. But we were still able to secure admission at certain times of the day and were guided by a distinguished sheik, who conducted us through the mosque with great ceremony. One is not required, as formerly, to re-

move his shoes, but is given an extra pair which are tied on over the polluted ones which he wears; for the earth is unholy and no shoes that have touched it are permitted to touch the rich rugs of the holy place. The mosque is of marvelous beauty and richness and is octagonal in shape, each side being sixty-six feet and seven inches in length, the lower part being covered with marble slabs, while the upper part is incrustated with blue porcelain tiles. There are four gates, each facing the cardinal points of the compass, which admit to the mosque itself, and when one is fairly inside he is bewildered with the splendor of it all. The floors are covered with the richest rugs which the East can afford, while the walls, clear to the vaulted roof, are incrustated with gold and with porcelain tiles of the finest blue; the subdued light from the indescribably beautiful windows sheds a mellow radiance over blending colors, giving the impression that some fanciful Arabian Nights dream has suddenly come true. But over and above all of these fancies is the solemn consciousness that we are standing on the very ground upon which the great King Solomon stood when he dedicated this place to Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, and there surge round us the fancies of white-robed Levites and gaudily-decked priests ministering at the altars of the Most High, and the swinging censers preceding the high priests, entering the holy of holies, to meet God face to face. And then one hears the voice of Jesus, as with imperial authority he cleanses the house of his Father, which he loved so well, but which awoke in him the utmost despair with reference to its perpetuity. In the center of

the great room is a huge platform of natural rock surrounded by a high fence. The rock is fifty-eight by forty-four feet, rises above the surrounding pavement to a height of from four to six and a half feet, and is seamed with shallow trenches which in times past conducted the blood of sacrificial victims from the place of slaughter. This was the ancient Canaanitish high place, the threshing floor of Ornan, the high altar of Solomon's Temple, and a sacred spot from time immemorial. On this rock it is said both Abraham and Melchizedek offered sacrifices, here Abraham would have offered up Isaac, and Jacob anointed it. The Moslems say it is the center of the world and the resting place of the sacred Ark. Under it is the door to hell, while another tradition says it has under it the well that leads down to Paradise and that on this rock the last judgment will take place, after which the throne of God will be placed upon it. Under the rock is a grotto which was probably used at one time for a cistern for ablutions in the sacrifices, but there are many traditions concerning it. In this grotto we saw a large round depression overhead, which was explained to us as the place where Mohammed bumped his head. A ledge is said to be the seat of Abraham, and much other foolishness is presented to you—for a consideration.

The Mosque of the Dome of the Rock, erroneously called the Mosque of Omar, is said to have been built by the Caliph Abd el Melik in 691 A.D. There are said to be in this building eleven hundred stones which were used in the Temple of Solomon. No Jew ever enters the area, for he fears that he might tread on the holy of holies. In front of the Temple itself





GOLGOTHA; OR, GORDON'S CALVARY.

On the north side of the city.



THE VIA DOLOROSA.

Along this way, it is said, Jesus bore his cross on the way to Calvary.

there stood a place of burnt offerings, but this was taken later for a statue of Hadrian, which in turn was displaced by some Christian symbol erected by Justinian, and is now occupied by a small mosque-like affair, called the Dome of the Chain, or David's place of judgment, and Solomon is said to have died sitting on his throne at this spot. While we were going through the Mosque of the Dome of the Rock, I noticed a commotion ahead and the old guide was rather excited; finally one of our party located the trouble: I had lost one of the huge shoes which had been tied on me and was walking the sacred precincts with unhallowed feet! But things were soon adjusted and we were allowed to proceed. Some years ago two intrepid Englishmen actually excavated under the Rock, performing the daring feat by the use of baksheesh, but found nothing.

On the north side of the Haram esh Sherif is a very old wall, and a moat probably seventy-five feet deep has been excavated, showing this to have been the north wall of the city in ancient times. On this wall are the remains of ancient arches, while from the bottom of it runs an old aqueduct along the Tyropœon Valley.

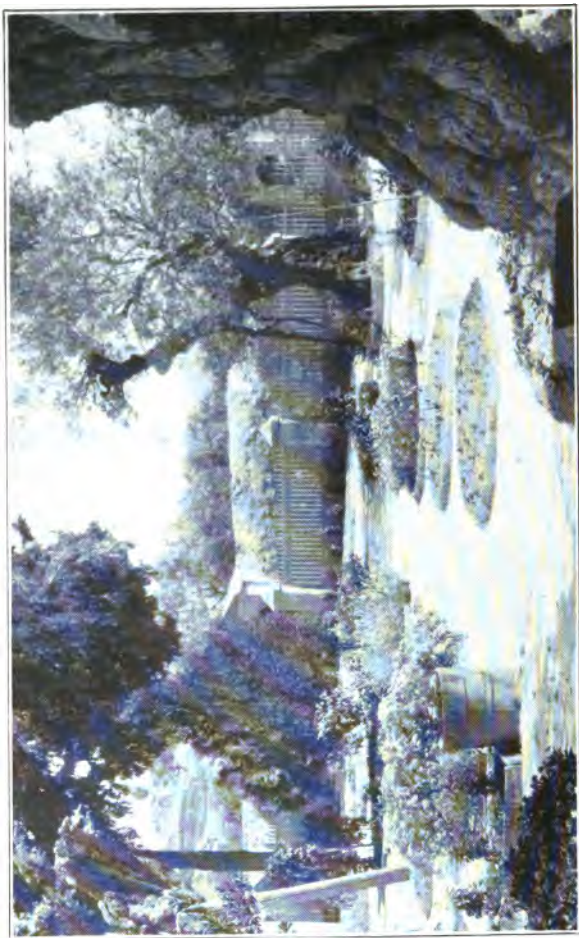
On the outside of the city of Jerusalem there are many things of interest. On the north side, where the wall rises up over the cliff, there is a corresponding cliff three or four hundred feet away which was undoubtedly a part of this ledge at some time and which seems to have been cut through by quarrying. The cliff thus left outside the city is the site claimed by many modern scholars as the real Calvary. It has been established that here was the ancient Jewish

place of execution. On the face of the cliff there are three holes—one low down and looking like a huge human mouth; the other two high up on the face of the rock and looking somewhat like eyes, although one is larger than the other. Looking at this from a distance, it has the appearance of a skull. Just to the left as you look north is a small garden, seemingly carved out of the stone ledge, with the rock wall on the north side of it. In this wall there is a small door, which you enter, step down, and to your right is a tomb chamber, with three places for burial, only one of which has been used. Near this is another tomb in which a Greek was buried and who had carved on his tomb, something like this: *Brought from afar that he might be buried near his Lord*. (Not exact quotation.) This is Gordon's Calvary and looks quite as feasible as the other site within the city walls.

Quite outside the city and some distance to the northwest are the tombs of the Judges, an elaborate system of tomb chambers going down three stories into the solid rock, but with only one door. Dr. J. P. Peters, of the University of the South, and the author climbed down through these and counted sixty-eight burial places. A very strange thing which we observed was the peculiar lock on the door. A crooked groove on the inside, evidently made to hold a rolling piece of metal, securely locked the door on the inside and there was no other exit. Now dead people do not lock themselves in and living people are not apt to stay inside and work the lock. Either the tomb was used as a place of safety during periods of persecution, or there was some secret exit which has not

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**TILDEN, LENOX
AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Directly across the Kidron Valley from the Golden Gate.

yet been found—and indeed there are plenty of traditions of secret passageways which led all the way to Galilee. The city of Jerusalem has many passages which are said even now to be unknown to the Moslems and kept secret by the Jews.

Still nearer the city is the Tomb of the Kings. Of course, these places have been arbitrarily named and nobody knows who was buried in them. The King's Tomb is a very elaborate affair and must have belonged to great people; moreover the great kings of Israel must have been buried in great tombs in the vicinity. All tombs are hewn in the stone and never built. In these tombs there is a door, in front of the door a trench, and in this a stone which is square at the bottom and round on the top; then another trench runs at right angles with this one, in which a man could make his way to a point behind the stone which covered the door and facilitate the rolling of the stone over the door. The task then would be all the greater to roll it away, for there would be no way to get in front of it to roll it back.

The Valley of Kidron and Jehoshaphat form a veritable cemetery, with thousands of Jewish graves; for since the judgment is to occur here, every Jew desires to be the first man up and on the spot. The tomb of Absalom is a great monument hewn out of the solid rock and fashioned into a sort of building. Another one is the tomb of Zacharias, which Christians say is that of the father of John Baptist, while Jews claim it to be the tomb of the earlier prophet of that name. The tomb of James is hewn out of the side of the cliff and is more like a cave, while across its top is one of the earliest of Hebrew inscriptions.

It is not claimed as the actual tomb of St. James, but tradition tells us that it was here that James hid during the forty days between the Resurrection and the Ascension. Between this and St. Stephens Gate is the more elaborate tomb of Stephen, while deeper down in the valley is an underground chapel which is shown as the tomb of Mary the Mother of Jesus and of Joseph and of the parents of the Virgin. Not far from this and on up the slopes of Olivet is the wonderfully beautiful Gethsemane. It is almost directly opposite the Golden Gate, and from the intimations in the New Testament it must be at least very nearly the spot where Jesus went on that last night of agony. The word "Gethsemane" signifies oil press. The present size of the garden, which is an irregular square, is about seventy yards in diameter. The garden is now in charge of the Franciscans. There are a number of ancient olive trees, some of them so ancient that they must be supported by masonry and carefully kept standing, until they give the appearance of being just as old as olive trees live—and they are known to live for more than two thousand years. It is therefore reasonable to believe that they were standing when Jesus was there, and it may have been by the roots of one of these old trees that the Man of Sorrows knelt and agonized for the salvation of a dying world. The Mount of Olives was once thickly covered with olive trees and there are a few growing there now; but of that mighty forest of the long ago these trees in the Garden are the sole survivors, veterans of a departed glory, which seem to remain, loath to leave so sacred a spot, silent messengers of

that lonely struggle on that last dark night when He bore the sins of the whole world upon his great heart. All about the circumference of the garden there are stations, amounting to shrines, traditional spots of interest, such as the spot where the disciples slept, where Judas betrayed him with a kiss, and other things. The garden is splendidly kept and flowers bloom in profusion, while in the center is a well, perhaps old, but the curbing of which was erected by an American the year the author was born, which made it easy for him to remember the date. The monks were always kind. They allowed me to take photographs, presented me with olive leaves from the old trees, and I found it easy to go back again and linger in this spot of blessed memories, where, as in perhaps no other place in his life, Jesus became the brother of men by entering into the fellowship of their suffering.

Mount Olivet lies along the eastern side of Jerusalem and consists of four peaks, though two of them are not strictly parts of the mountain range. The most northerly peak is that of Mount Scopus, over which most of the conquerors of the city have come and on which Titus camped during his siege of the city in 70 A.D. The hill farthest south is the Hill of Offense, where Solomon is said to have erected altars to the gods of his heathen wives, but between the Hill of Offense and Olivet proper is a deep valley which entirely separates the two. The two main peaks then remain almost due east of the city. On the south peak is the Russian Hospice, with its church and convent, which is built on the site of an older monastery built here in the early Christian

centuries by the Arminians, and many relics of the older building are preserved in this one. Near by is the Chapel of the Ascension, and the tradition that the ascension took place here dates back to the very beginning of the fourth century, when in 315 Constantine erected a dome over the spot, and there are many other places located here around which cluster traditions of the doings of Jesus and of early prophets. Here is the Church of the Creed, where Jesus is said to have initiated his disciples into the mysteries of his doctrines—a tradition which dates back to Eusebius. To the east of the Church of the Creed is the Church of the Lord's Prayer, which is said to be on the site where the Lord taught his disciples the Prayer, and in consequence Peter the Hermit preached a sermon on the spot. On one of the walls the Prayer is inscribed in thirty-two different languages. Leading to the top of the tower of the Russian building there is a circular stairway containing two hundred and fourteen steps. In front of the church there is a stone which is said to be the very spot where Jesus stood when he was received up into heaven. Of course it is not probable that this was the scene of the Ascension, but rather in Galilee.

On the slopes of Mount Olivet and near the Garden of Gethsemane stands the Russian Church of St. Mary Magdalene, which has seven gilded domes and contains many fine paintings.

One of the most interesting buildings on Mount Olivet is the German Hospice, which is an immense building of splendid architecture and wonderful furniture. It was completed in 1910 and contains

statues of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin. The building is now used as a British military headquarters and is called O. E. T. A. South. The chapel of the building is exquisitely adorned with the finest sculpture, paintings, and mosaics; especially fine is the mural decoration. There are figures of Apostles, Prophets, and Saints; the ceiling is decorated with paintings of Prophets, Apostles, Angels, and the Kaiser. The cost of this structure must have been millions, and it is said that the Kaiser expected to come to Jerusalem from this vantage point as the Messiah. He had erected a great church called the Church of the Redeemer, within a few paces of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and it was dedicated by the Emperor himself. The author had the privilege of speaking in it at the invitation of a Scotch Presbyterian minister. Such are the fortunes of war. No one can be around Jerusalem long and not be convinced that the Kaiser intended to rule the world, with Jerusalem as his world capital, and that he actually conceived himself as being a supernatural agent of God or Messiah; and his kingdom would have been a kind of Holy German Empire, if you can conceive of such a paradox of terms—and yet it would perhaps be no more paradoxical than the Holy Roman Empire. The tower of this chapel in the German Hospice, known as the Church of the Ascension, is 197 feet high and affords one of the most entrancing views in the world. I think the three greatest views to be obtained in this world are: from the Hills of the Kings' Tombs, (at Thebes, Egypt), the view from Mount Ebal, and this view from the tower of the German building on Mount

Olivet. I was able to take a number of photographs from this elevated spot. The Holy City lies at your feet to the west, across the Valley of the Kidron, deep down in which are the tombs of the ancients, and up whose western slopes is the Golden Gate of the Temple, while beyond is the Temple area, with the wonderful Dome of the Rock, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the Via Dolorosa, the Tower of David, Zion Gate; and beyond the modern city, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, Gethsemane, the Russian Church and Tower; while still beyond are the Hill of Offense, the Hill of Evil Counsel, Frank Mountain, Bethany, and Bethlehem. To the north are Mizpah, Ramah, Bethel, and Gibeah of Saul. A most wonderful view is to be had from the eastward. Fifteen miles away is the Dead Sea, at the top of which the Jordan empties its waters, fresh and sweet, into the dead saltiness of the sea which has no outlet. Jericho lies a few miles back, west of the river and north of the sea, while the eye can trace the river valley for many miles northward up its course, and far to the south is the desert of Engedi, west of which is the region of Hebron, and west of that are the Wilderness of Judah and the home of Amos. Beyond the Dead Sea are the rugged mountains of Moab, amid which stands Mount Nebo, on whose top Moses stood and viewed, as well he could from that point, the whole land of Palestine, and died there. "And no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day." North of Moab are the Hills of Gilead and to the northwest is Galilee.

As you stand on Mount Olivet looking toward Jericho and the Dead Sea, you do not look out

straight east, but rather you look down into a gorge, and the mouth of the Jordan does not seem more than a mile or two away. Jerusalem is twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea and the surface of the Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, while its bottom is twenty-six hundred feet below the level of the sea. From Jerusalem to Jericho is a descent on the perpendicular of thirty-eight hundred feet, and it is still more from the heights of Olivet, which is two hundred feet higher than the city. Jerusalem has heavy snows, but the vicinity of Jericho produces bananas. The rugged road from Jerusalem to Jericho now, as ever, is a roost for robbers. While I was in the city, a party of natives from Moab who had sold their wheat at the Damascus gate were cut off and robbed of their money, their beasts, and even their clothing, at the *Inn of the Good Samaritan*. One of the places I most desired to visit was Jericho and the Jordan Valley, and I had asked the British Prefect of Police for the Jerusalem province to let me make the trip. He at first refused; but after bothering him for some time, he told me to take my pistol and hang on to a military lorry, take my own risks, and not hold the British Government responsible for what happened to me. I got myself ready and went down to make arrangements with the captain who was going next day. The lorry went down regularly to supply the British garrison at the fords of the Jordan; but when I found them, they were just returning with fourteen wounded soldiers and one dead, all of whom had been "potted" from the rocks that day—and not an Arab had been seen.

I then decided that I had seen Jericho anyhow, and it would not look much different down there from what it looked from the hills above, where I had stood and seen it. All the land was in a state of war. At the close of the feast of Ramadan placards were put up everywhere over the city of Jerusalem, in Arabic, saying, "The Peace Conference has decided to make Palestine a National Home for the Jews. Let us make it their National Cemetery. An army of your brethren await you at the Jordan." Machine gun corps patrolled the streets during our stay, and each street was commanded by a stationary machine gun. On Easter before we arrived, in June, a picture of King Feisal had been exhibited; and because the Jews would not salute it, one hundred and thirty were killed.

The Jews of Jerusalem are a miserable lot. They are extremely anemic, and have reason to be, for few of them have ever enjoyed so much as a square meal in their lives. During the war many of them starved to death. There is in the city a segregated district, the first one in the history of Jerusalem, made up of the wives and daughters of men who went to war and never came back. The Jews dress in the most astonishing style. On week days they wear a long black coat that comes to the ground, with a little round fuzzy hat. In front of the ears hangs a curl, a lock of hair which has never been cut, to obey the mandates of the Mosaic law which seems to them to forbid the cutting of the hair. They never shave, and often a twenty-year-old boy will have long straggling whiskers. On the Sabbath they have the same general style of garments, but they are of

purple and deep blue. They live in the most congested settlements and are hated by all. They in turn hate the Zionists, because the Zionists are not religious, while they attempt to keep the law punctiliously. They are the modern representatives of the old Pharisees of Jesus's day. Just outside the Temple area is their Wailing Wall, perhaps the oldest wall in Jerusalem, and which was probably standing before the days of David. Here some of them come every day, but many of them on the Sabbath and particularly at sundown on Friday. They kiss the stones, read prayers, sway back and forth, and chant the dirge over their city whose glory is departed and pray for its restoration. This old wall was being touched up a bit while I was there, and the Jews made an awful complaint. The Mayor of the city ordered an investigation and found that the contract for the work had been let to a Jew, one of their own number. I took a picture of these wailers from a secret window near by, and after having secured one I made bold to walk down and take a direct shot at them. When I did so, one old fellow came to ask me if I was a Zionist, and was perfectly satisfied to allow me to do as I pleased when he learned that I did not belong to that hated group. The Zionist movement is, I think, doomed to failure, for many reasons—that is to say, failure in the sense of Palestine ever being entirely settled by them. They are doing good work in a hospital in Jerusalem, where some of the best Jewish doctors from America have established a very fine clinic. They also contemplate the spending of twenty-five millions of American dollars in an enterprise in the city, most

of which is to go into a university which will probably be patronized mainly from America and Europe. A proposition has also been suggested to raise five hundred million dollars and buy the Temple area and rebuild the Temple. Also, some American-trained agriculturists are surveying the land with a view to increasing crop production and reforestation of the land. But there are in Palestine eighty thousand Jews, twenty thousand Christians and other non-Moslems, and six hundred thousand Moslems. The slogan is, from both foreigner and native, "You cannot nationalize one people by denationalizing another," and the opposition to Zionism is widespread.

CHAPTER XXI

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM

ONE of the beauty spots about Jerusalem is Ain Karim, where John the Baptist is said to have been born. I was more than once in sight of this attractive little place; but once I was invited by the American Colony to accompany them out there. So, with a two-mule wagon and in company with several members of the American colony, and the most delightful company of Dr. John P. Peters, the distinguished archæologist from the University of the South, and Dr. A. C. Harte, in charge of the Y. M. C. A. at Jerusalem, we made the trip, which is only a short four miles to the west of Jerusalem and lying in the deep valley, surrounded by most rugged mountains and exhibiting a most rugged beauty. Here is the best example of what can be done with the land of Palestine, for this region is in a state of as perfect cultivation as is possible under the circumstances. Everything is in cultivation. The patches up the hillside are sometimes no more than five yards square and watered by means of woman power. The women carry the water on their shoulders up these steep hills and irrigate the little patches. Even the bottom of the stream is cultivated during the dry season, by means of dam and terrace, which must be rebuilt after every rainy season.

The valley is well covered with olive trees, and all in all it is the most prosperous looking spot in

southern Palestine. As you leave Jerusalem going out through the Jaffa Gate, the road leads at once to the higher ridge west of the city and there is a long stretch of almost level territory which is very nearly solid rock and looks to be of volcanic origin. It is the most barren and sterile territory (you cannot say *land*, for there is no soil there) to be found anywhere. The road is lined with remains of the campaign of the most recent conquest of Canaan. Caves are here and there which were used by the British and Turks for emergency hospitals.

At Ain Karim itself there are some two thousand people, several churches, a Latin monastery, and a group of Russian buildings with a convent. At the bottom of the hill on the lowest place of the village is an abundant spring connected in tradition with the visit of the Virgin Mary to Elizabeth and is now covered by a mosque. On one hillside is a Franciscan church containing old mosaics and mural paintings and is pointed out as the site of the house of Zacharias the father of John Baptist, while another Latin church stands on the opposite hill covering the traditional site of the summer home of Zacharias and the supposed place of the visitation of the Virgin. The Russian convent and community presented one of the most pitiful pictures of the East. The Church is beautiful and the grounds are well cared for, but there are ninety nuns here and one hundred and twenty of the same order on Mount Olivet who are literally starving to death. When we came up the hillside the church bell began to ring. I asked if they were having church, and a lady replied, "No, they have observed the coming of Dr. Harte and they

hope he has brought them some bread." But Dr. Harte had been unable to secure the bread and had only brought tea for them. We then went up to the church, where the entire group of old women, few of them under sixty, were distributing this tea. They have lived on a kind of soup which they make from whatever leaves they can gather from the trees about them, and in the winter even this supply fails. They each have but one garment, and that is the regulation uniform. They have no underclothing and no fuel, though the winters are as cold as in the central part of America. Their present condition is due to the fortunes of war. They had plenty when Russian pilgrims were plentiful. Besides they had good endowments in Russia; but all this has been swept away, and the only income they have is an allowance from the British government of one-half pound (about \$1.75) per month. Dr. A. C. Harte has done a noble work for these women by appealing to the British Y. M. C. A. for supplies; but there being no provision for such work, all that was done was necessarily temporary and many of them have died of starvation and exposure. Harte is to them a saint, as indeed he is to all who know him. He started in Alabama with a definite call to religious work which he at first interpreted as a call to the ministry, but finally turned to Y. M. C. A. work, for which he is peculiarly fitted. He went overseas many years ago, served with great efficiency in India, and was of such great service in the German camps during the Great War that he has many times been decorated and honored by the kings and queens of earth with gifts and honors, but is still a minister to the poor and

will find his greatest honors coming at last at the hands of the Great King of Kings.

Several of our party that day at Ain Karim climbed to the highest point above the village and viewed the landscape. We could look out to the west far into the great blue Mediterranean, while in the valley at our feet nestled the attractive village; and looking straight north up a long valley we could see the majestic Neby Samwil (Mizpah). It was just this valley and this mountain that were the undoing of the Turks, and the reason for the capture of Jerusalem without besieging the city. Mizpah was not fortified by the Turks, but this valley was, at great expense, and also a smaller hill, south of Neby Samwil. Allenby marched all the way round and invested Neby Samwil, which gave him command of all of this valley running along the entire western boundary of the Jerusalem area; and when this was done there was nothing left but for Jerusalem to surrender. There was with us on this day a lady who saw the battle from Ain Karim and said that with field glasses she could see many of the soldiers fall under the terrific gunfire. The day spent at this beautiful little village will ever remain one of the pleasant memories of our stay in the Holy Land. On our way home Dr. Peters regaled us with Arabic stories until the lights of Jerusalem came into view and we were back in the Holy City.

One day in company with Dr. W. F. Albright, of the American School of Oriental Research, I walked out to Neby Samwil, some five miles north and slightly west of Jerusalem. The way leads over exceedingly rugged hills and wide valleys, in the midst

of which are sparse wheat fields and threshing floors which were in constant use that day, with here and there a dry wady, sometimes a lone olive tree, and everywhere fragments of shells, showing the remains of war. On our way back we traced a Roman road, cut around the hillsides and paved, and part of which is still in use. What marvelous road builders those Romans were! The whole Near-Eastern world exhibits remains of their great art in building roads that stay through the centuries.

Neby Samwil, which is the highest hill in this part of Palestine, was the ancient Mizpah, where Samuel was thought to have been born, lived, died, and was buried. The mosque on the top of the hill is said to contain the tomb of Samuel. The place is of great antiquity, and one can easily see that such a strategic point would always have occupied a prominent place in the traditions of the inhabitants, no matter who they were. It is probable that this is actually the spot where Samuel judged Israel. The mosque, before the war, had a very fine minaret; but this was shot away by the Turks in an endeavor to dislodge the British. The mosque itself suffered great damage, but was being repaired when we were there. Huge stones which were part of some much older buildings lie about, and at one place there are tremendous stones perfectly laid in place, but which deceive the eye, for they were laid by nature and are a part of the mountain itself; but since they are in perfect position they were used as part of a building at a very early date. All about on every side there are fragments of artillery and the ruins of battle, as if the battle had ceased on the day before. Climbing

to the top of the mosque, there is much that can be seen of Biblical history. Facing the north, Jerusalem lies behind you, while to the east the Jordan Valley is out of sight over the hills; but the mountains of Moab and Nebo loom up straight across from you as if the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea did not exist at all. Near by, and to the east, is the hill of Tel el Fuhl, the ancient Gibeah of Saul, perhaps not more than two miles from Mizpah. To the north and just below you is Gibeah of Benjamin, with quite a village on its crest; while some five miles on, and at the top of the first ridge, are Ramah and Bethel; two or three miles farther north and three or four miles to the west is the village of El Kubeibeh, which is one of the places claimed as the Emmaus of the New Testament. All of these are bewilderingly near to each other; and if these spots have actually been identified, then it is very hard to see how Saul seeking his father's asses could have been lost or mourned as lost by his father, since his father could have gone out at any time on his housetop and have seen his son. The circuit of Samuel was from Mizpah to Bethel and Gilgal, and return to Ramah, where he had his parsonage. Gilgal has not been definitely located. It was probably between here and Jericho; but the others are close enough together for Samuel to have walked the entire circuit in a single day and spent ample time at each.

One day I engaged a Ford car to take me to Nabulus; and as the car did not arrive at the appointed hour, I went to see about it and found it down by the Jaffa Gate. The driver informed me that they were ready, so I got in and waited until

waiting became a burden, and when I insisted on his going he started and after a ride of a mile he stopped to get gas and then came back to the city. I tried to leave the car and find some other way, but he prevailed on my remaining, as he intended going right on and so started out in another direction, only to go another mile and turn around in a circle to come back. I then jumped out of the car, over his protests got away, went to the railway station, took a train for Lud, and changed there for Tulkeram with the understanding that a train for Nabulus would be awaiting me; but when I left the train and watched it go out of sight I turned to the station master and asked him where the train for Nabulus would be and he kindly showed me. I then asked him when it would leave, and he answered, "Tomorrow." I then attempted to find a place to spend the night, but that was impossible—or so I thought after wandering for some time over the miserable native village. But finally I found an English major who was in charge of an engineering corps and he assigned me a bare room, as is ever the case in the East. This was the first trip I had ever made that I did not carry my blankets, and for that matter my bed as well; but at last I found a Red Cross stretcher with hospital blanket and spent the night very comfortably. The next morning my train was ready within two hours of the schedule (that is as near as you can expect in that country), and I was on my way, sharing my seat with a native Christian, who spent most of the time trying to sell me something. He had a Turkish decoration, of which there are many on sale; and after we had failed to trade on it,

he said, "I make you a present of it, for your family's sake." I said, "All right, thank you." But he did not deliver, and sadly said, "You might at least give me what it cost me." That is ever the way of the Easterner: he is much interested in you for the sake of what you can do for him.

After a tedious journey, through melon fields and rocks and winding valleys, we reached Nabulus about noon and found a native hotel, which was bad, but I had seen worse. I was traveling absolutely alone; the only other white men in the city were British officers, and they were few enough. That first afternoon I climbed Ebal and looked over the whole of Palestine: From Mount Hermon to the Judean Hills, and from Carmel to Gilead, the hills of Galilee, the plain of Esdraelon, the Gilboa range, the Jordan valley, the Sea of Galilee, and the Mediterranean. Mount Gerizim lies immediately by the side of Ebal, though not so high. Gerizim is 2,848 feet above sea level, while Ebal rises to the height of 3,077 feet. On Gerizim was the ancient High Place, but there were also sacred altars on Ebal. Gerizim, however, became the rival of Mount Moriah in the days of the Divided Kingdom. Five miles to the northwest, and almost at the foot of Ebal, lies the low mound on which are the ruins of Samaria, the second capital of Northern Israel. This was partially excavated in 1907 by the Harvard Expedition, which found most interesting remains of that glorious city. In between the two mountains, and running up the sides of both of them, is the attractive city of Nabulus (Neapolis, or ancient Shechem), one of the oldest cities of Palestine and closely identified with the early history

of the Hebrews. When Abraham left Haran he came to Shechem and builded an altar there; and when Jacob came back from Haran, or Padan-Aram, he came to Shechem and bought a parcel of land from the men of Shechem. The word "Shechem" means "neck" or "ridge," and the city is on the ridge that divides the two mountains. There are about twenty-seven thousand people in the modern city, and there are several near-by villages which are quite closely connected. There are many green gardens and the houses are generally better than those found in other cities. I started out one day to find the Samaritans; and after passing through the low shut-in streets which resemble subways and remind one of Jerusalem, I came out in some luxuriant gardens and was walking down a path leading out of the city when I met an Arab and asked him the way to the Samaritan Quarters; but before he could answer a bearded young man came running and puffing up the path, saying, "Yes, yes, I am coming for you. I am the one you seek." I then turned and went with this fellow, who proved to be the son of the High Priest, who I knew was in Jerusalem. He took me to the little synagogue, which is but a whitewashed chamber under other buildings and in the midst of a most miserable situation. Here they show you the Pentateuch, which they claim to have been copied by a grandson of Aaron, but which is probably about two thousand years old and is in a case of copper about one thousand years old. They have several of these manuscripts of varying ages, and during the war were forced to sell or rather to pledge them for money on which they could keep themselves alive. They are a

miserable lot. There are only one hundred and seventy of them left and they will soon be gone. This is all that remains of all Northern Israel. I met the High Priest in Jerusalem many times. His name is Isaac Ben Omram.

One day I started out to find Jacob's well. I passed the excavations of the Tower of Shechem, which is in reality the ancient city, and went on to where the plain opens out from the pass between the mountains and almost a mile from the city of Nabulus. At first I failed to find the place and thought I would inquire. I saw no man, but many women carrying sheaves of wheat from the fields. I picked out a very old woman, who indeed looked to be eighty, for I knew what bad form it is for a man to speak to a woman in that country; but I felt safe in speaking to one so old. When I asked her where Jacob's well was, she broke and ran like a scared deer. But finally I found the place, surrounded by a wall and in charge of a Franciscan monk, who drew water from the well and offered me a sealed bottle of water for sale. I declined both, poured out the water he had drawn, drew for myself, and drank. I then secured a bottle, filled it for a souvenir, then walked out and contemplated the situation. Here is an authentic spot, for this well is digged in the solid rock seventy-five feet to the water now, and the only well in this region. Just up the slopes of Mount Ebal is the village that still bears the name of Askar or Sychar, and all the plain is known by that same name. It is the Plain of Askar and was known as the Valley of Death during the past war, for it is said that every square yard of it was plowed up by

shell fire and each square yard contained, at one time or another, the dead body of a soldier, British or Turk; and indeed the whole country was still filled with these gaping shell holes when I stood there, but most of the valley had been recovered and sown in wheat. While I was there in June, the harvest was on and the whole valley seemed to be one waving field of golden grain and the women were bearing in the yellow sheaves. Near by was the Tomb of Joseph, where his bones were buried when they brought them up from Egypt at the time of the Exodus. Two hundred yards from this tomb are the excavations of Shechem, where the German excavators had found, just as the war broke out, a suit of armor, greaves, helmet, breastplate, shield, sword, spear, and mace—all Egyptian and all of pure gold. This has never been published to the world, but Dr. Salim, a fine gentleman, native Syrian and graduate of the American University at Beirut, who was with the Germans when they made these finds, told me of them. One's imagination runs rife, and it would not be hard to imagine that this armor (since golden armor is never made for the battle field, but for the court) belonged to Joseph, was used by him in his office in the voluptuous court of the Pharaohs, and was brought along with his bones and buried here. It is otherwise hard to account for, since it is Egyptian. This place is hoary with tradition, and one can see the herdsmen of Abraham coming to this first stopping place, and the grand old patriarch building an altar and offering sacrifice on it in the earliest history of the Hebrews; Jacob having trouble here with Simeon and Levi and buying

the parcel of land and digging this well; the assembly of the people here by Joshua; the reign of Abimelech during the days of the Judges; the assembly of Rehoboam after the death of Solomon when the kingdom was divided; the entry of Jeroboam as king of Northern Israel; and many other notable events of the old days. But none touches us so deeply as the incident of the Man of Galilee coming with his disciples along this road (which is still the highway from Jerusalem to Galilee) and—tired, thirsty, and hungry—sitting by the wellside to rest and sending his disciples to buy bread, while there comes from the village of Sychar a woman to draw water and he asks of her a drink. She is surprised that he, being a Jew, should ask anything of her, being a woman and a Samaritan, both alike hated by Jews. He speaks to her of the everlasting water of life, and with a cry that voiced the suffering soul-hunger of womankind she said, "Give me this water." And as I stood there that day, looking out upon burdened womanhood, still carrying the sheaves from the field and doing all of the hard work and bearing the awful burdens of Eastern womanhood, I felt that still the heart of womankind is crying for emancipation and the world has not put into effect the answer of Jesus to that cry. As he went out that day with his astonished disciples, he said: "The fields are white unto harvest, and the laborers are few." He was looking upon just such a field of grain, perhaps saw the heavily burdened toilers, and looked beyond to the suffering masses of humanity and the small number of messengers of His Grace who were ready to go forth and proclaim the world's emancipation from sin.

On the way back to Jerusalem (this time in a Ford) we passed over many winding roadways, mostly built by British military and leading from one terrace to another higher or lower on the mountain side, and ever the gaping shell holes and broken artillery told the story of the fearful struggle to conquer this land. We passed by the village of Seilun, situated on a small hill in the midst of a valley. This was Shiloh, where the Ark of God first found a resting place and the Tent of Meeting a permanent home. Here Samuel ministered before Eli, and the people came up once a year to sacrifice unto Jehovah.

Twelve miles north of Jerusalem we pass Bethel, where Jacob dreamed his wonderful dream of the ladder, where Jeroboam erected one of his altars, and where many other things entering into the sacred traditions of the race took place. After passing Ramah, with Mizpah on our right and Gibeah of Saul on the left, the Damascus Gate comes into view and we are once again at the center of the world.

The next journey was to Hebron, and such a time as I had getting away from Jerusalem! Dealing with those same miserable, inefficient Arabs who ride in Fords, caused Burton Holmes, who was then in the city, to name me "The Hebron Pilgrim"—so many times he passed me at the Jaffa Gate still waiting for the Ford to start—and often he tried to tempt me away from my purpose; but I had lost my temper in the matter of going to Nabulus and suffered the consequence, so I was trying to learn the lesson, once again taught us by the British officer in Bombay, that you cannot hurry the East. I parked myself by the Jaffa Gate early one morning and re-

mained there until six o'clock that evening. At last we were ready and I got in the car and found twelve other Arabs climbing in. These were distinguished sheiks who had been invited to O. E. T. A. on Mount Olivet for a council with the Commissioner of Palestine, and the Ford had been waiting all the time for them to get through. But it was all right since we were at last started. But, alas, our hopes were vain, for we had proceeded less than a mile, to the village of the Hill of Evil Counsel, when the Ford stopped and all of these sheiks got out and went to supper with some friend up there and left two of us to wait until they could get through eating and perform all the requirements of Eastern etiquette. But by eight o'clock we were once more on the road; and sometime after ten we were in Hebron and I found myself at a hotel conducted by Jews and called "The Hotel Eshcol of Abraham." Early the next morning I sought out Dr. Alexander Paterson, the veteran Scotch medical missionary, who showed me much kindness, conducting me through the Sukhs and up one street and down another, visiting all of the places of historic interest. He has been there twenty-nine years, and when he walks through the streets of the city all men stand up to do him honor. The Cave of Machpelah is covered by a mosque, is one of the most sacred places of the Moslems, and up to the time of the war only two Christians had ever had access to the interior of the mosque—and I am not sure they were Christians, for they were King Edward when he was Prince of Wales and the Kaiser when he was Crown Prince of Germany. A few had succeeded since the war, but the British Military

Governor of Jerusalem told me it was impossible; however, he gave me a note to the Governor of Hebron, who was a Jew, but he could give me no help. I then asked Dr. Paterson what he could do. He said he did not know, that it was very difficult, but he would try. So he took me down into his office and introduced me to the high officer of the Moslems, who had charge of the mosque, and upon whom the doctor was going to perform an operation that morning, and so just a while before the operation he obtained for me the coveted slip of paper that bade the doorkeeper admit me.

This cave is another one of the authentic spots of Palestine. Hebron has been a city continuously, there is but one cave and that always a burial cave, and there is no doubt about the identification. The mosque was at first a Justinian Church and then a Crusader Church, and parts of these remain in the walls of the present building. On the wide floor there are six cenotaphs, wonderfully adorned and draped with rich green cloth. The first two cover the spots—or, to be more exact, they are directly over the places in the cave below—where Abraham and Sarah were buried; the second pair are over the graves of Isaac and Rebecca; and the last two over those of Jacob and Leah. They also opened a small hole in the floor and allowed me to look down into the cave, but all I could see was just darkness.

Hebron is a beautiful place, nestling among the hills and surrounded by vineyards; in fact, every hilltop has on it a winepress, and the finest grapes in the world grow here. It is interesting to think that perhaps this was the place to which the Hebrew spies

came when they brought back such fine grapes. On the top of one of the hills are ancient ruins and there are many olive trees. As we stood on one of the hills looking to the south, through a gap between two hills, there was another hill that filled in the gap, except farther on, and Dr. Paterson asked me if I could see ruins on the side of that hill. At last I did see them, and he said that was ancient Carmel, where Abigail and Nabal lived until David came along and had a little affair with the family. In fact, from where we stood the wilderness of Judea and the vicinity of the Cave of Adullam could be seen. There are two pools in Hebron now; one of them built by one of the Caliphs to furnish water for the pilgrims on the way to Mecca, but the other one is undoubtedly the pool by which David hung the murderers of Ishbosheth. Not far away to the west is the Russian Hospice, which they claim is the field of Mamre, and an ancient oak in the enclosure is said to be the tree under which Abraham sat when the angels visited him. That, however, is rather a long time for an oak to live.

One morning I made arrangements for a seat in an auto, and then took my camera and walked on toward Jerusalem, finding many things of interest. On a certain high ridge one can stand and see the whole of the Judean wilderness, which lies considerably below, is one mass of hilltops, and gives the impression of a sea of hilltops. It is extremely forbidding and a splendid hiding place for robbers. This whole country was once heavily wooded; then travel was impossible through here, since robbers could go without fear of being apprehended. Not

far from here was the home of Amos the great prophet. As I walked along this road (the car was a long time catching up with me), I came, hot and tired, to a very fine spring. It flows straight out from a solid rock and into a small trough carved from the solid rock. The stream is perhaps one-half inch in diameter and is very cold and refreshing. This is the traditional spot where Philip baptized the eunuch, and this tradition has clung to the place since the days of Constantine and earlier.

Just before reaching Bethlehem we came to the Pools of Solomon, which are believed now to have been built much later than the days of Solomon; but they are a splendid system, one after another built of masonry and representing an enormous amount of work. Just below these are the so-called Gardens of Solomon, where extremely fine apricots grow.

Bethlehem is a city of about ten thousand inhabitants, most of whom are Christians. It lies on a hill the same height as the highest of Jerusalem; and while there are few places of attraction there now, it has been a city of romance and poetry as perhaps no other city of Palestine. It was the scene of that beautiful love story of Ruth, also the residence of Jesse and the birthplace of David. Here the angels announced the coming of the Saviour and here in its khan was born Jesus, who was to save his people. The chief place of interest is the Church of the Nativity, and the place of the birth of Christ has been located in this cave since the time of Justin Martyr, in the second century. The grottoes under the church represent the birthplace of Jesus; one in which he was born, one in which the manger was

located in which he was placed after his birth, and another is where St. Jerome and the historian Eusebius are buried. Another grotto is shown where it is said the slaughtered Innocents were placed, having been gathered together and their bodies buried here. It is claimed that the church, while many times restored, is practically the same as it has always been, and so far it has not been possible to deny this. The roof is of lead, the gift of King Edward IV. It was restored by Baldwin, who was crowned king here on Christmas day 1101.

The field of the Shepherds is to the southeast of the town and a shrine is there, said to be at the cave where the shepherds were when they received the announcement. Not far away is the so-called field of Ruth. The inhabitants of Bethlehem now live mostly by making mother-of-pearl beads, at which they are very skillful. They are also very quarrelsome. Many guides wish to help you through the town. One accosted us and told us he was from Chicago, and so, of course, got the job, while the rest of them followed and told us from time to time what a liar our guide was.

Just as you leave Bethlehem, on the road to Jerusalem, Rachel's tomb is passed, and the tradition of this spot has persisted for many centuries, even before the Christian Era. Indeed her tomb is spoken of at different places in the Old Testament, but it seems that she was buried at or near Bethlehem. Bethlehem lies five miles south of Jerusalem, and is beautiful for situation. There is near by a well, called David's well, which is supposed to be the one referred to in the book of Samuel when he said,

"Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

Jerusalem is ever a city of interest. You may go where you will over Palestine, but, like the ancient Jew, you are always turning your face toward the Holy City. There were few Americans in the city while I was there, but they were some of God's elect: Dr. Glazebrook, the American Consul, who is also an Episcopal clergyman, was exceedingly popular with all classes, and it was easy to see why, for he left nothing undone to make everybody happy; Dr. W. H. Worrell, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, who was just finishing his tenure of office as Director of the American School of Oriental Research; Dr. W. F. Albright, who was succeeding him; Dr. A. C. Harte, the Y. M. C. A. man whom all the world loves; and the members of the American Colony. All of these laid me under great obligations. The presence in the city of Dr. John P. Peters, of the University of the South, and Dr. A. T. Clay, of Yale University, was more valuable to me than anything else. Both of these great scholars and great brothers did much for me. With Dr. Peters I studied the topography of Jerusalem, delved into the tombs of the ancient Hebrews, and traveled over the country. Dr. Clay was of more service to me than any man I met on the entire journey. I first met him one night at Ur of the Chaldees, then here in Jerusalem he did everything for me and he and his family made things pleasant, finally in London they continued this kindness, and a friendship was formed that is one of the precious heritages of the journey.

With Dr. Albright, who is one of the world's com-

ing scholars and who at the same time is a friend worth while, I walked round the city walls by the light of the full moon and thought of Nehemiah and his experiences.

On our way from Haifa to Jerusalem I met on the train two Syrian girls from Safed, in Galilee. They were fine Christian characters and on their way down to Jerusalem to study in a summer normal school going on there, for they were teachers. After our arrival in Jerusalem I met them again, found them all that I had first thought them to be, and we used to take trips around the city together. One Sunday afternoon we walked out to Bethany. Passing around the southern end of Mount Olivet and by the ruins of Bethpage, we came to the miserable little village of Bethany, where we visited the house of Mary and Martha and the house of Simon the Leper and went down into the tomb of Lazarus—a very pretentious rock tomb digged deep into the virgin stone and the only tomb in the vicinity, so probably the authentic one. After we had spent what time we desired to spend there we started walking back and, finding ourselves on the slopes of Mount Olivet, sat down on some stones and watched the scene. The sun was just setting behind Jerusalem and the penciled streams of golden light poured through the openings between the buildings on old Mount Zion and were reflected back from the seven gilded domes of the Russian Church just above Gethsemane and left the shadows hanging, ghostlike, over the valley of the Kidron, while the Dome of the Rock, covering the place of Solomon's High Altar, was silhouetted against the brazen background of the western sky.

Mount Olivet, with its towers and its memories, loomed high and dark above us; Bethlehem lay in front of us, five miles away, nestling on her hills and reminding us of that night when the angels of God sang the song of a redeemed world; to our left the gorge of the Dead Sea, across which, over the mountains of Moab, hung the purple haze of the eventide, with bold Nebo rising darkly above them all. We sat by the pathway that Jesus often trod on his way to Bethany and to the house whose portals were ever open to him with the most hospitable welcome and to the hearts of friends who loved him and longed for his coming. As we sat thus, I said to the girls, "Sing"; and beautifully they began to sing,

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!"

Then I said to them, "Sing me a song of your own native land," and they began without hesitation to sing,

"O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be,"

and then they sang,

"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,"

and then a sense of homesickness came over me; and as I thought of the loved ones far away and the home across the wide seas, there came to me a sense of the presence of One, who was an outcast and homeless, who walked these very pathways and who was himself the author of Love and the Builder of Homes.

The trip from Jerusalem to the Land of Goshen

in Egypt now requires about eight hours of steady traveling on a slow train. The journey which required forty years in the time of the Exodus, at least for the Israelites, can now be completed by train in less than a day and by aeroplane in a matter of an hour or so. The way leads down through the Valley of Sorek to Lud, where trains are changed, since the through train to Egypt runs from Haifa, and on this you have much better accommodations. I made this trip with Burton Holmes and his group of photographers. Leaving Jerusalem at 7 A.M. and requiring some time for changes at Lud, the way then leads down over the old Philistine Plain, past the mound of the city of Askelon, where the British are now excavating, until you stop at the modern city of Gaza, the only one of the Philistine cities still doing business at the same old stand. Then you leave the fertile district and verge into the desert. The railway follows roughly the seashore, but is often out of sight of the sea. Around this curve the armies of the ages have come, but how they ever managed the water problem is more than I can tell. The British solved it by building a pipe line as they traveled. But this whole territory is one sea of blistering sand, wave upon wave of pure white, drifting sand, unspeakable in its desolation. Sometimes a high hill can be seen, but it is also pure sand and shifts its position from year to year. Once we came upon a cross sticking up out of a billow of sand, marking the spot where some British Tommy lies buried. I can imagine nothing more lonely than a grave in such a desert. Across this desert the British fought their way, and everywhere could be seen block-

houses and barbed wire entanglements, rapidly being covered up by the drifting sand. Across this glistening desert the Hebrew pilgrims of freedom came; and when one reads the story of their exploits and looks upon this awful barrier which they somehow overcame, he is prone to think that this was their greatest achievement, and must have required the aid of miracle to accomplish. But as they marched over it they kept their faces toward a new world and a new day; undaunted by disease and death, they crept on until at last they found themselves in the Land of Promise and of ultimate conquest.

As one looks back on the land of Palestine, it becomes the wonderland of the world. Take a map of the Near East and study the land. How small it is! The habitable part of it, which was occupied by the Hebrews, is little more than a hundred miles long and with an average width of thirty-five miles, almost all of it infertile and rocky, or with deserts encroaching upon it; covered with mountains and poorly watered, occupied by a race of untrained people, desert Nomads, it has yet won for itself the highest place in the history of men and of those things which go to make up the highest principles of civilization. Look at Egypt, where the vast empires of the earliest times developed and to the highest point. Look at Babylonia, hoary with antiquity and the wonder of the world in her advancement in science and literature when history dawns. Look at that unknown Empire of Northern Syria. And all of these were compelled, when they went abroad, to cross little Palestine and to leave here the influence of their civilization. It was the "bridge of the na-

tions," the pathway of the empires, and the camping grounds of the ancient armies that went forth to battle. There are no accidents with God, and it is no accident that these people were set here amidst these hills to commune with the great civilizations of earth as they came and went and to accumulate from them all the best things of those nations. It was God's schoolroom in which he taught his people and got them ready for the task of life, and they became God's chosen people, made in his own appointed molds and fashioned after his own pattern to do his will. And from this little land has gone forth the ethics which undergird all ethics, the laws which are the foundation of all laws, the literature which makes all other literatures pale into insignificance, and the religion of the world's redemption. Here in the midst of the rocks and hills, buffeted on every hand and by all environment, developed the sturdiest stock of men the world has ever known: Magnanimous Abraham, Cunning Jacob, Splendid Joseph, Towering David, Wise Solomon, Glorious Elijah, Amos the Great, Ezekiel the Statesman, and others whose names are on every lip.

Here fought the marvelous Maccabees, here developed the mighty Apostles of our Lord, and over these stony ways walked the feet of Him who glorified all with which he came in contact and summed up all of history and experience and brought them to his people. But he came unto his own, and his own received him not. He walked on out of Palestine into the hearts of men, and, crowned with glory, he walks the ways of humanity to-day, and behold, the Temple of God is with men.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding addresses. The names are listed in the first column, and the addresses are listed in the second column. The names are: John Doe, Jane Smith, and Bob Johnson. The addresses are: 123 Main St, 456 Elm St, and 789 Oak St.

